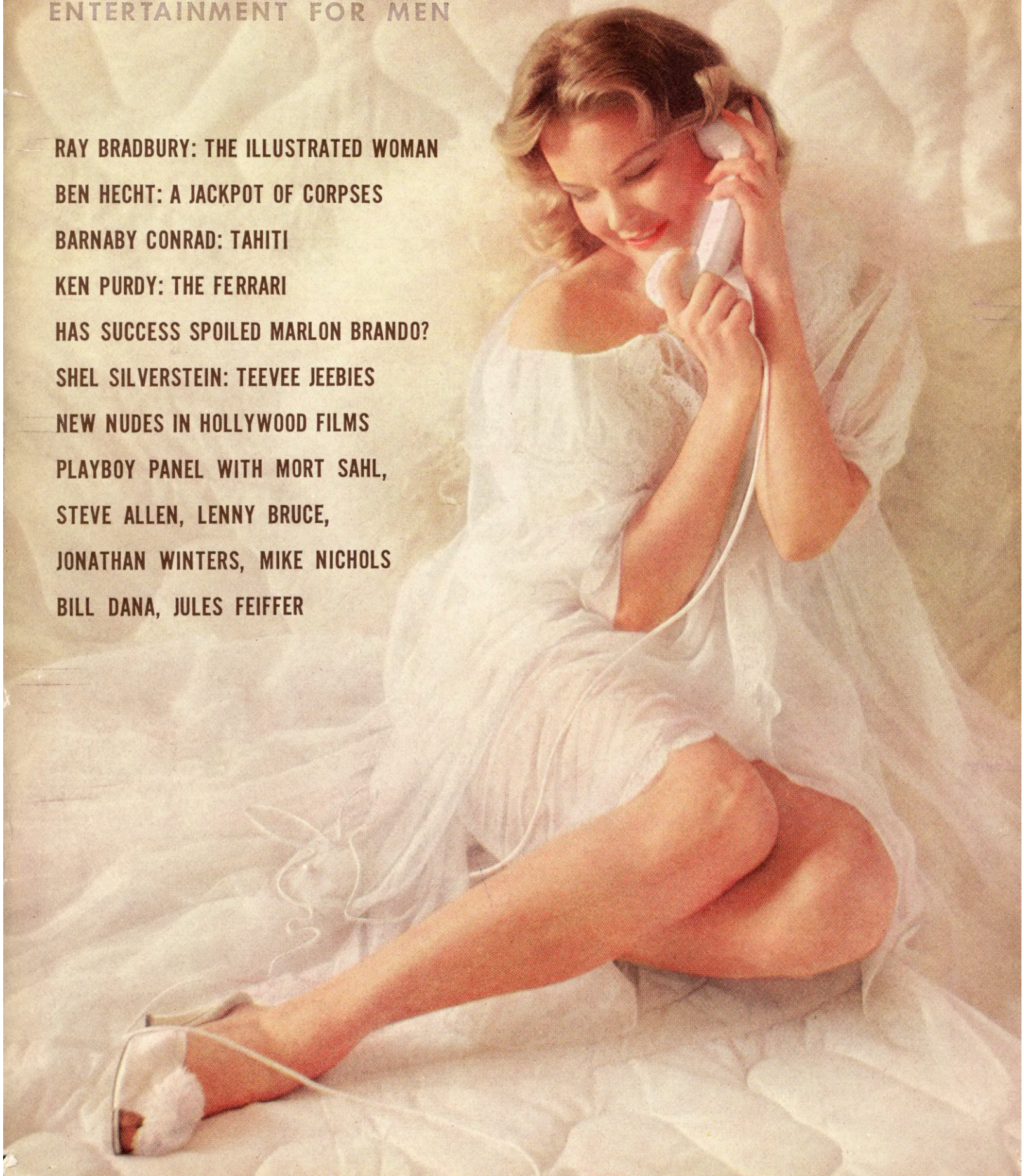
MARCH 60 cents

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



RAY BRADBURY: THE ILLUSTRATED WOMAN

BEN HECHT: A JACKPOT OF CORPSES

BARNABY CONRAD: TAHITI

KEN PURDY: THE FERRARI

HAS SUCCESS SPOILED MARLON BRANDO?

SHEL SILVERSTEIN: TEEVEE JEEBIES

NEW NUDES IN HOLLYWOOD FILMS

PLAYBOY PANEL WITH MORT SAHL,
STEVE ALLEN, LENNY BRUCE,
JONATHAN WINTERS, MIKE NICHOLS
BILL DANA, JULES FEIFFER

BMC has the inside track on outdoor fun!

From Sugarbush Valley to Palm Springs . . . everywhere better sports are found . . . you'll find more BMC sports cars than all others combined. And small wonder! All three of these precision engineered beauties are made by BMC, world's largest and most respected sports car craftsmen. Give yourself a lift! Test drive one of these sizzlers today and experience the exuberance of BMC's inside track on outdoor fun. Your BMC dealer will arrange it.

Austin Healey with disc brakes, 2 seats or 4. Removable hardtop available. From $3051.* *MG* roadster or coupe. Big jet-plane type disc brakes. From $2444.* *Austin Healey Sprite*, the world's lowest priced true sports car. Removable hardtop available. From $1795.* **All prices suggested at east coast P.O.E.*

MG

SPRITE

AUSTIN HEALEY

The MG Roadster at Vermont's fabulous Sugarbush Valley

Going abroad? Have a BMC car meet you on arrival. Write for details.

Products of **The British Motor Corporation, Ltd.**, makers of MG, Austin Healey, Sprite, Morris and Austin cars. Represented in the United States by Hambro Automotive Corp., Dept. P-1, 27 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

PLAYBILL

COVER GIRL ARDIE SCOTT, a frequent guest on *Playboy's Penthouse*, phones in the word that the Ides of March, to say nothing of the Calends and Nones, hold naught but good tidings for our readers. Riding high on the goodly tide is the second *Playboy Panel*: the first in the November issue, you may recall, turned the problem of narcotics and the jazz musician over to a discussion group that included Stan Kenton, Dizzy Gillespie, Duke Ellington, Shelly Manne, Cannonball Adderley, jazz critic Nat Hentoff, Maxwell T. Cohen, attorney and legal expert on narcotics addiction, and Dr. Charles Winick, Secretary to the National Advisory Council on Narcotics and Director of Research of the Narcotics Addiction Research Project. Our second Panel tackles a considerably lighter, but no less interesting, subject in *Hip Comics and the New Humor*, with panelists as qualified to discuss their subject as were the first: on hand are, in alphabetical order, Steve Allen, Lenny Bruce, Bill Dana, Jules Feiffer, Mike Nichols, Mort Sahl and Jonathan Winters — a healthy cross section of the new school of cultivated funnymen — and we think you'll find fascinating their views of themselves and each other, their humor, its origins, its social — or asocial — content, its form and, especially, its emergence and powerful appeal in the U.S. today.

Jerry Tallmer, Associate Editor and drama critic of *The Village Voice*, has done as much as any other man to give the world's liveliest neighborhood newspaper its enviable reputation for clear-sighted iconoclasm. In *Marlon Brando: The Gilded Image*, Tallmer focuses the beam of his critical insights against the kleig lights of commercialism, shows us Brando as the artist he was on the waterfront, argues persuasively that — otherwise — he's been on the wrong track since getting off a streetcar named Desire. Strong meat, this — opinionated and eye-opening.

Eye-opening in another way is an enticing eyeful of filmic females who are riding *The Nude Wave in Hollywood*; under that title you'll find a word-and-picture survey of the trend in Flick City fare toward what bluenoses might term over-exposure of the well-developed. Our own view is that the greater leniency recently allowed by the Supreme Court is a step toward narrowing the nation's cultural time lag, and though the first "art" excursions we've screened may leave something to be desired in subtlety, we applaud their light-hearted attitude and humor — a refreshing contrast to the thinly veiled prurience of some far less décolleté footage regularly on view at your local movie house. Anyway, you'll see from the stills of Janet Leigh, Jean Simmons, Debra Paget and a gamboling gaggle of girls from *Not Tonight Henry* (a low-budget epic, j.g.) that Hollywood is turning the other cheek.

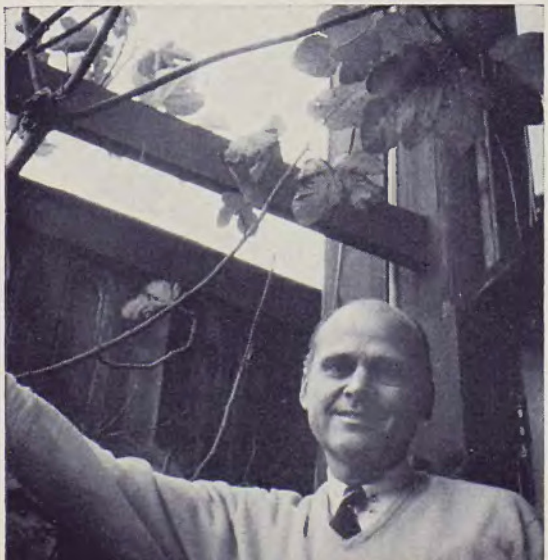
Our lead fiction this month, *The Machine in Ward Eleven*, is an engrossingly disturbing story of a profoundly disturbed man and the tortuous path by which he came to the tortured end of his tether. Though this is the author's debut in our pages, Charles Willeford is no novice — he has five novels to his credit. His full-time writing career was preceded by a bit of fascinating roaming: from U.S. horse cavalryman at the age of sixteen, to tank unit commander in the ETO (five decorations), to postwar painting in Biarritz and Lima, to TV acting in New York, to film directing in California. His writing life was launched during a stint with the Armed Forces Radio Service in Japan. The illustration accompanying the story is by Merle Shore, who speaks of it thus: "The central figure contrasts the fugitive life of reason (warm color, classical grace) with the desperate story situation (sombre color, linear unrest and tension)." Our Art Director, Arthur Paul, who supervises all graphics for PLAYBOY, avers this illustration and layout typify the originality and vigor which won for the magazine more awards, citations and medals in last year's Art Directors Club of Chicago competition than any other entrant, in any medium.

Speaking of illustrations, Ray Bradbury's short story, *The Illustrated Woman*, is an antic-fantastic story of flesh tones and emotional overtones. This is Bradbury's twelfth PLAYBOY story; its title, need we say, is a reminder of his classic *The Illustrated Man*. Another prose stylist and PLAYBOY regular is Charles Beaumont; Chuck makes his seventeenth PLAYBOY bow with *Comics*, a warmhearted tour of the funnies, from *The Yellow Kid* to *Peanuts*. Comic in its own right is Ex-Executive-Editor Ray Russell's *I Have the Spirit of the Stairs*, a treatise on pre-planning punch lines for social situations. (Russell's *Sardonicus* — our January lead novella — has been bought for the movies and Ray is currently in Hollywood doing the screenplay.) Among other PLAYBOY stalwarts in an issue that begins to seem like Old Home Month: Ken Purdy writing on what makes Ferrari among the most revered names in motordom; and Shel Silverstein, who presents yet another episode in his Late, Late, Late, Late Show — this one called *Son of Teevee Jeebies*.

It seemed appropriate this month, when vernal wanderlust starts stirring in the blood, to offer a tempting — yet tempered — view of Tahiti, the enchanted isle that mesmerized Gauguin, Nordhoff and Hall and, more recently, Barnaby Conrad, author-diplomat-painter-pianist-matador-boniface and world traveler. Conrad's practiced eye sees through the surface attractions and beneath the haunting spell. Result: another Conrad article for PLAYBOY which, like his *Corrida* (November 1957), is uniquely perceptive and compelling.

More March memorabilia: *A Jackpot of Corpses* by famed front-pager Ben Hecht, who mines his newsman's past for a ghoulishly risible account of river-rat rivals and their grisly racket; fashion reports on how to feel high and be dry despite wet weather (*Swingin' in the Rain*), and a shoe wardrobe for the city scene (*Urbanity Afoot*). All of which might seem aplenty, but there's lots more. Please proceed.

TALLMER



CONRAD

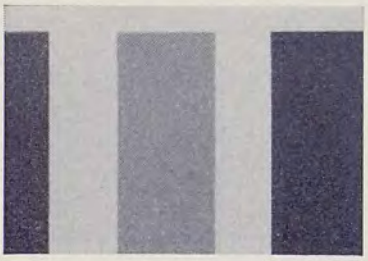
WILLEFORD

vol. 8, no. 3 — march, 1961

PLAYBOY

Ferrari P. 48

Nude Wave P. 86



Tahiti P. 80

Illustrated Woman P. 62

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor* — VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

DON GOLD *associate editor* — REID AUSTIN *associate art director*

SHELDON WAX *associate editor* — JOHN MASTRO *production manager*

MURRAY FISHER *associate editor* — HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*

VICTOR LOWNES III *promotion director* — ELDON SELLERS *special projects*

ROBERT S. PREUSS *business manager and circulation director*

KEN PURDY, WALTER GOODMAN *contributing editors;* ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director;* BLAKE RUTHERFORD *fashion editor;* DAVID TAYLOR *assistant fashion editor;* THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor;* PATRICK CHASE *travel editor;* ARLENE BOURAS *copy editor;* JOSEPH H. PACZEK *assistant art director;* ELLEN PACZEK *art assistant;* BEV CHAMBERLAIN *assistant picture editor;* DON BRONSTEIN, POMPEO POSAR *staff photographers;* FERN A. HEARTEL *production assistant;* ANSON MOUNT *college bureau;* BENNY DUNN *public relations manager;* THEO FREDERICK *personnel director;* JANET PILGRIM *reader service;* WALTER J. HOWARTH *subscription fulfillment manager.*

GENERAL OFFICES, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1961 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER DESIGN BY ARTHUR PAUL. PHOTO BY PLAYBOY STUDIO; P. 1 PHOTOS BY ALLAN GOULD, EUGENE ANTHONY; P. 35 PHOTOS BY MORT SHAPIRO, MARVIN KONER; P. 36 PHOTOS BY BOB WILLOUGHBY, MIKE SHEA, MARVIN KONER; P. 48-49 PHOTOS BY DANIEL RUBIN; P. 53 PHOTO BY ROSE & MAYER; P. 56-58 PHOTOS BY VIC SKREBNESKI; P. 61 PHOTOS BY ARNOLD NEWMAN, WALTER D. HALLORAN; P. 74-76 PHOTOS BY PLAYBOY STUDIO. SHOE TREES COURTESY OF ROCHESTER SHOE TREE COMPANY; P. 80 PHOTO BY ERWIN LANG; P. 81 PHOTOS BY DON BRONSTEIN, FRED LYON; P. 82 PHOTO BY ERWIN LANG; P. 86 PHOTOS BY JOHN HAMILTON, WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD; P. 87 PHOTOS BY WILLIAM GRAHAM, PHIL STERN; P. 88 PHOTOS BY OMNIA; P. 89-91 PHOTOS BY WILLIAM GRAHAM.

the incredible story

of British inspired tallow leather and the Paris belt that is made to last for years

In this hurly-burly era of "planned obsolescence," it is good to know that there are still people like "Paris"* who believe products should be made to last for years.

The belt shown is superbly crafted of tough, tawny Tallow Leather—remarkable for its incredible past and unbelievable future. The inspiration for this robust belt comes from the British Isles, where English saddle-makers use tallow to give choice hides a rare suppleness.

"Paris" craftsmen have mastered this difficult art, and now rub hardy, well-bred steerhide with tallow until it becomes soft and pliant, smooth and lustrous.

With proper care, this belt will last you many years—never cracking or splitting—requiring only a casual buffing with a soft cloth to maintain its magnificent finish.

Only $3 in the 1" width, $2.50 in the ¾" width. At all fine shops.

Paris is a registered trademark of A. Stein & Co.
Another fine KR Knyser-Roth product.

Slamming through a tight curve at breakneck speed, this team takes its chances on a rugged bobsled run.

It's great to take chances but not on your bourbon

Walker's DeLuxe is aged in charred-oak casks for eight long years, twice as long as many other bourbons. Its extra years make it extra mellow.

8 years old

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 8 YEARS OLD • 86.8 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

PLAYBOY PANEL REPRISE

I think the November round-table discussion on narcotics was a gas. I've had many comments. Also I see you are using cartoons by E. Simms Campbell — I think he's all the jazz musicians' favorite. Keep it up.

Dizzy Gillespie
Flushing, New York

The problem surveyed by the panel on narcotics is typical of the mid-century U.S. scene. No one serious problem can be solved because it is so closely intertwined with other serious problems. *Narcotics and the Jazz Musician* highlights a number of soft spots, such as medical care for non-millionaires, scientific psychiatry, civil liberties, race prejudice, the place of the creative artist, law enforcement, etc. To me, the most important point about drug addiction is this: it very often leads to great human suffering for both the addict and those dependent on him. We know enough to treat practically every case and to prevent drug addiction as a social phenomenon. It is interesting that we don't apply that knowledge.

Fredric Wertham, M.D.
New York, New York

After perusing *Narcotics and the Jazz Musician*, I say huzzah for this timely revelation. Please keep enlightening your disciples — they're all the better for it.

Lee Brooks
The Cash Box
Chicago, Illinois

ACAPULCO DISPATCH

USING NOVEMBER PLAYBOY AS GUIDE TO ACAPULCO. FIRST TIME I'VE GONE ANYWHERE ON STRENGTH OF A TRAVEL ARTICLE. CONGRATULATIONS. FERNANDO OF EL MIRADOR TELLS ME TOWN HAS NEVER HAD THIS TYPE OF REACTION FROM ANYTHING =

MARK RICHARDS
AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

HAPPY OVER HARPY (CONT'D)

I thought Tom Brown's *Harpy* was a compelling and excellently written piece of work (with the added virtue of an unfamiliar and fascinating milieu), though I confess it would have been nice to see the eagle chew up the husband as well as the wife.

James Ramsey Ullman
New York, New York

PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE

How does a PLAYBOY fan go about getting your television show, *Playboy's Penthouse*, shown in a city where it is not presently being aired?

Charles Woodbury
Miami, Florida

"Playboy's Penthouse" is available to television stations on both tape and film, and if it is not presently being shown in your area, write or wire your local TV station managers requesting the show.

COOL PAPA

Roger Price's *Father Brother and the Cool Colony* was a masterpiece. It seems impossible for one man to write with such wit. The article rates a "best" among the many PLAYBOY bests.

Bill Raume
Seattle, Washington

There is no such thing as a "cool colony." The colony in the story sounds more like a "hate-the-squares colony." Which is just as silly as a "square colony." And for the same reasons, like a reversible raincoat of hate. The original members of the beat generation did not see that it was of any particular social significance that a guy was a hobo under a bridge ramp or worked in an ad agency. What mattered was the spirituality of the person.

Jack Kerouac
Northport, New York

SILVERSTEIN'S ZOO

Setting up zoos is not an easy task, but it seems to me that Shel Silverstein is going about the job in just about the right way, which, of course, is the wrong way, leading as it does to many peculiar housing problems. To say nothing of the problems of feeding. But I think Mr.

PLAYBOY, MARCH, 1961, VOL. 8, NO. 3. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, $14 FOR THREE YEARS, $11 FOR TWO YEARS, $6 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD $3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, 720 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., CI 5-2620; BRANCH OFFICES: CHICAGO, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, MI 2-1000; LOS ANGELES, 2252 W. BEVERLY BOULEVARD, DU 1-2119, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER; SAN FRANCISCO, 111 SUTTER STREET, YU 2-7994, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, THE HAL WINTER COMPANY, 7450 OCEAN TERRACE, MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA, UN 5-2661.

MY SIN

. . . a most provocative perfume!

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

This great album of original recordings—yours

Together for the first time! These twelve great hits on one 12" LP custom-pressed by Columbia

Look at this album. Imagine these 12 great artists—12 great hits from the golden age of music on one record! Here are the original recordings, exactly as you remember them—magnificently reproduced by Columbia Record Productions on a 12" 33⅓ LP ($3.98 value).

Never before have all these great artists been brought together in one album! **Never before** have you been able to buy all these great hits at such a bargain price! You can own this album for just one dollar and ten empty Lucky Strike packs. The makers

Remember how great cigarettes used to taste?

©THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

for $1.00 and ten empty Lucky Strike packs!

The original recordings!

Remember how great...?

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM

LUCKY STRIKE

- **LOUIS ARMSTRONG** — *St. Louis Blues*
- **COUNT BASIE** — *One O'Clock Jump*
- **LES BROWN** — *Sentimental Journey*
- **CAB CALLOWAY** — *Blues in the Night*
- **XAVIER CUGAT** — *Brazil*
- **TOMMY DORSEY** — *I Dream of You*
- **EDDY DUCHIN** — *Stardust*
- **DUKE ELLINGTON** — *Mood Indigo*
- **HARRY JAMES** — *Ciribiribin*
- **ANDRE KOSTELANETZ** — *Night and Day*
- **MARY MARTIN** — *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*
- **DINAH SHORE** — *Buttons and Bows*

Custom-pressed for Lucky Strike Cigarettes by

COLUMBIA RECORD PRODUCTIONS®
a custom service of Columbia Records

of Lucky Strike (the greatest taste in smoking) believe you will treasure this record—that every playing will be an exciting musical experience.

TO GET YOUR "REMEMBER HOW GREAT" ALBUM, fill in and mail the shipping label at right, together with one dollar and 10 empty Lucky Strike packs, to **"Remember How Great," P. O. Box 3000, Spring Park, Minn.**

Remove cellophane—open packs top and bottom—remove inner foil wrap—tear packs down side, flatten and mail.

LUCKIES STILL DO

To get "Remember How Great" album, enclose and mail $1.00 and 10 empty Lucky Strike packs, together with filled-in shipping label. Please print clearly. Orders received after May 31, 1961, will not be honored. If sending check or money order, make payable to "Remember How Great."

SHIPPING LABEL

"Remember How Great"
P. O. Box 3000
Spring Park, Minnesota

TO

YOUR NAME_____
(PRINT YOUR NAME HERE)

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

Offer good only in U. S. A. and Puerto Rico.

YOUNG MAN to work with
British on American project

A great deal of superiority will be required of our man. Must take his drinks without ice. Must be able to carry a Sportcoat as new as our English Jacket. A direct steal of the English riding coat. A Cricketeer introduction: slanted pockets, flaring skirt, deep riding vent. What it does: creates the Best-Dressed Look either side of the Atlantic. English Sportcoats in new lightweights from $40*. English Look in tropical suits, $59.95*, higher vested.

for Anglo-American stores, write:

CRICKETEER®
200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
This is appeal #25 to The Young Man Who Wants To Make $10,000 A Year Before He's 30.

*slightly higher in West

® Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Silverstein is going to solve them. I certainly will watch future issues of PLAYBOY with pleasure to check up on him as he accumulates further specimens.

Ted Geisel (Dr. Seuss)
La Jolla, California

Good grief! Yet another facet of Shel Silverstein's amazing talent. Let's all hope that the Slithergadee didn't really catch him.

Larry Landrith
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Silverstein's Slithergadee got me. His *Zoo* is by far the most riotous collection of whimsy since the work of Lewis Carroll.

Sharon Gaio
East Chicago, Indiana

Make the Glump Playmate of the Month.

Karl Kantrowitz
Passaic, New Jersey

I haven't missed a copy of PLAYBOY in five years, enjoying everything in general and Silverstein in particular, but December's *Silverstein's Zoo* is just the most ingenious piece of hilarity, bar none. I don't see how Shel can top himself after this, but it will be fun watching him try.

Charles E. Callahan
Levittown, New Jersey

As you may or may not know, Shel Silverstein was once a member of the staff of the *Roosevelt Torch*, the student newspaper of Roosevelt University, and many of his early, but nonetheless humorous, cartoons are in our files. I thought your readers might be interested

"Arnold studies hard like that before every exam."

in this typical sample of Shel's early work, dated February 19, 1951. Silverstein also wrote a college column titled *The Garbage Can*, in which the following item appeared: "Many of you have written in asking me if I know what has become of the house of ill fame (the only suggestive word used in today's column) once located at Congress and State. The scoop is that the establishment, run by two Chicago hoodlums,

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB
now presents an
exciting new selection
of recordings by the

GREATEST JAZZ ARTISTS of all time!

...and as a new member you are invited to take

ANY 5

of these superb high-fidelity 12" long-playing jazz records for only **$1.97**

RETAIL VALUE UP TO $24.90

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 200 to be offered during the coming 12 months

DAVE BRUBECK

14. THE AHMAD JAMAL TRIO. Ten exciting performances including: Love for Sale, Rica Pulpa, Donkey Serenade, Perfidia, etc.

18. GERRY MULLIGAN QUARTET—What Is There To Say? Blueport, Just in Time, As Catch Can, 5 more

23. INSIDE SHELLEY BERMAN. Recorded in actual performance. "Hilarious . . . truly priceless comedy."—Los Angeles Examiner

28. ELLA FITZGERALD—Gershwin Song Book, Vol. 1. Love is Here to Stay, Clap Yo' Hands, But Not for Me, 9 more

31. DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET—Gone With The Wind. Lonesome Road, Swanee River, Georgia on My Mind, Basin Street Blues, etc.

38. ERROLL GARNER GEMS. Nine great jazz hits including: Laura, I'm in the Mood for Love, etc.

46. LIONEL HAMPTON — Golden Vibes. Hamp plays 12 solos. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Funny Valentine, Nearness of You, etc.

48. SARAH VAUGHAN—After Hours. The Divine Sarah sings Deep Purple, Perdido, My Reverie, etc.

50. MILES DAVIS—Kind Of Blue. Miles blows hot with Flamenco Sketches, Freddie Freeloader, Blue in Green, So What, All Blues

63. DUKE ELLINGTON — Indigos. The Duke and his Orchestra play Solitude, Where or When, Willow Weep for Me, etc.

65. ANDRE PREVIN — Like Love. When I Fall in Love, Falling in Love With Love, I Love a Piano, 12 in all

88. OSCAR PETERSON TRIO —Oscar Peterson At The Concertgebouw. I've Got the World on a String, Daahoud, Budo, etc.

BILLIE HOLLIDAY

DIZZY GILLESPIE

ANDRE PREVIN

SARAH VAUGHAN

91. ELLA FITZGERALD — Mack The Knife. On tour in Berlin Ella sings Gone With the Wind, Lady is a Tramp, Misty, etc.

104. DINAH WASHINGTON—What A Diff'rence A Day Makes. Time After Time, I'm Through With Love, Cry Me A River, etc.

122. ERROLL GARNER—Concert By The Sea. It's All Right With Me, I'll Remember April, etc.

124. AHMAD JAMAL — The Piano Scene of Ahmad Jamal. Old Devil Moon, A Gal in Calico, Slaughter on Tenth Ave., Poinciana, etc.

ERROLL GARNER

127. THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF JONATHAN WINTERS. "An authentic comic genius with a superb gift of mimicry."—HiFi Review

128. GERRY MULLIGAN MEETS STAN GETZ. Anything Goes, Let's Fall in Love, That Old Feeling, Ballad, etc.

129. MILES DAVIS—'Round About Midnight. Tadd's Delight, Bye Bye Blackbird, Ah-Leu-Cha, Dear Old Stockholm, All of You, etc.

130. DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET — Time Out. Strange Meadow Lark, Take Five, Three to Get Ready, etc.

131. BILLIE HOLIDAY—Lady Day. Billie's Blues, Easy Living, If You Were Mine, What a Little Moonlight Can Do, etc.

132. BILLIE HOLIDAY—All Or Nothing At All. Ill Wind, But Not for Me, Say It Isn't So, Speak Low, etc.

GERRY MULLIGAN

133. DUKE ELLINGTON — Ellington At Newport. Newport Jazz Festival Suite, Blues to Be There, Newport Up, Jeep's Blues, etc.

134. SARAH VAUGHAN—No Count Sarah. Moonlight in Vermont, Darn That Dream, Just One of Those Things, Doodlin', etc.

135. LOUIS ARMSTRONG PLAYS W. C. HANDY. Long Gone, The Memphis Blues, St. Louis Blues, Beale Street Blues, etc.

136. CHARLIE PARKER — Night & Day. Almost Like Being in Love, What is This Thing Called Love, Stella By Starlight, 7 more

137. LAMBERT, HENDRICKS & ROSS—The Hottest New Group in Jazz. Charleston Alley, Cloudburst, Bijou, Everybody's Boppin', etc.

DUKE ELLINGTON

LAMBERT, HENDRICKS, & ROSS

MILES DAVIS

AHMAD JAMAL

138. THE HI-LO'S AND ALL THAT JAZZ. Lady in Red, Of Thee I Sing, Fascinatin' Rhythm, Something's Coming, Love Locked Out, etc.

139. RICH VERSUS ROACH. Sing Sing Sing, Big Foot, The Casbah, Figure Eights, Limehouse Blues, etc.

140. CHARLIE MINGUS — Mingus Ah Um. Better Git it in Your Soul, Goodbye Pork Pie Hat, Boogie Stop Shuffle, Jelly Roll, 5 more

141. JAY & KAI + 6. Night in Tunesia, Rise 'n' Shine, No Moon At All, You're My Thrill, Jeanne, 7 more

142. STAN GETZ AND J. J. JOHNSON AT THE OPERA HOUSE. Funny Valentine, It Never Entered My Mind, Blues in the Closet, etc.

143. DRUM SUITE. Art Blakey: Cubano Chant, Sacrifice, Oscalypso; The Jazz Messengers: Just for Marty, Nica's Tempo, D's Dilemma

144. ANITA O'DAY SINGS THE WINNERS. Frenesi, Take the "A" Train, Body and Soul, Tenderly, etc.

145. "CANNONBALL" ADDERLY—Sharpshooters. If I Love Again; Straight, No Chasers; Fuller Bop Man; Stay on It; etc.

146. GENE KRUPA — Drummer Man. The inimitable Krupa beats out Drum Boogie, Let Me Off Uptown, Slow Down Boogie Blues, 9 more hits

147. RAMSEY LEWIS TRIO—Down To Earth. Dark Eyes, Greensleeves, John Henry, We Blue It, Come Back to Sorrento, Soul Mist, etc.

148. COUNT BASIE—Basie In London. How High the Moon, Flute Juice, Jumpin' at the Woodside, Blee Blop Blues, Roll 'em Pete, etc.

149. LESTER YOUNG—President Plays With The Oscar Peterson Trio. There Will Never Be Another You, Indiana, Tea for Two, etc.

150. LES BROWN — Bandland. A String of Pearls, Begin the Beguine, And the Angels Sing, Got A Date With an Angel, Marie, Caravan, 12 in all

ELLA FITZGERALD

151. DIZZY GILLESPIE — Have Trumpet, Will Excite! My Heart Belongs to Daddy, My Man, Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, Moonglow, etc.

114 & 115. BENNY GOODMAN — THE FAMOUS 1938 CARNEGIE HALL JAZZ CONCERT. (2-Record Set — Counts As Two selections). Featuring all-time greats like Harry James, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, and many others in 23 jazz classics. Sing Sing Sing, Stompin' at the Savoy, Blue Skies, Honeysuckle Rose, One O'Clock Jump, Loch Lomond, etc.

SIT IN ON THE GREATEST JAM SESSION OF ALL TIME! Described above are the finest recorded performances by America's greatest jazz artists . . . a treasury of "must" records for every well-rounded record library. And what a selection . . . from Columbia, whose catalog of jazz is the world's largest . . . from Verve, another leader in this field . . . and from many other top labels!

To introduce you to the money-saving music program of the Columbia Record Club, we now offer you ANY 5 of these great jazz records for only $1.97!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 5 JAZZ RECORDS FOR ONLY $1.97 — mail the coupon now. Be sure to indicate which one of the Club's four musical Divisions best suits your musical taste: Jazz; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Classical.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine, from all Divisions . . . or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase 5 records from the more than 200 to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional records . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing 5 records, you will receive — FREE — a Bonus record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy — a 50% dividend.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of $3.98 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW to receive your 5 jazz records for only $1.97!

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Indiana

SEND NO MONEY — Mail coupon to receive 5 records for $1.97

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 250-5
Terre Haute, Indiana

I accept your special offer and have circled at the right the numbers of the five records I wish to receive for $1.97, plus small mailing and handling charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

☐ **Jazz** ☐ **Listening and Dancing** ☐ **Classical**

☐ **Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies**

I understand that I may select records from *any* Division. I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 200 to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus small mailing and handling charge. Thereafter, if I decide to continue my membership, I am to receive a 12" Bonus record of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE....State.....

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer. CANADA: prices slightly higher, 1111 Leslie St., Don Mills, Ont.

If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in below:

Dealer's Name
and Address.....58

CIRCLE 5 NUMBERS:

14	88	132	142
18	91	133	143
23	104	134	144
28	122	135	145
31	124	136	146
38	127	137	147
46	128	138	148
48	129	139	149
50	130	140	150
63	131	141	151
65		114&115*	

*Counts as 2 selections

55-K7

®"Columbia," ℗, "Epic," ℠ Marcas Reg. © Columbia Record Club, Inc., 1961

ROQUEFORT spoken here

...and everywhere that gourmets gather.  This is a language without words. No words are necessary because Roquefort is the cheese  that makes eating an elegant experience.  There is only one genuine Roquefort cheese  made of pure sheep's milk, bearing this Red Sheep Seal. 

For sophisticated tastes, no substitute will do.

For free recipe book, write:
Roquefort Association, Inc., Dept. P, 8 West 40th St., New York 18, N.Y.

jazz suite . . . and cool

This dazzling jazz invention, successor to the spectacular "Drum Suite," features: five great drummers in an all-star band setting . . . and the most sharply chiseled sounds ever caught in wax. Tasty and tremendous!
In Living Stereo and Monaural Hi-Fi on RCA VICTOR

was doing well both socially and financially until a Detroit syndicate tried to muscle in. There was a considerable ruckus raised and the entire matter finally came to the attention of the police who closed the emporium down. All of which goes to prove the old adage, 'Too many crooks spoil the brothel.'"

Allen H. Kelson
Roosevelt Torch
Roosevelt University
Chicago, Illinois

Silverstein is presently visiting our forty-ninth and fiftieth states and will have reports for our readers on them in early issues.

FRIEDMAN AND O'BRIEN

I certainly did enjoy *23 Pat O'Brien Movies* by Bruce Friedman, and also his earlier story, *A Foot in the Door*. In both yarns, Mr. Friedman has done one of the hardest things I can think of: he has taken cliché situations and given them an entirely new twist – but not at all in an obvious or mechanical way. In essence and detail, these stories have a flavor all their own. Most of today's writers seem to be strenuously pursuing the offbeat – you can sense the effort in their writing. For Mr. Friedman, the offbeat is only the starting point; he is effortlessly unique.

George B. Leonard, Jr.
Look
San Francisco, California

NOVEMBER COVER

How come there was no rabbit on your November cover? I've discovered your famous emblem as everything from a piece in a puzzle and a whisp of smoke to a beauty mark and a reflection in a girl's eye on covers of the past, but I find neither hide nor hare of my long-eared pal on the front of your November issue.

Claude Mitchell
San Francisco, California

What a clever idea, representing the PLAYBOY bunny on the November cover with nothing but a pair of girls' gloves.

Robert Simmons
Detroit, Michigan

PLAYBOY's rabbit emblem has become so well known that one reader recently wrote us from New York and placed

nothing on the outer envelope except the rabbit which he had clipped from one of the magazine's pages. The letter was promptly delivered to PLAYBOY's Chicago offices and, most delightful of

First, **this** 

became the best-selling album in the country. Then, **this** 

became the best-selling album in the country. Then, **this** 

became the best-selling album in the country. Then, **this** 

became the best-selling album in the country. Then, **this** 

became the best-selling album in the country. Then, **this** 

became the best-selling album in the country. **And this one has just been released.**

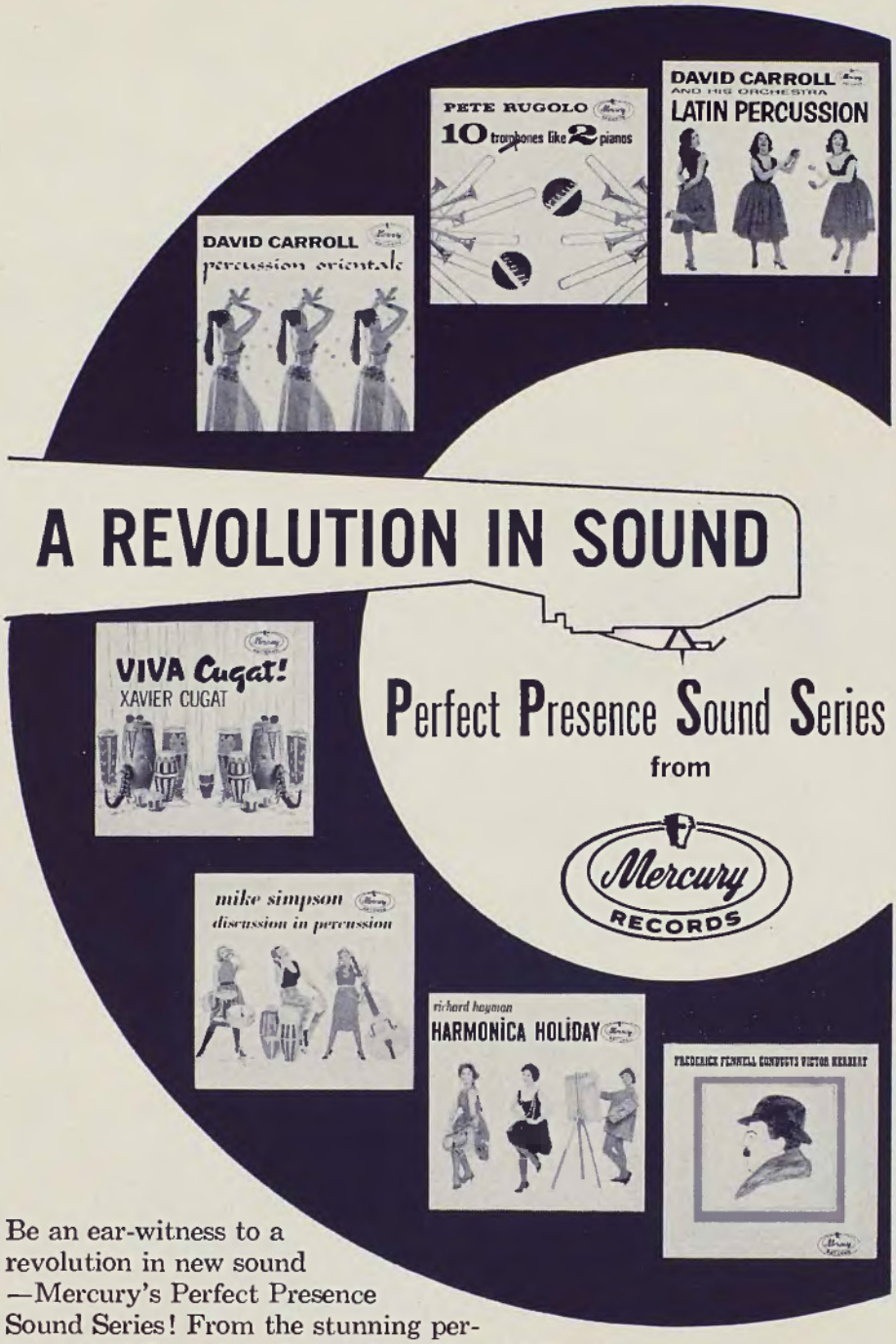
Capitol RECORDS
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

©CAPITOL RECORDS, INC.

SIDE 1: *En El Agua; Come All You Fair & Tender Ladies; Jug Of Punch; Utawena; Banny Hielan' Laddie; Hard Travelin'*

SIDE 2: *Hangman; Speckled Roan; The River Is Wide; Oh, Yes, Oh!; Blow The Candle Out; Blue Eyed Gal (S)T 1474*

(S) indicates stereo version available



Be an ear-witness to a revolution in new sound —Mercury's Perfect Presence Sound Series! From the stunning percussion of Carroll to the crashing brass of Rugolo ... from the surging strings of Fennell to the flashing tempos of Cugat ... in all, you'll discover unbelievable sonic excitement.

And now . . . The First magnificent classic in the new . . .

Living Presence Sound Series

WELLINGTON'S VICTORY

Thundering Cannons . . . blaring trumpets . . . firing muskets . . . clashing combat is revealed for the first time in an electrifying sound experience. Wellington's Victory surpasses even our exciting, best-selling "1812 Overture"!

all, no one with the post office in either New York or Chicago spoiled it by writing the publication's name, address, city or state anywhere on it while it was being processed and delivered. It arrived exactly as it was sent: with the only name and address upon it the sophisticated PLAYBOY *rabbit.*

TAKE FIVE

Nothing could have thrilled me more than seeing beautiful Janet Pilgrim taking up a page in the December issue. Next time, however, Janet should be more careful when she's in the tub. You know — too many suds clog the machinery. I'd like to see more of her more often. Thanks for page 94.

Lonnie B. Hayes
Milford, Ohio

Regarding those December Playmates in your anniversary issue, those pug-faced blondes with too much front are getting very monotonous. The brunette Miss Vargas is the only one with any glamor at all. Why don't the sexpot bunny types you pick have as much class as your prose?

Mrs. Theodore Paul Ligda
San Francisco, California

CHRISTMAS JEER

I think PLAYBOY's Christmas Cards are horrible.

Ogden Nash
New York, New York

BUNNY PROSPECT

How does a girl go about applying for a position as a Bunny Girl at the Playboy Key Club?

Cheryl Johnson
Detroit, Michigan

Applications for positions with the Playboy Club should be sent to the magazine, giving home address, age, and enclosing a photo. Bunny Girls are hired more on the basis of their beauty than previous experience. Eventually there will be Playboy Clubs in most of the major cities in the U.S. and abroad, and positions will be available in all of them, but in the meantime, Bunnies are being trained at the club in Chicago. Transportation is supplied to Bunnies chosen from anywhere in the U.S.

LETTERS TO A CRITIC

I think Eric Bentley's article in the December issue of PLAYBOY is one of the half dozen best things I have ever read concerning new playwrights. I think articles of that intellectual level and penetration are an important way in which your magazine will increase its readership.

John Reich, Director
Goodman Memorial Theatre
Chicago, Illinois

Eric Bentley's *Letter to a Would-Be*

Playwright is as true as it is delightful to read. He said everything so well that I have nothing to add to his viewpoint. But I should like to congratulate the editors of PLAYBOY for publishing so good an article.

John Gassner
Sterling Professor of Playwriting
and Dramatic Literature
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

I thought Eric Bentley's article a good one. It is even more useful to the general playgoer than to a would-be playwright. That is as it should be.

Harold Clurman
New York, New York

DISSENT ON DEDINI

I wonder at what our world is becoming when I see such a cartoon as appeared in your December issue on page 79. There in multicolor blasphemy, one Mr. Dedini has fashioned, and PLAYBOY has chosen to print, one of the most sordid and sick expressions of modern humor I ever hope to come across. Any magazine so hard up for humor that it lowers Christ's birthday to the depths of a liquor-filled bistro, and associates it with semi-nude women, can't help but be just another filthy instrument furthering public moral depravity.

Leonard H. Sassenrath
Columbia, Missouri

The cartoon on page 79 of your December issue was a complete mockery of the meaning of the Christmas season. Often, the Christmas season is thought of as an excuse for nothing but good times and merriment, and the real meaning is lost. Please do not contribute to this mistake.

Richard Parris
Terre Haute, Indiana

We trust that most of our readers were well aware that Dedini's cartoon was a critically satirical statement about the sorry state of Christmas in America today and the loss of much of its original religious meaning.

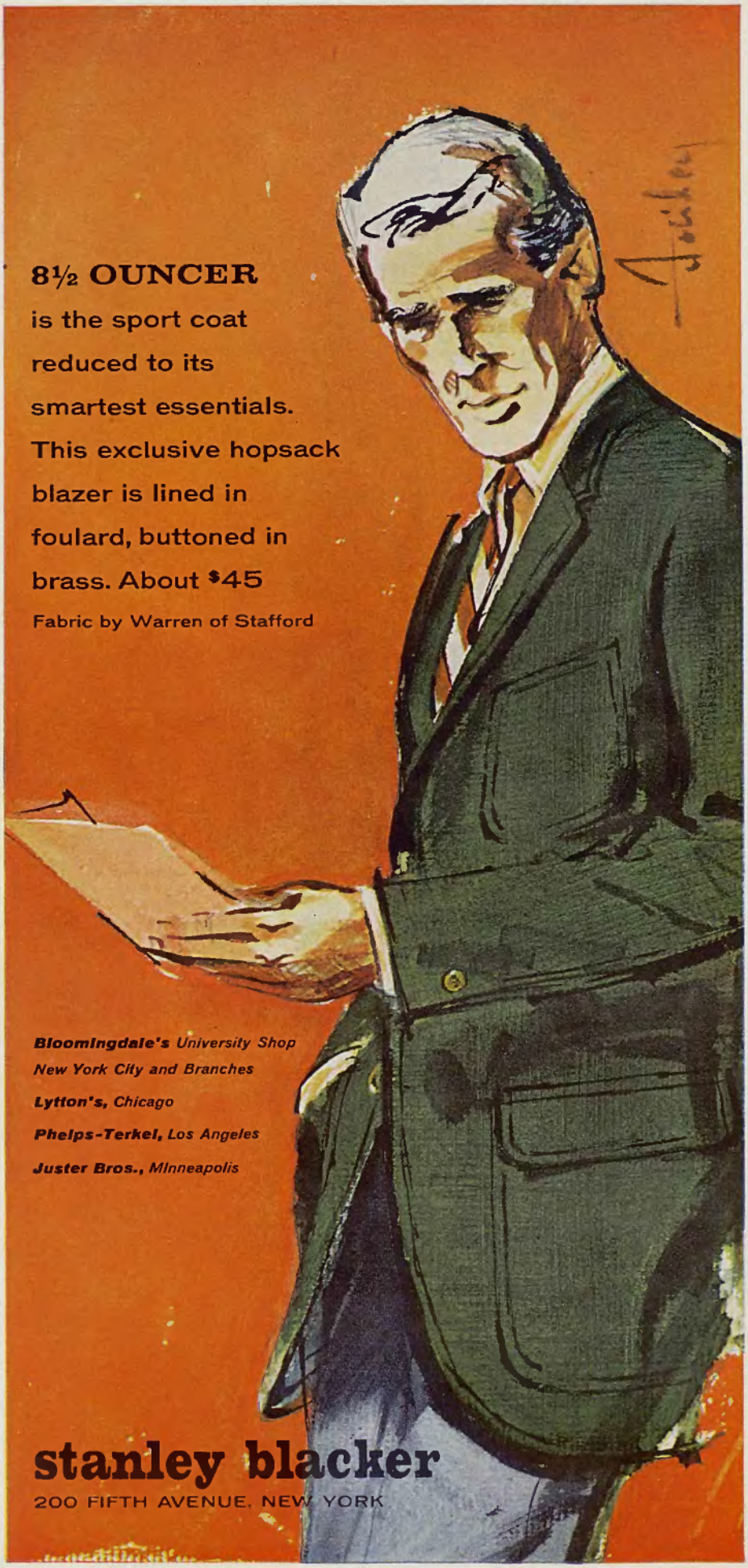
WILD OVER WILDER

Richard Gehman's December article on *Charming Billy* was just that. The Billy Wilder he wrote about is the man I know down to the last penetrating paragraph.

William Goetz
William Goetz Productions
Hollywood, California

The article on Billy is an extremely good one. It is usually difficult to do stories on people like Billy — they very rarely capture the essence of the man. You did it. It's a marvelous article.

Tony Curtis
Hollywood, California



Johann Sebastian Bach (a composer) drank 37 cups of coffee a day...

CARL REINER: ACTOR, WRITER, BACHNIK

...what a shame he knew naught of Kahlúa

Last year alone, people (including composers, musicians and accordion players) drank over a million and a half cups of Kahlua ...with and without cream. There's a record that would put Bach to shame. Kahlua is the delectably delightful Mexican coffee liqueur that makes for melodic days and harmonious evenings. With vodka over ice, it's a Black Russian—very lyrical. A titillating recipe book of exotic Kahlua cocktails is available merely by writing: Kahlua SA, Avenida Juan Sanchez Azcona 1447, Mexico, DF (U.S. postage rates apply). Let's make music together. Kahlua, the 53 proof coffee liqueur, is imported and distributed by Jules Berman & Associates, Beverly Hills, Calif.

KAHLÚA

I really enjoyed Mr. Gehman's Billy Wilder piece and agree that he's tops in all lines. However, I selfishly disagree about one statement he makes. I quote: "In addition to those films already mentioned, they made *Midnight, What a Life, Rhythm on the River, Arise My Love, Hold Back the Dawn*, etc." Among the many scripts Charles and Billy wrote for me and which I directed were *Midnight, Arise My Love* and *Hold Back the Dawn*. It was after these that they became a writer-director-producer team. I may add that once you have directed a Brackett and Wilder script, you are completely spoiled for all others—it was sheer pleasure.

Mitchell Leisen
Los Angeles, California

I liked the article *Charming Billy* very much: the insert about me actually happened and was presented true to form. I am a PLAYBOY fan, and while I may not excavate the way-off-center things, I do dig the Playmates, and thoroughly enjoy PLAYBOY each month.

Paul Whiteman
New Hope, Pennsylvania

CAMPBELL SOUPÇON

As a long-time admirer of the artistic work of E. Simms Campbell, I am happy to find him represented in the pages of your unique publication. I hope this will continue to be the case, for Campbell's talents are exceptional and his production appealing.

Ralph J. Bunche
Under-Secretary, United Nations
New York, New York

I have enjoyed the cartoons of E. Simms Campbell for many years and it is certainly a pleasure to find them now so regularly in PLAYBOY.

Katherine Dunham
Port-au-Prince, Haiti

AFTER HOURS

Your movie reviewer has gotten away with murder in the December issue. What gall to say Kirk Douglas doesn't belong in the same class as Olivier, Laughton, Ustinov, et al., in *Spartacus*.

Jim Menzer
Associated Newspapers Ltd. of Australia
New York, New York

Is your movie reviewer some kind of nut? How could anyone with guts enough to sit through a Z movie like *Studs Lonigan* possibly have any praise for it? I predict that this sick flick will send more moviegoers running up the aisles than a laxative in the popcorn.

Fred Blasedell
San Francisco, California

Well, that's showbiz.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Ironic events have been taking place around us, portents, we like to think, of more amiable times. We learn, for instance, that toll booths on one of those stupefying New Jersey turnpikes, recently operated upon so that they might dispense toll cards without human assistance, are now being staffed again with real people, because the machines couldn't handle this simple job. Meanwhile, in a large New York office building, whose owners have spent heaven-knows-how-many thousands of dollars to make their elevators self-service, flesh-and-blood operators have been brought back to push the buttons for the five P.M. crowds. The un-operated elevators did not react well to rush-hour tensions. Frequently they did not react at all. Sometimes their doors would not open. Sometimes they would not shut. Sometimes they would open and shut and open and shut, but the elevator would not budge. Often people on the seventh floor could only get to the lobby by first going up to the tenth floor. At the outset, office workers, imbued with American reverence for technical accomplishment, blamed the machines' antics on themselves; one commuter, in particular, took to stepping gallantly out of stalled elevators with some remark about reducing the load — thereby insuring that he would miss the 5:21 to Hartsdale. But after several instances of secretaries, imprisoned behind the closed doors of a motionless cab, emitting those little squeals that precede panic while executives made weak jokes about their hospitalization coverage, blame was laid where it belonged — squarely on the machines. We are not prepared to argue that automatic facilities are by nature inefficient. No doubt laundromats, automats, parkomats and most of the other o-mats that have done away with people and their vagaries get the clothes washed, the food served, the cars parked, etc., perfectly well. And we have no intention of defending featherbedding on the railroads. Nevertheless, we cannot help but feel a little twinge of delight whenever a machine is called on the carpet, and man comes back into the picture. If we have to pay tolls to travel in New Jersey (if we have to travel in New Jersey), we like to have our I.B.M. cards handed to us by a fellow creature, to feel his brief touch, and maybe even hear him mumble, "Take it." And if we have to ride to the seventeenth floor to get to work — an odd ascent to make every day when you stop to think about it — we like having a man there with us to say, "Watch your step, buddy," and tell us what he thinks about the Chicago White Sox or Khrushchev.

•

Headline on a trade show press release: CAT HOUSE INTRODUCED AT NEW YORK PET SHOW.

•

Sign prominently posted on either side of a main-line railroad crossing near Osaka, Japan: "Positively no intercourse on these tracks while trains are passing."

•

The *Minneapolis Tribune* covers the activities of the local fire department. Under its WHERE'S THE FIRE? heading recently appeared: "2:16 — 1500 LaSalle Ave., ladies' pants."

•

Bugged once too often by recorded messages and answering services, Robert P. Newman, Hollywood indie producer, has taped a short announcement which he uses on his enemies — usually at about three in the morning. The victim's phone rings, he sleepily answers it, and before he collects his wits, the following recorded message has been delivered: "This call was not intended for you. You may have the wrong party in mind, or perhaps you have answered incorrectly. Please — do not pick up the telephone unless you *know* the call is for you." Click.

•

From Dr. Joseph Molner's *To Your Good Health* column in the Chicago *Sun-Times*:

"Dear Dr. Molner: Can a person have adhesions from any cause other than a major operation? Mrs. W. S.

"Yes, it's possible.

"Enclose a long self-addressed, stamped envelope and 5 cents in coin to cover the cost of handling."

•

You've all seen those imposing-looking sex manuals, which are so popular in this era of the Human Relations Counselor. We've looked into quite a number and found them interesting enough — but limited; as their titles suggest, *viz.*, *Ideal Marriage*, they are written for married people. Now, non-marital intercourse is wrong; everybody's agreed on that — Dear Abby, Dr. Joyce Brothers, everybody — but, you know, it isn't necessary to go *all* the way, and we're pleased to report that a studious friend of ours, Mr. Paul Krassner, is now busy figuring out just how far the unmarried should go, and how to get there most enjoyably. He is working on a book, to be called *Fear Without Love: A Pre-Sex Sex Manual for Adolescents of All Ages.* Part One, *Hand-Holding*, will lead off with the crucial chapter, "Nine Different Positions for Holding Hands and Three More if You Are Double Jointed." There will also be frank advice on such hush-hush subjects as "What to Do

Save on the best in popular albums. Select from

ANY FIVE for only $3.98

...if you agree to buy six additional albums within twelve months from

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

THIS Popular Album Club trial membership offers you the finest stereo or hi-fi music being recorded today—**for far less money than you would normally pay.**

You save up to 40% with this introductory offer alone. After the trial membership, if you continue, you will **save about one third** of the manufacturer's nationally advertised price through the Club's Dividend Album Plan. This plan lets you choose a **free** regular L.P. or stereo album (depending on which division you are in) with every two you buy from the Club.

Every month you are offered a wide variety of albums (up to 200 a year). One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate — or nothing at all — simply state your wishes on a form always provided. For regular L.P. albums you will pay the nationally advertised price — usually $3.98, at times $4.98; for stereo albums you will pay the nationally advertised price of $4.98, at times $5.98 (plus—in all cases—a small charge for postage and handling).

ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M.

220. Best-selling modern-jazz album from TV series. Composed, conducted by Henry (*Peter Gunn*) Mancini.

219. Varied vocal program by country-pop star. *Till the End of the World, Someday, A Fool Such As I,* 9 others.

215. Long-awaited new Pops recordings of the *Rhapsody,* plus *American in Paris.* Earl Wild, piano. Spectacular new sound!

214. Best-selling album by the new vocal sensation! *The Lady Is a Tramp, Someday, I'll Get By, Thou Swell,* etc.

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*

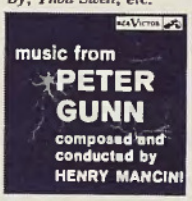
210. 12 Yankeeland standards go cha cha! *Paper Doll, Manhattan, If You Knew Susie, Ciribiribin, Isle of Capri,* etc.

234. Harry's biggest seller! *Day-O, Man Smart (Woman Smarter), I Do Adore Her,* more delights. *Regular L.P. only.*

212. Mr. Guitar's first dance album. *Till There Was You, Night Train, Sleep Walk, One Mint Julep, Hot Toddy,* more.

246. The Rodgers & Hammerstein score sung by the family that inspired it. *Do-Re-Mi, My Favorite Things,* etc.

124. 14 of Perry's million-sellers since 1945. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation,* etc. *Regular L.P. only.*



2. The original TV-action hit album. All-star modern "mood" jazz—combo and big band. *Fallout,* 11 more.

203. Hot-selling, cool-sounding sequel stars Shelly Manne, other West Coast jazz giants. *A Quiet Gass, Spook,* etc.

216. Hank sings *Any Old Time, Moonlight and Skies, Blue Yodel #10, Roll Along Kentucky Moon, The One Rose,* etc.

204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song,* etc.

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own,* etc.

69. His biggest hits re-recorded in hi fi. *There, I've Said It Again; Riders in the Sky; Racing with the Moon; Ballerina;* etc.

16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers,* etc.

235. Mellow violins, candlelight moods. *Music Maestro Please, Autumn Leaves, Dark Eyes, Two Guitars. Regular L.P. only.*

THIS TWO-DISC RECORDING counts as two of your five albums . . . Enter each number in separate spaces on card . . . 950 and 950A

The actual Carnegie Hall Concert recorded LIVE! His most exciting collection.

69. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*

48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmirk Suite; Anvils, of Course;* more.

240. Hi-fi/stereo triumph stars provocative percussionists, colorful chanters in variety of pop Latin rhythms.

243. Tenor sings hits from Romberg operetta: *Drink, Drink, Drink; Serenade; Deep in My Heart, Dear;* more.

202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio,* Schubert's *Ave Maria.*

127. The most brilliant guitar virtuoso extant! Authentic gypsy rhythms in blazing high fidelity. *Regular L. P. only.*

37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*

245. The Sing-Along Spectacular! 33 all-time top tunes, song sheets for home harmonizers. *Heart of My Heart,* etc.

244. His 12 zaniest hits. *Cocktails for Two, Chloe, My Old Flame, Glow Worm, Laura,* etc. *Regular L.P. only.*

148. Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Opus No. 1,* etc. *Regular L.P. only.*

249. Their 12 top hits. *Sentimental Me; Rag Mop; Naughty Lady of Shady Lane; You, You, You; Regular L.P. only.*

7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.

5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.

102. 12 Dixieland classics in hi fi. *Muskrat Ramble, Tiger Rag, Tin Roof Blues, Panama,* etc. *Regular L.P. only.*

***IMPORTANT—PLEASE NOTE:** Although the Glenn Miller album is available only in regular L. P., you may get it and still join either the Stereo or the

this up-to-date list of RCA VICTOR best-sellers

EITHER STEREO or REGULAR L.P.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES TOTAL UP TO $29.90

250. The original soundtrack of one of the year's finest films. "An outstanding score with much melody."—*Billboard*

247. Sound extravaganza. *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, Laura, Around the World, Song from "Moulin Rouge."*

4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Gaynor, R. Brazzi.

221. Their 12 all-time hits, freshly recut in hi fi and stereo! *Twilight Time, Don't Take Your Love From Me,* etc.

228. A best-seller! Hilarious beatnik-biblical patter in cornpone accents. Jack Paar TV guest. *Regular L. P. only.*

248. Top vocal trio, 12 mellow tunes. *The Old Lamplighter, Red Sails in The Sunset, True Love, Cool Water.*

19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, The Peanut Vendor,* etc.

36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*

236. Entire night-club act. Outrageous corn-fed humor, insane parodies of hit songs, etc. Their funniest album!

183. Artie's 12 biggest hits. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust, Frenesi, Temptation, Dancing in the Dark. Regular L.P. only.*

24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine,* more.

9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*

56. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves,* 12 in all.

100. Two super-stars, 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. *Summertime, It Ain't Necessarily So.*

74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*

103. "Muted-jazz" trumpeter and quartet—in hi fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You,* etc. *Regular L. P. only.*

227. 13 Hawaiian and Polynesian hits recorded in Hawaii. Includes full-color photos of Hawaii, text by Mr. Michener.

237. Carle goes ragtime! *Who's Sorry Now, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Nobody's Sweetheart,* etc. *Regular L.P. only.*

If you prefer, you may choose this special 5-record album instead of five others . . .

69 GLENN MILLER MASTERPIECES

"OUT-OF-PRINT" EDITION

RECENTLY REISSUED

FIVE LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

DE LUXE WHITE ALBUM EMBOSSED IN GOLD

Regular L. P. only*

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICE $24.98

AT LAST, this incomparable album has been reissued. Here are the band's greatest recordings, plus highlights from the broadcasts. You'll find all the stars of Miller's "Golden Age"—singers Kay Starr, Ray Eberle, Marion Hutton, The Modernaires—arrangers Jerry Gray, Bill Finegan and Glenn himself—sidemen Hal McIntyre, Tex Beneke, many more. Illustrated booklet tells the Glenn Miller story.

THE SONGS IN THIS MEMORABLE COLLECTION

ALOHA
ALWAYS IN MY HEART
AMERICAN PATROL
ANGEL CHILD
BABY ME
BLESS YOU
BLUE MOON
BLUE ROOM
BLUEBERRY HILL
BOULDER BUFF
BUGLE CALL RAG
CARELESS
CARIBBEAN CLIPPER
CHATTANOOGA CHOO-CHOO
CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK
OEVIL MAY CARE
DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE
DOWN FOR THE COUNT
FAREWELL BLUES
FLAGWAVER
FOOLS RUSH IN
FRESH AS A DAISY
GLEN ISLAND SPECIAL
HERE WE GO AGAIN
THE HOP
I CAN'T GET STARTED
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLAN
IDA
IMAGINATION
INTRODUCTION TO A WALTZ
IT MUST BE JELLY
JAPANESE SANDMAN
JUST A LITTLE BIT SOUTH OF NORTH CAROLINA
KING PORTER STOMP
LADY BE GOOD
THE LAMPLIGHTER'S SERENADE
LET'S DANCE
LITTLE BROWN JUG
LOVE WITH A CAPITAL "YOU"
MAKE BELIEVE
MELANCHOLY BABY
A MILLION DREAMS AGO
MISTER MEADOWLARK
MOON LOVE
MOON OVER MIAMI
MY DARLING
MY DEVOTION
NAUGHTY SWEETIE BLUES
OH SO GOOD
ON A LITTLE STREET IN SINGAPORE
ONE O'CLOCK JUMP
PERFIDIA
RAINBOW RHAPSODY
RHAPSODY IN BLUE
RUG CUTTER'S SWING
SAY SI SI
SLEEPY TOWN TRAIN
SLIP HORN JIVE
STOMPING AT THE SAVOY
STRING OF PEARLS
SUN VALLEY JUMP
SWEET ELOISE
THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE
TWENTY-FOUR ROBBERS
UNDER A BLANKET OF BLUE
WEEKEND OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME
WISHING WILL MAKE IT SO
WONDERFUL ONE

Regular L. P. Division of the Club. Regular L. P. discs sound better than ever on stereo phonographs. However, stereo records can be played only on stereophonic equipment.

©1961, THE PAPER MATE CO. PAPER MATE and CAPRI, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

NEW
STEREO SONY STEREO
TAPE
DECK

Now, for less than the cost of a good record changer, you can add a versatile new dimension to your hi fi system. ■ The Sony 262-D tape deck has a 4 track stereo erase head and 4 track stereo record/playback head. Heads are wired to six output and input facilities for connection of external electronics to play and record four track stereo. This is the same quality mechanism used in the most expensive Sony Superscope tape recorders.

$89.50

Other tape recorders in the remarkable Sony line include the dual track bantam at $99.50, the Sterecorder 300, a complete portable stereo system at only $399.50, and the 262-SL parallel and sound-on-sound recorder at $199.50 ■ For literature or nearest dealer, write: Superscope, Inc., Dept. 2, Sun Valley, Calif.

SONY SUPERSCOPE *The tapeway to Stereo*

About Involuntary Knuckle-Cracking." (A scale drawing of mutual finger-intertwining, front and side views, will illustrate this portion of the book.) Part Two, *Necking*, will explain, clearly and simply, "What to Do with Your Chewing Gum." Also in the works is a provocative chapter entitled, "If Your Partner Wears Glasses." Part Three, *Petting*, will be loaded with valuable hints, including, "How to Develop Body English Through Dancing," and promises an illuminating debate by nationally known experts on "Narrowing-Concentric-Circle *vs.* Direct-Target Approach." You'll doubtless wish to place your order immediately. Each purchaser will receive his copy of *Fear Without Love* in a plain wrapper marked: PERSONAL — SEX BOOK INSIDE.

•

As of this moment, we're not with those who sell short the little old ladies in Pasadena. According to a report in the *Los Angeles Examiner*, a seventy-year-old woman from that rose-dotted haven left her husband, also seventy, after two days of matrimony. Her reason: the marriage was in name only.

•

An acoustics engineer of our acquaintance has perfected a diabolic sports car accessory. It's an electronic horn that realistically imitates the sound of shrieking brakes.

BOOKS

With his fifth novel, Peter De Vries pulls out of the slump of preciosity created by his fourth, *The Tents of Wickedness* (*Playboy After Hours*, August 1959). In ***Through the Fields of Clover*** (Little, Brown, $3.95) De Vries serves up a nourishing broth, which comes to a bubbling boil in a small New England town peopled by hypercivilized eccentrics with goofy names — Wetwilliam, Glimmergarden, Chaucer (he's a TV writer), Nat Bundle, Bill Prufrock and Cotton Marvel (he's writing a Gorkyesque play called *The Seven Who Stank*). The whole is liberally peppered with puns and witty cracks. ("On her wedding night she had been forced to commit an unnatural act: sexual intercourse.") Prominent among the assorted oddballs are: TV comic Harry Mercury, the image of Phil Silvers; a pompous Civil Libertiesnik who, rushing to defend a persecuted merchant named Aronson from anti-Semitism, is crestfallen to discover that the man is not a Jew at all but a Swede; and an ex-Southern boy who deplores the South but retains a hominy-thick accent ("Tom said something about it last week." "Tom who?" "Tom Magazine."). There is a phony feud between two TV comedians which never gets off the ground

MORE THAN YOUR MONEY BACK

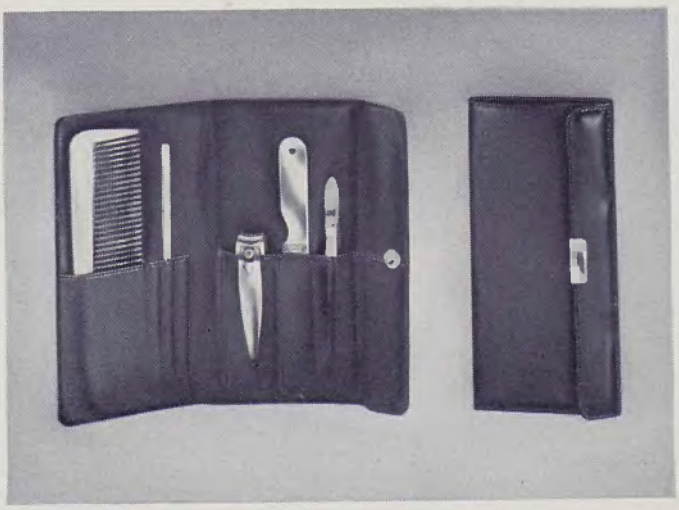
Yes, more than your money back if the Schick 1066 doesn't outshave your present razor. We make this daring offer because we're so sure you'll get faster, closer, more comfortable shaves . . . thanks to the world's mightiest shaving head . . . most powerful motor in shaving history...3 speeds...adjustable head. You shave close as you want without irritating!

TRY THE NEW SCHICK 1066 FOR 14 DAYS ...AND GET THIS GROOMING KIT FREE!

Try the 1066 for two weeks at home. We're positive you'll never be satisfied with any other razor . . . blade or electric!

IF THE 1066 DOESN'T OUTSHAVE YOUR PRESENT RAZOR . . . YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK–AND OF COURSE, THE GROOMING KIT IS YOURS TO KEEP.

This offer available at most Schick dealers – but act now! Limited time only. You have nothing to lose but your whiskers!

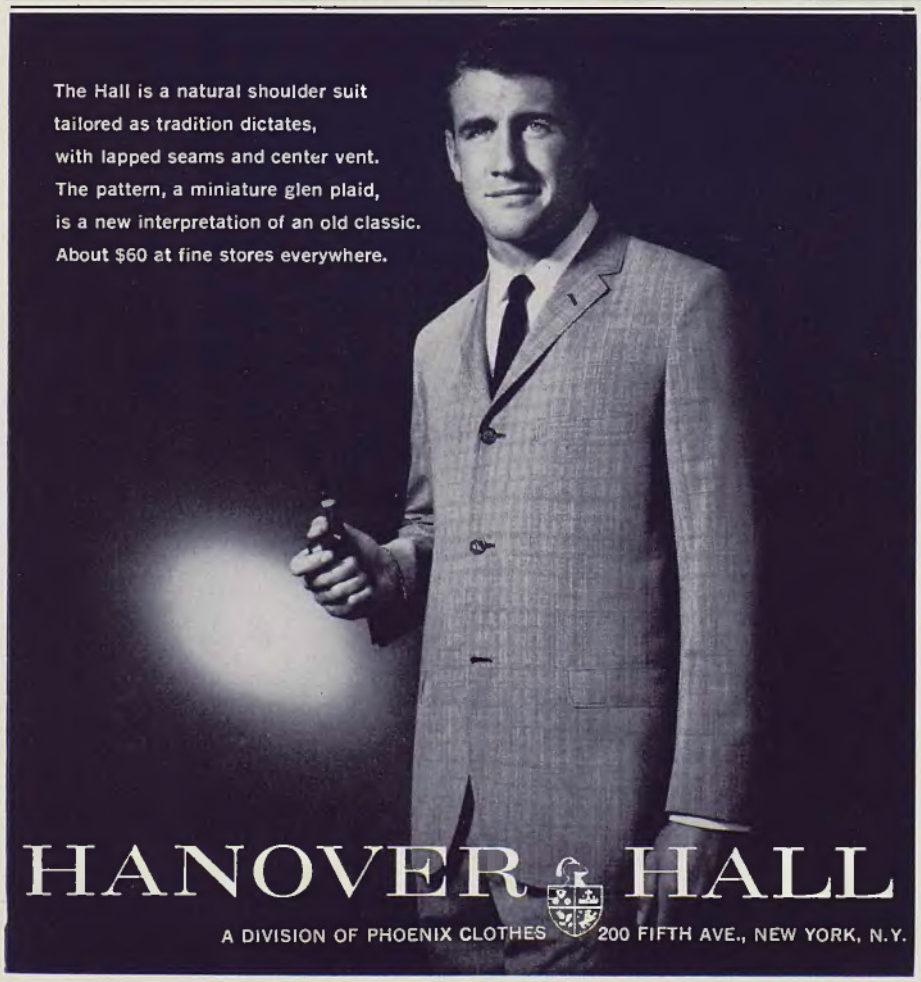


ALL-NEW 1066 SCHICK 3 SPEED

©1961, Schick Incorporated—Inventors of Electric Shaving

this is
Norman Luboff
. . . new on
RCA Victor!

RCA Victor is proud to present the thrilling Norman Luboff Choir in a new album chock-full of joyous variety. Here are show tunes, folk music, pops . . . drinking songs, hymns, blues. There's something special for everyone —especially you! Hear it soon.
In Living Stereo and Monaural Hi-Fi on RCA VICTOR



because they become angry with each other. ("It stands to reason you can't have a feud with a goddamn sorehead.") There are even young lovers, and a higher sensual humidity than in previous De Vries books—often cooled suddenly by a burst of humor: "He rolled the tips of her breasts in his teeth. 'Jujubes,' he said . . . She was disgusted. She bore him two children, and a good deal of resentment." Bright, light reading, all of it.

•

America's Taste (Simon and Schuster, $12.50) is a fat and fascinating scrapbook, crowded with a hundred years' worth of reviews, pictures and cartoons reproduced from *The New York Times*. Here you'll find, in sometimes picturesque, if difficult-to-decipher, type, contemporary criticism of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *East Lynne* or *The Earl's Daughter*; of Horatio Alger and Sigmund Freud; of the Gibson Girl and the Statue of Liberty; of *Amos 'n' Andy* and *Porgy and Bess*; of Caruso and Picasso, Joyce and Dostoievsky, Tennyson, Mencken, Chaplin, Gershwin and lots more. Three *Times* staffers, Marjorie Longley, Louis Silverstein and Samuel A. Tower, did the culling, with discrimination, intelligence and no effort to resist the lure of nostalgia.

•

Mid-Century (Houghton Mifflin, $5.75) is John Dos Passos' tired attempt to recapture the weight and breadth of his influential *U.S.A.* by borrowing the techniques of the earlier novel. The separate stories of the characters, some told forward, some backward, interrupt one another, until everyone is somehow connected with everyone else. These fragments are juxtaposed to point-pounding profiles of well-known people (ranging from Douglas MacArthur to James Dean) and to "documentary" views of the times in the form of headlines and news items. The effect is supposed to be panoramic, but the reader is more likely to be struck by what has been left out of this long survey of mid-century American life than by what has been put in. He is also likely to be struck by how few things people do in the book and how repetitiously they do them. Each of the characters has two unconnected lives: a public one which is exclusively economic; and a private one which is narrowly biological. In the daytime the characters organize unions and build industries. At night, pressure of work permitting, they go to bed with assorted ladies. Dos Passos' main theme is the inevitable frustration of all noble intentions by the forces of corruption in both labor and capital. Every hope sours; the rare man of integrity is, in the uninventive rhetoric of the novel, "hounded to his grave" or to some comparable oblivion. Dos Passos'

good people include Wobblies and Joe McCarthy, Phil LaFollette and Senator McClellan. From such an assemblage there emerges only a fuzzy notion of reaction mixed with wistful reminiscence. The novel exudes a strong feeling of bitterness at a sell-out — but a sell-out of whom or what? Of the fictional characters and their real-life models? Of America? Or perhaps merely of the author — by himself.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Frank D'Rone's recent stint at Chicago's Mister Kelly's proved a remarkably effective exercise in verbal economy. D'Rone, a supersonic young man about to orbit into the Big Time, sang and accompanied himself on the guitar — period. No jokes, no table banter, no song introductions. The tunes, and D'Rone's forthright handling of them, spoke eloquently enough, with one song flowing into another as smoothly and felicitously as twelve-year-old Scotch into an eight-ounce tumbler. D'Rone's delivery, both visually and vocally, is completely devoid of mannerisms, but this is not to imply that he lacks style. Far from it. He had the packed house in his pocket right from the opener — a quick-tempo'd *Just One of Those Things* — on through an encore-ending reprise of his best-seller, *After the Ball*. And there were equally attractive goodies strewn along the way, including a superb run-through of *Joey*, Frank Loesser's hits-you-right-here folk ballad from *The Most Happy Fella*. Sharp of feature and soft of voice, D'Rone has the ability to belt without blasting, and the heartier items on the agenda were delivered forcefully without shattering any of the glassware. To give his vocal cords a respite, ex–full-time guitarist D'Rone performed *Malagueña* with admirable proficiency. Nevertheless, we were happy to hear him climb back on the vocal wagon, especially since his post-guitar solo segment contained a leisurely-paced and tenderly-treated *That's All*, which ranked, we thought, with Nat Cole's classic handling of the Alan Brandt–Bob Haymes standard. For an at-home sampling of Frank's finely-wrought wares, we recommend the LP titled *After the Ball* (Mercury).

THEATRE

Despite the combined efforts of Frederick Loewe, Alan Jay Lerner and Moss Hart, despite the sumptuous costumes of the late Adrian and his successor Tony Duquette, despite the most

A message from Valleyfield, Quebec to the U.S.A.

Tradition go hang!

Imported O.F.C. is the only Canadian whisky sent to the U.S.A. at 8 and 12 years old.

As you probably know, most leading Canadian distillers traditionally send 6 year old whisky down to America. Not us! For as fine as six year old Canadian whisky is—we firmly believe that 8 year old Imported O.F.C. is that much better. And to encourage you to try our older whisky, you'll find that 8 year old Imported O.F.C. costs no more than most other leading (and much younger) Canadian whiskies.

Imported 12 year old

Famous as our international gift whisky, 12 year old Imported O.F.C. is the oldest Canadian whisky on the market. Unfortunately, it is often in scarce supply—and when you do discover it, you will note it is rather expensive. But for those times when only the best will do, we think it's worth the premium.

We, in Valleyfield, feel that tradition or no tradition, our older Imported O.F.C. is well worth the extra years we have to wait. And our many new American friends seem to agree.

William F. Tigh, President, Canadian Schenley Ltd.

Oldest Finest Canadian comes tissue-wrapped and boxed the year round.

CANADIAN WHISKY, a blend. Distilled, aged, and blended under supervision of the Canadian Government by Schenley Ltd., Valleyfield, P. Q., Canada. 8 and 12 years old. 86.8 Proof. O. F. C. Distilling Co., New York, N. Y., Sole Agents in U.S.A.

The Bacardi Party turns up at playboy colony in Mexico

BACARDI
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

© BACARDI IMPORTS, INC.,
595 Madison Ave., NY.
Rum . . . 80 Proof

From Mexico City comes word that Texas playboys have introduced the Bacardi Party to the American colony there, amid great acclaim.

On Friday nights, the fun-loving *Americanos* gather "to drink, to sing, and to await the faithful rains." A *galón* of Bacardi and a bevy of mixers are kept at arms reach. What a way to end the week and start the weekend!

What is a Bacardi Party? The guests bring Bacardi and the host supplies the mixings—*as many as he can dream up!* Fun. So have a Bacardi Party—soon. (And write and tell us about it.)

NEW, LOW COST HEATHKIT® STEREO-PHONO CONSOLE

in ready-to-play or kit form

Big in sound, compact in size, the *six* speakers in this Heathkit console give room-filling stereo yet the cabinet is less than three feet long, only end-table height! Complete with "anti-skate" *4-speed automatic* stereo/mono record changer with *diamond and sapphire* styli, *dual-channel* amplifier and *walnut* cabinet. 31¾" L x 17⅝" W x 26¾" H. 70 lbs. Order direct or see your Heathkit dealer.

Model GD-31 (Kit)...$13 dn., $11 mo.....**$129.95**
Model GDW-31 (Wired)...$15 dn., $13 mo.....**$149.95**

SEND FOR YOUR FREE CATALOG: **HEATH COMPANY**
a subsidiary of Daystrom Incorporated
Benton Harbor 38, Michigan

eye-whacking sets that Oliver Smith ever designed—full of pavilions and palaces, gardens terraced and enchanted—***Camelot*** won't do. Lerner has produced a pretentious and meandering adaptation of *The Once and Future King*, T. H. White's imaginative novel based on the Arthurian cycle; the Round Table has never been so square. The evening starts off pleasantly enough, as bashful King Arthur (Richard Burton) courts his Guenevere (Julie Andrews) with *I Wonder What the King Is Doing Tonight*. And she replies in all musical modesty with *The Simple Joys of Maidenhood*. But the score is not up to the best Lerner-Loewe, and the result doesn't live up to the myth by a mile. No fault of the cast, we hasten to add. Burton is probably the best actor who has ever pretended to sing his way through a musical. Julie Andrews, of course, would be a fine fair lady in any century. Robert Goulet as a lacklustre, lovelorn Lancelot, and Roddy McDowall as Arthur's bad bastard son Mordred, battle with the dreadful dragon of a plot like the valiant knights they are—but, alas, everybody is vanquished. At the Majestic, 44th Street, West of Broadway, NYC.

•

Maybe those who love Lucy will find more pleasure than we did in watching Lucille Ball play a lady named Wildcat Jackson in a Southwesterly soap opera with music called ***Wildcat***. Given a chance, Miss Ball can sing *Hey, Look Me Over* and make it stick, dance *El Sombrero* and flip her Spanish lid with abandon. But this slim-hipped redhead's innate ebullience can only do so much to enliven N. Richard Nash's rubber-stamp story of a tomboy with a secret heart who tours the border country in search of an oil well and happiness for her crippled sister (Paula Stewart). In case you just have to know, crippled sister finds a Mexican lover, and Lucy finds an oil well and an Irish husband, played with welterweight bravado and a hokey brogue by Keith Andes. A pleasing score by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh manages to add some spirit to this synthetic product, but director-choreographer Michael Kidd has trouble stirring up more than a token jamboree with his brawling well-diggers and dancing mestizos. Definitely tabby-cat entertainment. At the Alvin, 250 West 52nd Street, NYC.

•

With ***Invitation to a March***, Arthur Laurents has written and directed a new comedy on an old theme—the conflict between conformists and nonconformists. His heroine in a Long Island beach house is Jane Fonda, a darling youngster with a daring mind who must choose between a routine married life with Tom Hatcher, her inhibited fiancé, and *seductio ad infinitum* with James MacArthur,

a bastard in the legitimate sense of the word. An added complication is that Richard Derr happens to be the father of both contenders for Jane's hand and the rest of her. While Hatcher has been residing properly *en famille* with papa Derr and mama Eileen Heckart, the illegitimate lad has been living it up down the beach with *his* mother, Celeste Holm, a philosophical spinster who has never once regretted that fateful day twenty years ago when she took a sunbath in the nude behind a sand-dune. Even if you find Laurents' solution to all this somewhat pat, you may still enjoy his wit and the play's stylish performance. At the Music Box, 230 West 45th Street, NYC.

•

Under the Yum-Yum Tree is full of the snickers and simpers that are substituting for laughter on Broadway these days. This is the fable of the sweet girl who wants to find out all about her fiancé before marriage — no carnal intent, of course. Sandra Church, pertly persuasive in pajamas, gets her rugged boyfriend, Dean Jones, to spend a month in her San Francisco pad just to see what kind of music, books and toothpaste he likes. Jones, A Fine Upstanding Fellow, contemplates rape and rejects it. Across the hall, happily for playwright Lawrence Roman's weak try at comedy, lives a sloping-shouldered, beslippered and shuffling character who rejects nothing as long as the gal is under fifty. Gig Young plays this lecher with an alcoholic leer and a sharp sense of comic frustration. The fun of watching him ooze in and out of the girl's apartment, causing more confusion than conception, is the only possible reason for spending any time *Under the Yum-Yum Tree*. At the Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St., NYC.

DINING-DRINKING

We whisked briskly across the Delaware River from Philly to visit the brand-new ***Latin Casino*** theatre-restaurant on the Jersey side, directly across from the Garden State Park race track on Route 70 in Merchantville, and found it immediately apparent why this three-million-dollar palace has engendered a whole new lexicon of showbiz superlatives. It's the most (you fill in the blank), from the time you walk into the spacious lobby (with two cloakrooms, so those arriving for the late show are not forced to swim upstream like salmon against those leaving from the early show) until you are seated before the stage's great, golden curtain in the main dining room where the capacity at the white-clothed tables is no less than 1500 at any one time. (The night we were there, all tables

SPECIAL OFFER...

For 2-Headed Pipe Collectors

Genuine imported hand-carved cherrywood pipe... that really smokes!

This unique two-headed pipe is a real conversation piece...a *must* for your collection! Hand-carved in the Italian Alps and finished in gay colors. Stands alone on its own tiny legs. Ideal for your desk, mantel, or bookshelf ...and mighty good smoking, too! This is a wonderful value! Send for your two-headed pipe today!

Only $1.00

and picture of Sir Walter Raleigh from new pouch pack.

Shown Approximately ⅓ Actual Size

NOW Sir Walter Raleigh in the new pouch pack keeps tobacco 44% fresher!

Choice Kentucky Burley— Extra Aged! Smells grand! Packs right! Smokes sweet! Can't bite!

Clip Coupon... Mail Today!

Sir Walter Raleigh
Box 303
Louisville 1, Kentucky

Please send me prepaid ..... 2-headed pipe(s). Enclosed is $1.00 (no stamps, please) and the picture of Sir Walter Raleigh from the box in which the pouch is packed for each pipe ordered.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

COLLEGE .....

This offer good only in U.S.A. Not valid in states where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted. Offer expires June 30, 1961. Allow four weeks for delivery.

ASK FOR THESE OTHER ALBUMS

Complete Score from
EXODUS
UAS 6123 (Stereo) UAL 3123 (Mono)

Original Sound Tracks & Hit Music from
GREAT MOTION PICTURE THEMES
UAS 6122 (Stereo) UAL 3122 (Mono)

Original Sound Track Music
NEVER ON SUNDAY
UAS 5070 (Stereo) UAL 4070 (Mono)

Funniest Album of the Year
CANDID TELEFUN
UAL 4075 (Mono)

Just Released!
Ferrante & Teicher LATIN PIANOS
UAS 6135 (Stereo) UAL 3135 (Mono)

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

were full.) Diners are ramped upward in seven levels from the stage, so if you're ensconced at a rear table you still have a fine view of the stage, which could easily hold a big Broadway musical plus the Army-Navy football game. For those of us who sardined into the old, walk-down Philadelphia Latin, the present establishment's proportions seem breath-taking. The same owners, Dave Dushoff and Dallas Gerson, are responsible for this metamorphosis. The decor pitches for elegance with charcoal walls relieved by golden embellishments and bright clusters of crystal. This suburban supper-show Valhalla also has banquet rooms, reached by a golden-railed stairway which climbs over a fountain, and a cozy (for the Latin Casino) room equipped with two bars and wandering minstrels to add to the intimate mood. In spite of the plush surroundings, Messrs. D & G have managed to retain their old six-dollar minimum, and that gives you show, dinner and drink. We were there for the *Holiday in Japan* shindig which made a big splash at Las Vegas. Top headliners star in the stage bills — Tony Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr., Harry Belafonte, Milton Berle, Bobby Darin, Eydie Gormé, Steve Lawrence and like such. It's a seven-day-a-week operation, two shows nightly — and no Pennsylvania Saturday midnight curfew or Sunday Blue Laws to wet-blanket weekend festivities. Show times: Monday through Friday, 8:30 and 11:30 P.M. Saturday, 8:30 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Sunday, 6 and 10 P.M. The menu offers a complete Polynesian dinner at $5.50. If you're not interested in the fried rice department, there's a diverse list of seafood, poultry dishes and prime beef.

RECORDINGS

The reason we look with doubting eye on LPs that purport to pioneer the emancipation of jazz from familiar molds is simply that the overwhelming majority of them strike us as pretentious and irrationally unmusical or, at best, worthy striving that doesn't make it. When we see on liner notes that so-and-so "studied at Juilliard, digs Bach, Bartók and Hindemith," etc., we can feel our eyebrow lifting cynically, try as we do to preserve an open ear for new sounds. We indulge in this long preamble to a record review because we're certain so many share our feelings — and it is to these we want to say: forget past pain, skip the liner notes on the Dave Brubeck Quartet's *Time Out* (Columbia) and listen. Then listen again, this time reading the intelligently explicatory notes on each of the seven bands. The set puts back the thrill of discovery in jazz listening;

Briefer than boxers . . . freer than briefs

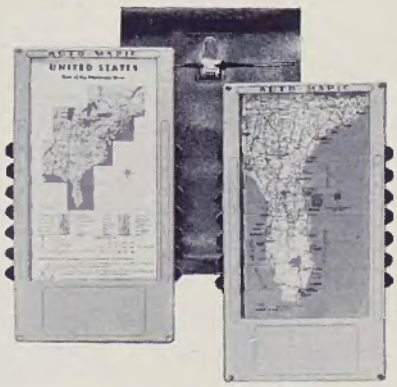
Allen-A® walkers

. . . they don't ride! T. M.

Behold the most comfortable shorts that ever girded a man's mid-section! Allen-A **walkers** are cut freer than briefs for snug support without binding . . . cut briefer than boxers for free leg action without riding up. Swim-trunk smart, in soft, white cotton knit with Nobelt® waistband. $1.50; 6 for $8.75. Allen-A outfits the complete man: underwear, hosiery, sweaters, sportswear, pajamas. The Allen-A Co., Piqua, Ohio

Allen A.

THE PERFECT MAP for the sports car



Auto-Mapic does away with folding and unfolding bulky road maps. Select the map you need with two fingers. Each plastic map case holds 15 up-to-date regional maps in a vinyl folder, 6½"x12½". Order the Eastern U.S. or the Western U.S. at $10 each ppd. Both $20. Send check or money order to:

Savoir-Fair
Box #3376 Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54, Illinois

Now . . . for the first time, PLAYBOY's travel-wise editors have combined the benefits of independent travel with the fun of traveling with a congenial group. The happy result is Playboy Tours . . . and the touch is distinctively PLAYBOY's.

Your companions will be a group of cosmopolitan young men and women who share your interests and zest for enjoying a carefree, fun-filled holiday. Whether you choose a jaunt to Jamaica, a holiday in Hawaii or a European escapade, you'll find your Playboy Tour wonderfully, excitingly different.

Unlike the typical bus-borne grind, Playboy Tours welcomes you as an invited guest wherever you go. You'll be free to join your new Tour friends . . . say, for an afternoon of yachting, skin-diving or sight-seeing—for an evening of gourmet dining, dancing and nightclubbing. Or if you prefer, strike out solo or, better yet, *à deux*, in pursuit of individual diversion. And your host, a PLAYBOY staffer, handles all your individual arrangements, leaving you free to do just as you please.

Chances are though, that you won't *want* to stray too far from the rich variety of unique activities that PLAYBOY's globe-trotting editors have fashioned for you. It's an odds-on bet too, that you won't want to give up the camaraderie you'll find with "your kind of people" . . . vital young men and women who share your discriminating taste and enthusiasm for good times.

And as a special touch, Playboy Tours are spiced with many little extras—surprise pleasure bonuses arranged by organizations that are eager to be associated with Playboy Tours.

What it all adds up to is an unprecedented good time—compliments of PLAYBOY!

GET SET FOR YOUR GREATEST VACATION

NOW, PLAYBOY BRINGS TRAVEL UP TO DATE WITH

PLAYBOY TOURS

FOR ALL THE EXCITING DETAILS MAIL THE COUPON BELOW NOW . . . OR SEE YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT

PLAYBOY IN EUROPE
16- and 23-day Tours to the most fabulous Continental playgrounds. Paris, Nice, Monaco, Rome, Lucerne, Frankfurt, Majorca, London, etc., $1225 to $1440—all expenses—including round-trip via Boeing 707, B.O.A.C. jet from New York.

PLAYBOY IN HAWAII
15-day Tours on "the most beautiful isles anchored in any sea." Enjoy outer-island cruising, Kauai, Hawaii, and all the delights of Waikiki and Oahu, only $414 to $633—plus air fare from San Francisco.

PLAYBOY IN MEXICO
9- and 15-day Tours with the undeniably magic touch of PLAYBOY. Mexico City, Taxco, Acapulco, etc., from $254 to $397—plus air fare to Mexico City.

PLAYBOY IN JAMAICA
9 glorious days on the Riviera of the Western Hemisphere...Montego Bay and Ocho Rios . . . skin-diving, yachting, water-skiing, all included in Tour price. $345 including air fare from Miami.

CARIBBEAN ISLAND HOPPING—16 days

FAR EAST—23 days

SOUTH PACIFIC—23 days

©HMH Publishing Co.

To **PLAYBOY** Magazine
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Sounds great . . . please send me all the exciting details on the Tour circled at left.

(Mr.) (Miss)

NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

See what happens when 4 U.S. sailors take over a Geisha house

(COMPLETE WITH GEISHA GIRLS)

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
A WILLIAM GOETZ PRODUCTION

GLENN FORD · DONALD O'CONNOR
in

CRY FOR HAPPY

co-starring JAMES SHIGETA
and those yum-yummy girls from "Sayonara"
MIIKO TAKA and MIYOSHI UMEKI

Screenplay by IRVING BRECHER • Based on the novel by GEORGE CAMPBELL
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • CinemaScope • Eastman COLOR

it soars and it swings, it is rhythmically a break-through (a heady foretaste of which fans heard at PLAYBOY's jazz festival, when the Brubeck group rocked the house). Once you've sampled its improbable rhythms in counterpoint and alternation — for instance, 9/8 against 4/4 — and such jazz rarities as ten-bar phrasing, a lot of what you've liked a lot will seem a bit pallid. But the over-all, the operative comment that's the key to this LP's success is still: "It swings."

•

The inspirational and architectural artistry of Johann Sebastian Bach is dramatically evident in performances of his ***Cantata No. 33 and Cantata No. 105*** (Bach Guild) by the Danish State Radio Chamber Orchestra and Madrigal Choir, conducted by Mogens Woldike. Soprano Ruth Guldbaek, contralto Else Brems, tenor Uno Ebrelius and bass Bernhard Sonnerstedt are the soloists in these assertions of the firmness of faith. Credit Woldike for the skilled weaving of voices and instruments into a towering tribute to the glory of Bach.

•

A light touch is the common meeting ground for the Billy Taylor Trio and a group which self-effacingly bills itself as the Modest Jazz Trio. The Taylor triumvirate is, of course, a known quantity to most keyboard fanciers. ***Warming Up!*** (Riverside), Taylor's latest album, is deftly compounded of a dozen "commercial-length" items, all penned by his wife, in a most happy display of musical togetherness. Everything is tightly controlled, with each figure rolling out in precise fashion. And Taylor's firm but delicate technique prospers within the friendly confines of his spouse's airy roundelays. Bassist Henry Grimes and drummer Ray Mosca perform pianissimo but with a fastidious dexterity that helps add another brightly-colored feather to the well-festooned Taylor cap. The Modest Jazz Trio is a felicitous amalgam of guitarist Jim Hall, Red Mitchell (abandoning bass for piano), and Red Kelly on Mitchell's discarded bass. These three musically wise men make their LP debut with a quiet, oft-times introspective offering, ***Good Friday Blues*** (Pacific Jazz). Mitchell's piano playing is an unusual demonstration of a technique for one instrument transcribed to another. Right-hand phrases tinkle off in treble echoes of their booming counterparts we're sure Mitchell would have played if he had bass in hand. And this happily contributes much to a marvelous interplay among the three. Hall's guitar work is particularly praiseworthy, especially during the moody tone poem, *Willow Weep for Me*.

•

Songs of Russia Old and New (Electra) is Theo Bikel's ninth platter of ethnic

tunes. Side One presents the melodies of czarist Russia; Side Two is a batch of newer stuff from the Soviets. Strange to tell, the second side may sound more "Russian" to uninitiated — and perhaps even to initiated — ears. Our particular favorites, in fact, are all on the flip side: the strong, driving *From the Volga to the Don*; the romantic, Hit Parade-y *Moscow Evenings*; the catchily syncopated *Concertina*; the infectious *Parting*, as Slavic as cabbage soup. Bikel is in resonant voice throughout, and is occasionally joined by open-throated choir members of Manhattan's Russian Orthodox Church. Bikel buffs may also want to latch onto his really excellent songbook, *Folksongs and Footnotes* (Meridian, $2.95 paperback, $4.95 hardbound), a definitive, labor-of-love collection of eighty-four songs from all over the globe, with words in the original tongues and English, scored for voice and piano with guitar chords, and profusely annotated by Bikel. It is dedicated "To all those who have roots and know not where; who have an heirloom crusted over and going to waste . . ."

•

A current two-disc package provides much food for thought, only half of which is digestible. ***The Authentic Sound of the New Glenn Miller Orchestra — Today*** (Victor) has the Ray McKinley–guided Miller Orchestra echoing a dozen numbers made famous by the old Miller aggregation. The same tunes, played by the original Miller band, make up the second LP, ***The Authentic Sound of Glenn Miller — Yesterday*** (Victor). McKinley's efforts are a frightening demonstration of the madness attendant upon living twenty years in the past. The McKinley band plays almost note-for-note copies of the classic Miller arrangements, and the sound produced shows it — listless, mechanical run-throughs, as lacking in heart as they are in originality. The Miller reissues, by contrast, have a warm, spontaneous *esprit* about them which no amount of technical improvement in recording techniques can impart to the McKinley offerings. *Serenade in Blue, In the Mood, Tuxedo Junction* — in original and facsimile — are as disparate as Caruso and Lanza. A nostalgic bouquet to Miller; an assembly-line brickbat to McKinley.

•

The nobility and high drama of Shakespearean English rarely have been as richly recorded as they are in ***One Man in His Time*** (Columbia), John Gielgud's program of selected speeches from the Bard's works. In the two LPs, Gielgud duplicates the vigorous performance he gave on tour a year ago — a masterly view of man's life and passions combining Shakespeare's lustrous language and Gielgud's dextrous, dedicated delivery. As Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, An-

Write for full line component catalog to: Stromberg-Carlson, Box AS, 1403 N. Goodman St., Rochester 3, N. Y.
Tune in "Special Report" Saturday afternoons immediately following the Metropolitan Opera broadcast.

Playboy Club News

VOL. I, NO. 8 SPECIAL EDITION MARCH, 1961

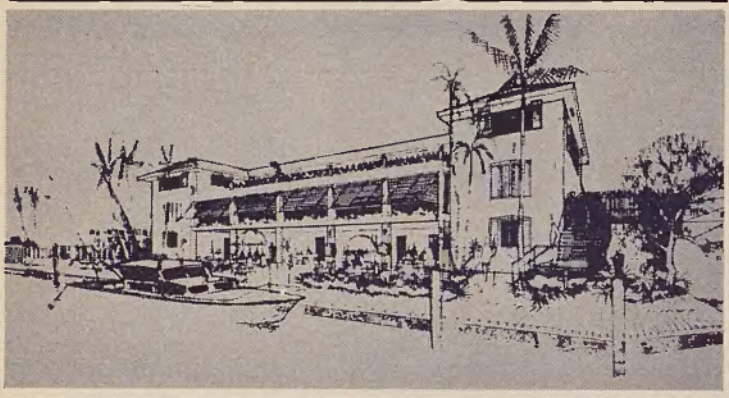
PLAYBOY CLUB SET FOR NEW YORK CITY

7-STORY BUILDING PURCHASED

NEW YORK, February 15 (Special)—Architects and designers are currently completing extensive remodeling plans for the exterior and interior of the New York Playboy Club at 5 E. 59th Street in Manhattan.

The 7-story New York Club will incorporate many of the facilities currently available in the Chicago and Miami Clubs plus numerous additional features. Among new attractions planned, the New York Club will have a Theatre Room presenting The Playboy Players, a permanent nightclub revue company.

The "Grand Closing" of the New York Club is being rushed to accommodate the many Members of the Club who live in the New York area. A limited number of Charter Memberships are still available for area residents (send in the coupon below for more detailed information).



MIAMI CLUB SET FOR OPENING

MIAMI, February 15 (Special)—Miami's New Playboy Club, at 7701 Biscayne Blvd., will make its debut here shortly in what is certain to be one of the most glamorous events of the current Florida season. On hand to welcome the second in a chain of over 50 clubs planned for key U.S. and foreign cities will be many native Miamians as well as Club Members vacationing in the fabulous playground.

Located on a spacious 20,000-square-foot estate on a colorful palm-lined waterway, the new Club incorporates many of the outstanding features of the first Playboy Club in Chicago, including a $17,000 custom-crafted stereo and color-TV unit. In addition, Members will find attractions especially suited to the balmy Southern Florida climate. Among these are a swimming pool and cabanas, yacht mooring facilities and extensive areas for outside entertaining in a tropically-landscaped garden setting.

Cut and Mail Today for Membership Information

To: International Playboy Clubs, Inc.
c/o Playboy Magazine, 232 E. Ohio Street,
Chicago 11, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Please send me full information regarding membership in the Playboy Club. I understand that if I am accepted for membership my key will admit me to Playboy Clubs now in operation and others that will soon go into operation in major cities in the U.S. and abroad.

Name_____
(please print)

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

At The Playboy Club Tonight

Names of Members are posted as soon as they come into the Club. Bunnies Zelma Payton and Kay Knapp, posting name plates at the Chicago Club, are typical of the girls staffing each new Playboy Club. PLAYBOY conducts a continuing search throughout the country for the prettiest possible additions to serve as Bunnies in the fast-expanding Club operations.

EXTRA!

L.A. CLUB TO ADD 140 GUEST ROOMS

LOS ANGELES, February 15 (Special)—Construction of the West Coast's most unique private club will be underway shortly according to plans announced here.

The new Los Angeles Club located on the Sunset Strip will have the basic Club entertainment and dining facilities available in the New York, Chicago and Miami Clubs and also luxury room accommodations for transient as well as resident members. The new Club will have 140 plush guest rooms and suites, together with a swimming pool with adjoining cabanas, all exclusively for the use of Club Members and their guests.

Playmate — Bunny

Pretty Barbara Lawford is just one of the Bunnies at the Chicago Club who also has been featured as a Playmate in PLAYBOY. Barbara was Miss February. Remember?

Capacity Audiences Hail Chicago Club's New Showroom

CHICAGO, February 15 (Special)—"Standing Room Only" has been the word here, night after night, in the Playboy Club's new showroom, Playboy's Penthouse, as capacity audiences cheered the triple opening bill of French-born singer-comedian Robert Clary, the Edmond Sisters, favorites of the western supper and nightclub circuit, and comedian Paul Dooley. The elaborate new cabaret room on the Chicago Club's fourth floor debuted New Year's Eve.

Featuring top-name talent and designed to serve as an addition to the more intimate entertainment policy of The Library on the Club's third floor, Playboy's Penthouse enables Club Members to go "on the town" without ever leaving the Club's premises.

$1.50 STEAK PLATTER

The new room also offers Members the unique "Playboy's Penthouse Prime Platter"—a delicious charcoal-broiled prime tenderloin steak covered with a tangy, roquefort cheese sauce. A casserole of potatoes à la Playboy, slices of tempting hot cheese-bread, asparagus spears and assorted relishes accompany your top-quality steak platter to your table—all of this for just $1.50—the price of one drink. On Fridays, a seafood alternate — Broiled and Boned Rocky Mountain Trout, Almondine—is offered at the same price.

Dinner is served in the Penthouse from 7 P.M., including Sundays. See the *earliest dinner show in Chicago*, at 8 P.M. each night.

tony and other immortals of drama, Gielgud "delivers in such apt and gracious words that aged ears play truant at his tales." Will Shakespeare would have been delighted.

•

Mel Tormé aims high on ***Swingin' on the Moon*** (Verve), and makes it big. His phrasing is unerringly right (as always) on the title song, *Moonlight Cocktail, Blue Moon, Moonlight in Vermont, Oh, You Crazy Moon* and a slow, slow conquest of *How High the Moon*. The moon-tune motif may be somewhat whiskered, and the choice of refrains may not be the best, but Tormé's soothing sound more than compensates. Sammy Davis makes like Ray Charles and Frank Sinatra on his latest disc, ***I Gotta Right to Swing*** (Decca). As Charles, he grunts his way through *This Little Girl of Mine, Mess Around, Get on the Right Track Baby* and *I Got a Woman*. As Sinatra, he turns out a finger-snappin' *The Lady Is a Tramp* and several other standards. Sammy's sense of rhythm and insight into both blues and ballads enable him to pull it off nimbly; a less able crooner would have fallen on his vibrato. Roaring in the background is the Basie band, minus the Count (George Rhodes does the keyboard tinkling).

•

Modern cultists who've disclaimed Louis Armstrong as the moldiest of figs should dig the ageless strong man on ***Louis and the Dukes*** (Audio Fidelity), a crazy collaboration between Satch and the Dukes of Dixieland preserved in stunning stereo. Louis' solo on *Avalon* is a gem that Dizzy or Miles might covet, and his work on the likes of *Bourbon Street Parade, Just a Closer Walk with Thee, Sheik of Araby* and *Sweet Georgia Brown* is comparably invigorating. Inspired by Louis' horn and voice, the Dukes loosen up and really wail. They may never be the same — which might be fine.

•

Three ageless swing-era songstresses and a relative newcomer are well worth a spin. Peggy Lee's latest is ***Olé Ala Lee*** (Capitol), a Latin romp in which she's surrounded by the pulsing sounds of Joe Harnell's ensemble. *By Myself, Just Squeeze Me, You Stepped Out of a Dream* and Peg's own *Olé* are among the dazzlers. In ***Jo plus Jazz*** (Columbia), the nifty Miss Stafford is joined by a host of hip sidemen, including Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, Ray Nance and Conte Candoli, in a thoroughly engaging encounter with a dozen standards, arranged by Johnny Mandel. Jo's warmth is especially infectious on *For You, Midnight Sun, I Didn't Know About You, Imagination* and *I've Got the World on a String*. ***Anita O'Day and Billy May Swing Rodgers and Hart*** (Verve) is

Let's all go native

There was a time when practically any import was surefire with the sophisticated set. French furniture, English woolens, Scotch and Canadian whiskey... if it came from abroad, it had to be good. *But today a new pride* in things native is being evidenced by the rise in popularity of Kentucky bourbon.

Folks are learning to choose their whiskey not on the basis of an import stamp—but on how good it *tastes*. And for a long time now, Kentucky, U.S.A. has produced the tastiest whiskey in the world... bourbon!

In the South and the West it has long been known that "bourbon and branch" ('branch'—grass roots for cool, pure water) has always been the natural thing for a thirsty man to order. Now you hear it ordered all over the country. Good old-fashioned taste appeal has made this earliest of American favorites the latest thing.

Leading the trend is the greatest name in bourbon—Old Crow. Old Crow comes highly recommended to the present generation of Americans. It won the unstinting praise of men like DANIEL WEBSTER and ANDREW JACKSON. Today, it is the favorite bourbon of the nation. To enjoy the fundamentals in your drinking, become a bourbonite with...

Light-Mild 86 Proof

OLD CROW

Kentucky Bourbon

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF

Be alert for that Playmate! Stay awake with NōDōz®

No real playboy wants to feel too pooped to play—especially with a playmate on the scene. That's why so many of them take NoDoz. It keeps you alert with the same safe awakener in coffee and tea. Yet non-habit-forming NoDoz is faster, handier, and more reliable. NoDoz is also easy to take when you're driving your sports car . . . piloting your yacht or plane . . . or sitting through a lecture on capital gains. Keep some in your pocket.

Another fine product of Grove Laboratories

CROSBY SQUARE

THE NEW LOOK OF TOMORROW...
BY CROSBY SQUARE

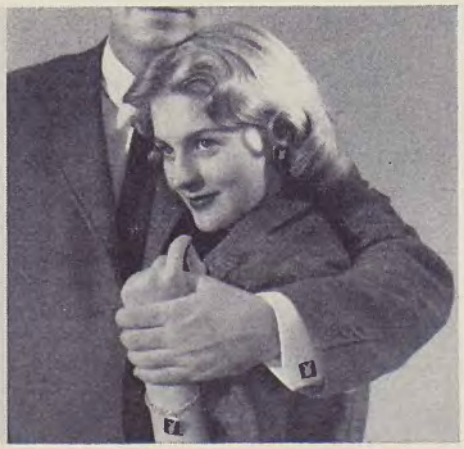
THE HOUSE OF CROSBY SQUARE 539 W. WRIGHT MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PLAYBOY ACCESSORIES

playboy's familiar rabbit in bright rhodium on gleaming black enamel, attractively packaged in felt bag.

earrings $4.50 bracelet $3 the set $7
cuff links $4.50 tie tack $2.50 the set $6.50

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS dept. 259
232 east ohio street, chicago 11, illinois



a title studded with enough first-rate names to rule out any need for elaboration. Among the tunes are *Little Girl Blue, I Could Write a Book, It Never Entered My Mind, Spring Is Here* and *Falling in Love with Love*, and Anita swings, sighs or scats her way through them with vivacious artistry. She's rarely sounded better. More moody is Fran Jeffries, Dick Haymes' wife and showbiz partner, on ***Fran Can Really Hang You Up the Most*** (Warwick). Aided by Ralph Burns' arrangements and studio orchestra, she effortlessly enlivens a twelve-tune set, mixing standards — *Love and the Weather, Out of This World* and *Aren't You Glad You're You?* — with rich rarities like Cy Coleman's *I'm Gonna Laugh You Right out of My Life* and the Gershwins' *Isn't It a Pity?* As it turns out, Fran *can* hang you up.

FILMS

What's ***Pepe*** about? Well, there's this little Mexican ranch foreman, Pepe, who calls a prize stallion his "son" (lots of jokes about that), and when the horse is bought by a has-been movie director, the foreman trails along to a run-down Hollywood chateau and sleeps on the billiard table with him — the horse, that is; and when Edward G. Robinson, played by Edward G. Robinson, refuses to finance the director's comeback, Pepe follows his drunken boss to Las Vegas and wins a quarter-million for him at the tables; and then everybody goes to Acapulco to make a movie, and there are fiestas and winsome Mexican tots and teary church scenes and a half-dozen tuneless songs and a dream sequence and a bullfight, all in color. The whole incessantly heart-warming nightmare was cooked up to put over Cantinflas, the Mexican movie comedian, with American audiences (his only previous English-speaking appearance was in *Around the World in 80 Days*). Thirty-five guest stars, including Hedda Hopper, are scattered through *Pepe*, which shamelessly (and unsuccessfully) apes *Around the World*'s successful employment of the big-name-dropping technique. All contribute generously to the tedium. Cantinflas, although gifted as these things go, is not up to keeping this unwieldy vehicle on the move. Shirley Jones and Dan Dailey, in the romantic leads, are licked by the lines; and George Sidney proves he has an eagle eye for every directorial cliché since Vitaphone. It runs three and a quarter hours.

•

The active ingredient of ***The Grass Is Greener*** is wit. Not gags, but smart dialog which, for a couple of hours, may

make your movie house seem like a Noel Coward drawing room. Cary Grant is an impoverished earl who, with wife Deborah Kerr, lives in one corner of his castle and gives over the rest of it to ticket-buying tourists. An American rubberneck (Robert Mitchum) pokes his nose out of bounds into the wife's sitting room, and we're off. Jean Simmons, a family friend, has her pretty eyes on Grant, tries hard to make the triangle a quadrangle. Hugh and Margaret Williams have not entirely succeeded in limbering up their London stage hit into supple film material, but with director Stanley Donen's help, they've come close. Grant and Miss Kerr know how to deliver a bon mot; the one clinker in the piece is R. Mitchum who, in eggshell comedy, has a crushing touch.

•

The Marriage-Go-Round has been transformed from a smash Broadway play into a phony movie. The story is set in one of those colleges that exist only on studio lots. James Mason is a brilliant professor; Susan Hayward, his wife, is a brilliant professor, too, and Dean of Women to boot. They're expecting a visit from the daughter of an old Swedish friend, a girl they haven't seen since she was a child. She arrives and . . . yes, she's a six-foot blonde with endowments in pointed proportion (Julie Newmar, playing the same part she had in the stage version). The girl has come, naturally, to have a eugenic baby by the genius professor. A dab — the merest soupçon — of repartee might have lightened this forced charade, but the dialog just lies there. Better let it lie.

•

A slick French thriller filmed in color in Syria, ***An Eye for an Eye,*** pits Curt Jurgens against Folco Lulli in a grudge fight to the death. Jurgens, playing a skilled doctor in an Arab hospital, is relaxing in his apartment with a drink and some Chopin, when the concierge buzzes to tell him there's a man downstairs with a sick wife. Stomach ache? yawns Jurgens; tell her to take bicarb — and, anyhow, it's only a short drive to the hospital. Next morning, on his way to work, Jurgens sees an abandoned car on the road, and when he arrives at the hospital he learns of a woman who walked four miles from a stalled car to get there the night before and died of an ectopic pregnancy, wrongly diagnosed as appendicitis by the doc on duty — the clear implication being that if Jurgens had taken a look at her in the first place, the woman would have lived. From that point on, the husband (Lulli) begins to bug Jurgens (ringing him up at all hours, and not answering, etc.). By a series of intricate maneuvers, he man-

In smart circles everywhere, notice how many men are wearing cigars. There's a size and shape to "fit" every face and pocketbook. Cigars give you such full, rich flavor that you need not inhale to enjoy them. No other pleasure so great, costs so little.

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.

Suit by Petrocelli
Shirt by Excello

ALLIGATOR...the coat you'll live in anywhere, any weather

Wherever you find people, you'll find Alligator—America's most wanted coats! Alligator gives the protection you need—the widest choice of fabric, fit and fashion. All wool worsted gabardines, fancy wools, finest yarn-dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns. Also blends with Kodel* polyester, Dacron† polyester, Topel** cross-linked rayon. Dacron waterproofs, too. Unbeatable values, $11.95 to $70.75. At better stores.

Alligator®
BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR

GALETONE® IRIDESCENT, plaid lined, $29.95. A complete range of exclusive imported finest yarn-dyed cotton fabrics. Smart colors—plains and attractive woven patterns—in the styles you like. Alligator's dependable, durable water repellent.

The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

*Eastman TM †DuPont TM **Courtaulds TM

ages to lure the doctor into the middle of a blazing desert, and the party starts to get rough. It's an ingeniously wrought suspense film, from credit titles to final twist. André Cayatte directed and produced.

•

The Angry Silence is as unpretty and as real as a soot-stained factory. This superbly directed and photographed serious counterpart of *I'm All Right, Jack* tells the story of an English worker who refuses to join his fellows in a wildcat strike and, after they return, is "sent to Coventry"—ostracized by the other workers. His life and his family's life become wretched. What started out merely as a refusal to be shoved is turned, by TV and the newspapers, into a moral stand. The ending is as uncompromising as the texture of this hard-as-brick film. Too bad the device used to launch the story is a secret agent who shows up to foment trouble; there are legitimate problems enough in labor-management relations without dragging in sinister plotters. But despite the artificial kick-off, the picture offers a harshly honest look at one price of worker progress, dramatized here by one man's loss of his right to disagree. Richard Attenborough, the unwilling hero, and Pier Angeli, his Italian wife, are excellent. Other good actors you will recognize from past British films, like Bernard Lee and Geoffrey Keen, round out the top-drawer cast.

•

The Great Impostor is the true story of Ferdinand Demara, Jr., who without bothering to finish high school, managed to pass himself off as a theological expert and enter a monastery; get a job as a penologist in a large prison; become a surgeon lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Navy; and join a college faculty as a professor of psychology. In each of these vocations, except the first, he did well until he was caught. What could Demara have done if he had used his extraordinary mind in a conventional way? How do the experts explain his success? The picture doesn't answer these questions, it just keeps you amused watching some of our age's most imposing institutions get impudently bilked. Tony Curtis is likable enough as Demara, if not quite as credible an actor as the man he is playing. Edmond O'Brien is a solid naval commander, Arthur O'Connell makes a worthy harassed warden, and Mike Kellin is a spooky solitary confinee. Sue Ane Langdon, the warden's daughter, is worth going straight for. At the finish we're told that the real Demara hasn't retired from action, so the next time you change your analyst, check his credentials.

discussion

THE PLAYBOY PANEL: HIP COMICS AND THE NEW HUMOR

second in a series of provocative conversations about subjects of interest on the contemporary scene

PANELISTS

STEVE ALLEN
LENNY BRUCE
BILL DANA
JULES FEIFFER
MIKE NICHOLS
MORT SAHL
JONATHAN WINTERS

PLAYBOY: There is a new kind of humor around today — and a new kind of comic — known variously as "hip" or "sick" or simply "new," and everyone seems to be talking about them. For our second *Playboy Panel*, we have with us several of the major exponents of this new school of cultivated funnymen, plus Steve Allen, who has done perhaps more than any other man to present this humor on television, and Jules Feiffer, who produces the same sort of humor on the printed page with his cartoons. Gentlemen, how does this new brand of satirical humor — however you want to label it — differ from the kind of comedy that was being used in nightclubs and on TV ten years ago? Mort Sahl, you're the man who really started the "new wave." Is it really new, or is it that there is a new responsiveness — a new audience — for something that's always been around?

SAHL: There is no new school of humor. There are just a lot of guys working now who can't sing or dance — so they get up and talk like insurance salesmen. Jack E. Leonard says that Jessel was calling up his mother thirty years before Shelley Berman got on the phone. I think what people mistake for a new school is a matter of coincidence. All the years they thought Jack Benny was *the* comedian, they refused to recognize the other guys who were coming up — then, when they finally became aware of us, suddenly we're a "new school" — just because we happened to come along in the same time period. There's a terrible tendency to lump all of us together, and then, secondly, to make us competitive so we'll cut each other. In the days when we were really struggling, we all used to tell each other about different clubs where we could work, and share something in common. We were trying to raise this rabble into an army. There's still no reason to compete with each other. The audience has a capacity for everybody — and more. When I get a night off, there aren't many other acts to catch — let's face it. There was Kennedy and Nixon, of course, but I hear a booking agent went backstage after their debates and told them: "I can only use one of you."

PLAYBOY: Jonathan Winters, you were doing pretty much the same act for several years before this so-called new form of humor became the vogue and began getting all the publicity. How do you feel about the "new school"?

WINTERS: Well, everybody has to have some gimmick, and our gimmick — at least mine — was to get away from jokes per se, because that route always risks comparison with the greats: Red Skelton, Jack Benny, Groucho Marx, on down the line. So Mort and Lenny turned to the political and timely subjects. Mike and Elaine, Bob Newhart and I do the bit of developing and exaggerating ordinary situations. You can be funny without making it hokey. I pray to God that we're past the pie-throwing phase, and yet — I'm almost contradicting myself — I can still truthfully say that I laugh at Laurel and Hardy.

NICHOLS: I think all the people in the "school" have at least one thing in common. We're all peddling a kind of *inside* humor, which gives an audience the impression that they're the only ones who really understand it. Everybody said in the beginning that we were too inside. But now *everybody* is inside, so inside is out. Even cabdrivers know that a T.D. is a Technical Director. It's a new frame of reference, and one that many more people share than one would think. But I worry about whether it actually is a school at all. It's something that newspapers and magazines have classified together, like they do the angry young men and the beat writers. They make a category, and then they fit into it whatever comes along.

BRUCE: *Time* magazine propagated this new school of comedy because it gave them something to write about. Then everybody climbed aboard without anything really happening. There is no new school as such. It's just that all these comics went into the business — Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman, myself — about the same time — seven, eight, ten years ago — and all like came into their own at the same time.

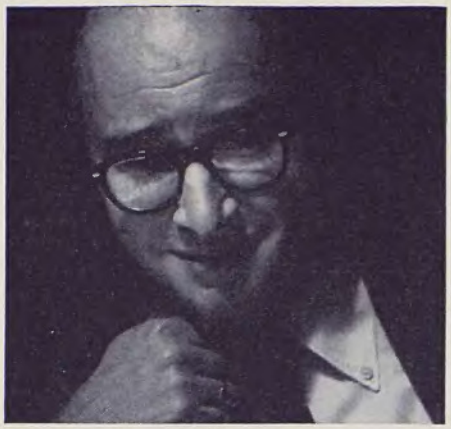
PLAYBOY: Steve Allen, you can hardly be described as one of the new humorists, but as the author of *The Funny Men*, and as a serious student of humor generally, what do you have to say about this new hip humor?

ALLEN: Well, the first thing that occurs

SAHL: *I just can't face my own problems, so I try to avoid them by talking about the hydrogen bomb and Kennedy and Nixon and a lot of unreal things like that . . .*

WINTERS: *My only message is to put down the pseudo-intellectual and the out-and-out bore . . .*

NICHOLS: *I don't think you can make fun of anything you don't partake of to some extent . . .*



FEIFFER: *For the first time, a comic is speaking in his personal voice with his own point of view . . .*

DANA: *It's the old physical law of equal reaction to every action — if you dig the audience, they dig you back . . .*

BRUCE: *If the audience takes my humor as literal truth, they'll also believe Hitler was handled by MCA . . .*

ALLEN: *Often the only way you can get the world to pay attention to your plea is through some sort of savage satire . . .*

to me is that Jayne has very funny hips. They're about the most humorous hips I've ever seen.

PLAYBOY: Let's start over. What do you think is responsible for the development and the acceptance of this often controversial comedy?

ALLEN: I don't know, but I can hazard a number of guesses. First, it seems to me that as the broad mainstream of humor — represented by motion pictures and radio and television — has become a little narrower, it has become more inhibited — this being the age of conformity and all that. Humor has sort of gone underground into two tunnels, where it remains as vigorous as it ever was: that is, into the area of hip nightclub humor, and into cartoons, which I think are getting better than ever.

PLAYBOY: Jules Feiffer, you're a member of the new school in a somewhat different sense: you put your social commentary down on paper rather than act it out on TV or the nightclub stage. But your humor directly parallels the new verbal comedy. What do you think accounts for the current development and acceptance of this type of humor?

FEIFFER: Well, World War II helped, but the Korean War really capped it. The rah-rah spirit was gone. There was a feeling of cynicism, of entrapment, of "what the hell kind of deal is this?" At those indoctrination lectures — you know, where they were explaining who was right and who was wrong — there'd be general laughter, or people just turning off their hearing aids. People still remembered what war was really like, so you couldn't glorify it. Plus the intrusion of nuclear weapons and the fear that America was no longer the big power that could lick everyone. The world had become so complex that the labels of left and right didn't work any more. And the left label was much more dangerous than it had been at any time since the Twenties — you couldn't be left and be respectable — all you could be was right in the middle. The humor of people like Sahl and Nichols and May and Bruce, I think, represents the post-McCarthy period — although Sahl began in the McCarthy period, and he's probably greatly responsible for some of the change. This humor expresses a kind of reawakening of the American conscience and also of guilt feelings for the Fifties, when everybody just didn't want to be bothered — let Papa Eisenhower take care of us. Does that answer your question?

PLAYBOY: Beautifully. Bill Dana, you've written a good portion of Don Adams' comedy routines, you've written for the Steve Allen show, and most recently, you've scored as a comic yourself as that remarkable Latin, José Jimeñez. As writer-performer, what do you think of this new school of humor?

DANA: It's probably cyclic in nature. It seems to me, if I remember my history correctly, that social commentary of this kind gained a lot of yardage even during Lincoln's era. I'm not trying to put a beard on Mort Sahl, but I don't think humorous social commentary is really something new. Like *la ronde*, it's just come around again. As in Lincoln's time, we are engaged in great civil strife. World problems, the likes of which none of us have ever seen before, have loomed up. It isn't really something that keeps me awake at night, to make a terrible confession. But I'm delighted that a good segment of the population is accepting people like Sahl, and that the Allen show was accepted as it was. I don't know why the hell it's happened, but I do know that it's happened before. This time, though, on the threshold of universal upheavals, we may soon be doing split weeks between Venus and Mars.

ALLEN: I think part of the reason for it is the world-wide uprising of youth. Everywhere you see rebellion among the young. In our own country, John Kennedy — a young man — is elected President. All the little mosaic bits fit together. Of course youth has always been in revolt to some extent, but never as it is today. And that, in turn, may be because the world was never in such danger. If you're twenty years old and just beginning to live, you have reason to be angry when you find out that the generation ahead of you may not leave a world for you to live *in*. Consciously and unconsciously, this disturbing awareness may well be adding more fire to this natural revolt of youth. It's no surprise that the new comedians all have something pretty bitter and critical to say. There may always have been a few of these guys around, but now there is a ready-made audience for them. The moment they're discovered, they're national heroes. And thank goodness for that, I say.

PLAYBOY: Ironically, the last time that Henny Youngman — a gentleman of the old school — was on your show, Steve, he told a couple of sick jokes himself.

DANA: Youngman is more of a reporter than anything else. I think he just decided to bring something current into his medley of old jokes. Anyway, the term "sick comic" is getting a little sick in itself. People come up to me and say, "How about that sick comic Mort Sahl?" I happen to consider Mort one of the *wellest* comics there is.

ALLEN: But about Henny — his style is so traditional, so borscht belt that he could probably do Mort's whole act and it would still sound like Henny Youngman. When he throws three or four hip jokes into his act, they'll come out sounding old-fashioned. And what's wrong with that?

SAHL: What *I* think is sick humor was indulged in by *those* guys, not the new

school. All my life I've been hearing the borscht belt comics saying, "Go out and play in traffic," or, "I hit one of those things in my car the other day — what do you call it — a kid." Sick humor is indulged in by everybody — it isn't just the performers. People do it in offices, around the water cooler — the water cooler being the social center of an office. Everywhere you go, they're telling very irreverent jokes. It's just a step away from swearing.

FEIFFER: I'm sure that all through history sick jokes were being told before there was really a school of sick humor. There've *always* been cripple jokes — Jerry Lewis has done it all of his acting career — and makes up for it by heading up Muscular Dystrophy. What's interesting is not that comics have always used it in their acts, but its sudden acceptance as a mass mania, with everybody telling these stories, and at the same time being embarrassed by them. You know, "I really hate these sick jokes, but did you hear the one . . ." They have a sense of the unhealthiness of this whole aspect of humor and yet they indulge themselves in it as a release.

ALLEN: If you go through one of those old joke books — especially those published before 1930 — you'll find jokes that are anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, anti-Negro — less vicious than in poor taste — jokes about Ikie and Abie cheating somebody out of money, jokes where "Pat came home drunk the other night and met Father Murphy." Those are *really* sick jokes, although not in the contemporary sense.

PLAYBOY: Jonathan, some of your material would seem to be a little weird and on the macabre side — things like the pet-shop skit, which we printed in PLAYBOY some years ago, and your popular gas-station-attendant bit. These were both pretty far out. Do you consider this sick comedy, or yourself a sick comedian?

WINTERS: Well, who's to say *who's* sick? You find the audience laughing at the sick, and the sick laughing back at them; it works both ways. What could be sicker than The Three Stooges, where a guy takes his thumb and drives it clear to the back of the other guy's skull, or takes a hammer and, boing, hits a guy over the head and laughs (*unh, unh, unh*), or pushes somebody down a flight of stairs, and a horse drags him six hundred feet into a barrel of flour — what could be sicker than that? Where do you draw the line? I don't know. I *can* say one thing definitely, though. I don't see anything funny about cancer, blind people, or mental cases. This is just my own opinion, of course. I first came into contact with sick humor when I spent six months in a Naval hospital during the war, where guys made fun of their deformities because they *had* to — to keep from going out of their skulls. If it was their leg, or

AF® Audio Fidelity® Records
LATEST RELEASE!


LIKE — Ocean liner whistle blast, Jet taking off, Viscount landing, DC-7 taking off, 707 Jet taking off, DC-8 Jet taking off, Steam engine, Diesel engine, Racing Cars, Pinball machine, Bowling, Billiards, Baseball game, Crowd applause, Crowd laughter, Door closing, opening, slamming, Creaking door, Pistol shots & ricochets, Thunder, Heartbeats, Surf, Tropical birds, Lions roaring, Dog barking, Glass breaking, Shooting gallery, Carousel, Pop bottle opening & pouring, Tap dance routine, Fire crackers, Chinese gong, Hammering nail—Electric saw, others


Dynamic!
DOCTORED FOR SUPER-STEREO ALBUMS
PERCUSSIVE VAUDEVILLE, DFM 3001 • DFS 7001
PERCUSSIVE JAZZ, DFM 3002 • DFS 7002
PERCUSSIVE LATINO CHA CHA CHA, DFM 3003 • DFS 7003
BALDWIN ORGAN AND BONGOS, DFM 3004 • DFS 7004
PERCUSSIVE BIG BAND JAZZ, DFM 3005 • DFS 7005
DFM (Monaural)—$4.98
DFS (Stereo)—$5.95
For Free Catalog, write Dept. P-3
AUDIO FIDELITY, INC.
770 Eleventh Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

MEN WHO WEAR THE OLYMPIAN* HAVE THE BEST LINES

*T.M.

Case history after case history supports our contention. The Olympian is the most attractive leisure sock around! Also the most comfortable. Small wonder. It's 80% Orlon,† 20% wool. Soft, luxurious and long-wearing, too. $1 a pair for "the smartest thing on two feet."

†DUPONT T.M. FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER.

ESQUIRE SOCKS®

Another fine product of Kayser-Roth

their arm, or their eyes, or whatever it was, they kidded about it, so they wouldn't lose *everything*. But to peddle this in a club, I just don't buy.

NICHOLS: Nothing that I've ever seen of Jonathan's seems to be sick. There's nothing sick about Mort, there's nothing sick about Elaine and me, and there's nothing sick about Jules, even though one of his books was called *Sick, Sick, Sick*. He's concerned with neurotic people, but his viewpoint about them is healthy. You could call certain things that Lenny does sick if you wanted to, but he's really the only one. I've seen him sort of pretend to have intercourse with a guy on stage and everything. I've heard him say that Bobby Franks was a snot. And he said that *The Diary of Anne Frank* was not as funny a movie as he expected. Funny little things like that.

PLAYBOY: Lenny, although *Time* magazine did a piece called *The Sickniks*, as you said before, including a number of the new hip comedians, you're the only one of the group who has really been labeled "sick." Do you consider your comedy sick?

BRUCE: We're *all* sick — Mort kisses newspapers, Shelley's got a phone that he lays in bed with, and Jonathan doesn't make noises for laughs — he's a deaf mute. No, my humor is mostly indictment — making fun of people — which in essence is cruel. Of course if this particular individual were in the audience, I wouldn't do the joke. Not because of cowardice, but because it would make him uncomfortable. I have bigots in my audiences sometimes, and I make fun of *them*, because I'm a bigot myself. I'm not as bad as I used to be, but at times I've said things like "free, white Protestant," and in the context I used it, I certainly didn't mean it with love. Naturally, I am part of everything I indict. I am part Stevenson, part McCarthy, even part Jack Paar. I am corrupt. That's where my humor comes from, I think. Because I am continually verbalizing to find an answer for myself. It may be because of propaganda, but I even identify with theology. The principles seem correct and profound to me.

PLAYBOY: And yet, people consider you sacrilegious . . .

BRUCE: Those who don't really hear me. Those who have ears will hear. "Ye shall know me by my works." *Time* magazine found this title, "Sickniks." Now a magazine writer has to sketch things out real quick, and so he says things like "Chaplinesque," "Alec Guinness quality," "Beatnik" — then everything's beatniks, there's a whole new school of beatniks, everybody's beatniks, beatniks till they're beat to death. Now we've got sick comics. So everybody falls in the category of sick comics. Take Shelley Berman — a brilliant satirist. But he's a good actor, too, because he does humor that revolves around life, a good slice of life. That's sick?

NICHOLS: Sick is not a word I would use. But if somebody's going to use it I certainly don't think it can be applied to anybody else but Lenny. But if you prefer to call what he does gay and irreverent, go ahead.

PLAYBOY: Mort, didn't you imply before that sick and irreverent are synonymous?

SAHL: When I said irreverent, I linked it to sickness. I don't mean irreverent because it's about the President. I mean negative about mankind. People seem to question *my* attacking specific institutions more than they do the guy who is negative about *all* institutions. You can be completely negative and function quite well in the American theatre today. Nobody will accuse you of being negative. But you rock the boat a little bit and you're in trouble.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that people aren't reading the basic affirmation between your lines?

SAHL: Right. If you tell a joke about segregation, naturally it means you're in favor of integration. But the legacy of the Eisenhower years seems to be that you can be against one, but not for the other. You're in the middle. I think I'm a victim of that kind of thinking on the part of others.

ALLEN: The people who create these sometimes cruel jokes, I think, actually have more tender concern for the world than some of these fifty-five-year-old cigar-chewers who don't understand what they're saying. Often the only way you can get the world to pay attention to your plea is through some sort of savage satire. Voltaire was a man who was consumed with a rage for universal justice. His weapon for making men wake up and share his views was bitter and savage humor which, I suppose, in his day was called sick humor, humor that was going too far.

PLAYBOY: Right — and the same may be said of Dean Swift, whose *A Modest Proposal* was a deadpan polemic suggesting the poor eat their young — as a solution to poverty and hunger . . . All of the comedians of the new hip school seem to evoke harsh negative critical reactions from some quarters. How would you explain this lack of rapport with a part of their potential audience? It's not simply a lack of enthusiasm, as you might get from someone who just does not enjoy a Bob Hope or a Red Skelton, but in some cases an open and pronounced hostility.

ALLEN: It may be simply a reflection of the historic lack of understanding between the conservative and the liberal, between the man defending the status quo and the radical who would disturb it. I don't think it's so much a case of a critic saying, "I know exactly what Lenny Bruce means, and I don't like it."

I think it's more that they just don't know what the hell he's talking about. One of the points I tried to make in *The Funny Men* was that people are never entitled to say "So-and-so isn't funny." In a room full of people who are all laughing so hard they're falling off their chairs, it's absurd for some guy to say, "Lenny Bruce isn't funny." All you can say is, "I don't know what the hell Lenny Bruce is talking about, he's not funny to me, but I heard a lot of people laughing, so maybe I'm wrong."

PLAYBOY: While Lenny was doing his kind of satire without much success in the earlier years, Mort was receiving national attention and popularity for his own brand of biting, controversial humor. One day there didn't seem to be any real market for this kind of social commentary, and the next, it was the hottest thing on the club circuits. How do you account for it, Mort?

SAHL: I'll have to answer that with a question, much as I hate to. Who's doing social commentary?

PLAYBOY: You are.

SAHL: Thank you. But who else? I mean guys who are really talking about society as they see it?

PLAYBOY: Lenny Bruce is, certainly . . .

SAHL: So you think that we're related — that somehow we are related just because we have our own individual views of society? I'm just asking. Anything I say about other performers, I say as a member of the audience, not as a competitor. Because I'm barely a performer myself — just barely. I started making a go of this thing in 1953. I was preceded, of course, by Jonathan — truly an original thinker, but I don't know if he's doing social commentary. Whatever I talk about, I try to have an honest approach. A lot of performers talk about a false world. I try to talk about the world I came from — World War II, the GI Bill, being reared in California, a mobile society with automobiles, high fidelity, a lot of mechanistic stuff, a changing America — that's where I come from. I didn't give that up to get into show business; I just sort of extended it. I lived a few more weird bohemian years in San Francisco, and then I started stamping out small plastic replicas of the whole thing, which I give to the audience from city to city. In other words you can trust the audience. You can tell them who you are. You don't have to be a "performer."

PLAYBOY: Jonathan, Mort said he doesn't know whether or not you do social commentary. What do you think?

WINTERS: Well, I just look upon myself as a humorist. I don't want to use the word "fight" because it isn't a fight — when it becomes one, then you're in trouble — with yourself most of all. My only message is to put down the pseudo-intellectual and the out-and-out bore, and say, "Here, this is what he's like — you decide what to do with him." You know, the big guy with the fifteen Brotherhood Week cards on him, and all the secret rings, and little things in his lapels. This is the guy I've always been hoping to expose — and slow down. We'll never stop him, of course; he'll always be around. But I still enjoy putting the pin in, like into a big balloon in the Macy's Day parade. It'll go down, but not that fast — until the end of the parade.

PLAYBOY: Have you found that these people are aware that you're making fun of them?

WINTERS: Not the ones I've met. I was in "21" one day, and this guy came up — one of the Binky and Buzzy set, with the lower jaw that sticks out like a lakefish — and he said in this Ivy League drawl, "I think you're rather a funny guy on TV." I turned to him and said, "You know, I'm working on a new character, he's called Binky Bixford and he talks like this — [imitating him] — he's one of these guys who carries a polo mallet in one hand, and a half a martini in his other, and wears a regimental tie and seven buttons on his coat. He's a real fun guy." And this character did a take, and said — "Geezus, that's fabulous; I know a million guys who talk just like that." It went right over his skull.

DANA: You know, I thought I was treading on very dangerous ground at the hungry i — I do the act half as José Jimeñez, and then José introduces Bill Dana. But a fellow came into the club the other night, and said to me, "You know, ai jos' come down here so ai con chake your han' an' tell my famly ai meet José Jimeñez." Not only has there been no offense in Latin American areas, but they seem to be my *big* fans.

PLAYBOY: Would you say there's any social commentary in your act, Bill?

DANA: I make a social commentary, but in areas which really aren't controversial — because I'm half in the old school in that my main thought is that the audience should be thoroughly entertained. That's what makes me happy. The riskiest thing I do is dialect. Dialects *do* exist, after all. They are based on the speech of real human beings. If those human beings are sympathetic, then there's really not any danger of offending anybody. That might be called one area of social commentary. Also, I do an astronaut bit with José, where he's the first man that's going to be sent out to space. There's a line where the interviewer says, "Where are you going to be landing?" — and José says, "Ai gon' to lan' in Nebada." And the interviewer says, "So you're convinced they'll get you back to earth?" "Yes, ai convince dey will get me bock to eart' — how far *into* eart, ai not so convince about." "But surely they've provided something

WATCH WHAT BLACK WATCH DOES FOR A MAN !

the man's fragrance
for around-the-clock distinction
•
shave lotion or cologne, $2.50 plus tax

BLACK WATCH

created for men by
PRINCE MATCHABELLI

English Leather®

after shave...
after shower...
after hours... the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION
$2.00 $3.50 $6.50 plus tax

MEM COMPANY
67 Irving Place, New York

FOR ADULTS ONLY

Melodies with experience in affairs of the heart

Warm. Intimate. Persuasive. 10 of the most seductive melodies of romance from the past 200 years.

Artfully conducted by Carmen Dragon, famed for arrangements that are "calculated to please all those who enjoy lush, romantic background music." *(Amer. Record Guide)* (S)P 8542

Capitol RECORDS

S indicates stereo ©Capitol Records, Inc.

to break your fall." "Yes, Nebada."

PLAYBOY: Mike, would you say that you and Elaine use the stage as a platform for social protest?

NICHOLS: Never. I mean protesting isn't what you start out to do. Our bits are simply vehicles for certain observations about people. Very often the most commercial thing you can do is social protest. Like if Lenny has a gag about the Pope, it's like throwing a pie in the face of a guy with a top hat — a sure laugh. The commercial thing is to say beforehand — as Lenny would say — that he's attacking dishonesty. But he's not. He's just making funny jokes about the Pope. It's really that the big, money-making thing is to be brave and courageous in presenting your point of view.

SAHL: You know, Lenny is really a creative person, but I've often heard him say that the other comics are just wind-up dolls. I suppose some people can live better with stuff that they put together themselves on the spot. But look at a guy like Don Adams. He's as hip as they come, but boy, there's a guy who is uniform. You never get short-changed with him. You don't say, "He was off tonight because he wasn't swinging." I've probably cheated myself by not developing and organizing my ideas. I get tired of them when they don't fascinate me any more — and I discard them. And yet, one of them might be the best thing I've got.

NICHOLS: The reason an improvisation is funny is that it's just *occurred* to you, like anything that happens in life, really — at a party, or among friends. The funniest things are the ones that have just happened, because they come out of specific moments. And when you repeat them, they're just not as funny — because it isn't with the same people, or the same set of circumstances. When Elaine and I begin tiring of something, we have to try to make it new again rather than throw it out, just because we've said it before.

PLAYBOY: Mike, you and Elaine had worked with the Compass Players, a really first-rate improvisational group in Chicago, but nothing very big was happening to either you or the group, though you were doing some of the best and most exciting creative comedy around. Then the two of you decided to try it on your own, drawing from this early work together. How important do you think it is that the new comic create his own material?

NICHOLS: Well, it's important that it be worked out in front of the audience. When you have people in front of you and you're trying something, they *tell* you something, not from their laughs, just from the way they sit there. They help build the material, by the nature of their silence. It even influences what occurs to you — just what's going on in the room. If it's your own material, you can go with what's working best. If an integration joke goes very big for Mort, he can extend the whole integration theme as long as he wants, because that's what's happening with this audience. There's no way to prepare it before. Our stuff is a little different from Mort's, of course, because it's closer to plays. We do scenes about characters. But you're never quite sure what element out of a given scene will be chosen by an audience to connect with.

FEIFFER: The really new thing about the new humorists in nightclubs is that just about all of the good ones, and a few of the mediocre ones, write their own material. Sahl does, Bruce does, Nichols and May do, Berman does — they all do it. For the first time, a comic comes out on a nightclub floor and he is more than a comic. He is speaking in his personal voice with his own point of view. He's not telling mother-in-law jokes and saying, "Ha, ha, but I really have a lovely wife." You know that if he's putting down his mother-in-law, it's because he really doesn't like her.

NICHOLS: Remember Jack Benny's funniest joke? You know, the thing he did on radio where somebody said to him, "Your money or your life," and there was a long silence, and then he said, "I'm thinking it over." He built on that gag for ten years — a gag based on an imaginary frame of reference. What most people in the new school do is to build it out of common experience, rather than a set-up made for the vaudeville stage.

ALLEN: The audience never seems to have distinguished between the comedians who are humorists and the comedians who are just marvelous comedy performers and don't ever write any of their own material. But it's an important distinction. I think that a comedian who writes his own material today will be of this new, this modern, fresh type. If you're a young, snappy, classy performer who is basically a tap dancer, you *can* go to one of the comedy writers and get yourself a good act for about a thousand dollars. But the writer who will do your act is usually a guy about forty-eight years old, who's been writing for Milton Berle and Bob Hope and Jerry Lewis for twenty years, so he'll write you a good act that can play the Copacabana and get you a good review in *Variety*.

WINTERS: The reason I write *my* own stuff is that I'm cheap. I admit it. When I first came on I had two or three bits and I worked with a guy who's still with me from time to time, and when I go on television — if I take over for Paar — then I pull in three or four guys. You have to. But I still write about ninety-eight percent of my own material. There are a lot of people who would say "I can do that," but when you nail it right

down, can they?

ALLEN: There are a few. But they're the exception.

PLAYBOY: Jonathan, most of your act is fairly well thought out ahead of time, isn't it? Do you use any improvisation at all?

WINTERS: I've enjoyed winging it from time to time, after I finish my set routines — you know, when the people throw out something like "Be Caesar in the desert," and you create a situation right on the spot. This is where I get my real kicks. It doesn't have to have a great payoff, but at least they're seeing you work right on your feet. Creating something new.

PLAYBOY: Mort, your work remains extremely fluid and free-form. It never seems to come out the same, even though you keep specific gag ideas, situations and punch lines with which you pay off many of your new comments. Do you merely improvise on the basis of previous reactions to specific ideas and events, or . . .

SAHL: No, they don't hold up. I've never used the word "satire" or "improvise," but they apply. Every word I've ever used in my act has really started on the stage. It's a very insecure way to go to work, but it's the best way. I'm always talking — as a jazz fan — about *form*, and yet I get out there and I go the other way. I kind of go with the moment. It's like the high hurdles — if I get off on the wrong foot, it's an hour of boredom. And if I'm swinging, it's amazing. I can't go with predetermined response, because there's nothing in my repertoire that always works. But I keep trying to open up new streets. So I guess I do improvise. The best thing, I've found, is to eat dinner and walk into the show when it's time to go on. Then, it's like a conversation with the audience — you know, you can feel it — a cadence, a rhythm.

PLAYBOY: Lenny, you also work in a fairly free-form way . . .

BRUCE: Yes. When the Berle, Henny Youngman, Jackie Miles and Lanny Kent school was formed, orderliness and polish, that was it. Boy, you had to get an act down pat — "I've got twenty-two minutes of dynamite, each line is a gem." It was admired; it was form. Today the form is *no* form, an abstraction, and people admire *that*. But we may return to form, again, as we continue to change our views. You may remember there was one society that considered it correct to throw Christians to the lions, and then another society years later would say, "Well, I mean, that's been done before, so now we're throwing lions to the Christians." You know — like Clyde Beatty. But I've got form — if I had no form at all, then I would be completely subjective and private, and I wouldn't be able to earn any money because everything would relate only to me. So I have enough form to be recognized by enough people, like abstract art. Sometimes on stage I will just wait — if the audience gives me love, acceptance right away — (wow!) — like I'll really cook for maybe fifteen or twenty minutes.

PLAYBOY: How do they show this love? By the warmth of their laughter?

BRUCE: That's the only way I know. I'm at my best when they let me be silly — I mean zany — nuts. If they think I'm funny, I think, "Boy, these are my people, they think like Lenny Bruce," then I'm really going to show off for them — I really feel a love for them.

PLAYBOY: Platonic or sexual?

BRUCE: I think all love is sexual. One guy, one girl, they see each other — strangers — what's the attraction? The intellect is resolved later. Instead of saying, "Well, gee, we just got together to *shtup*," he says, "She's got a great sense of humor, that chick, she's so hip," and she says, "He's so nice, he's so sensitive." But that first attraction when they saw each other was *wanting*, man, like they dug each other. If you are a good Christian, or a good Jew, you realize that He was hip, that this was the master plan, to make sex the basis of marriage. There's no couple who's going to intellectualize about how the population's dropping. It's always, "Listen, it's *shtupping* time." "But I'm shaving." "I don't care . . ." Those are the marriages that really last, the marriages of twenty–twenty-five years, where the guy's still hockin' that ol' lady. But I don't feel as if I'm blatantly balling the audience. I just feel an affectionate love — the first degree of sex — I feel like I want to hug 'em and kiss 'em.

DANA: It's the old physical law of equal reaction to every action — if you dig the audience, they dig you back. If you *don't* like them, boy, that's exactly what you get back in equal proportion.

PLAYBOY: Jules, how would you compare what you do on paper to what these performers do on stage?

FEIFFER: Well, really not at all, because my situation is a good deal easier. I don't have to operate ever under fire. I do one strip a week for *The Village Voice*, and a strip a month for PLAYBOY, so that I have time to relax and decide what I want to say. Of course, the other guys have set pieces too. But I don't have to worry about my audience. Mort and Lenny and the rest of them have to get sure-laugh material, but I don't really worry about getting laughs. Sometimes I will do strips that just go for a point. If the stuff comes up funny, that's fine, but I won't work for a punch line. I think I'm really in a more comfortable position than they are.

PLAYBOY: Your work has always seemed to approximate on paper the things that Mike and Elaine do "live." Why is that?

FEIFFER: It's no coincidence. Of this "new

Though only a handful, SUN GUN does the work of a multiple light bar, and does it better . . . and easier! Its powerful new lamp virtually brings the sun indoors. Your movies glow with true-to-life colors. You get even lighting the full width of the scene, with no distracting double shadows.

Remember, your house is full of wonderful movies and now they're so easy to take. See SUN GUN—the "take it easy" movie light—wherever cameras are sold. Manufacturer's suggested price only **$24.95**

Sylvania Lighting Products, Division of Sylvania Electric Products Inc., 1740 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

SYLVANIA

Subsidiary of GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

PLAYBOY PROUDLY PRESENTS

THE GREATEST PACKAGE OF JAZZ EVER ASSEMBLED!

Never before in the history of jazz have so many stars been brought together in a single package. THE PLAYBOY JAZZ ALL-STARS, VOLUME THREE, includes all the winners in the third annual Playboy Jazz Poll—PLUS all the All-Stars' All-Stars chosen by the musicians themselves. There are 32 separate featured performances on three 12" LP records—including highlights from the nationally acclaimed PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL.

ALBUM A

Mort Sahl — Count Basie
Coleman Hawkins—Shelly Manne—Stan Getz—Four Freshmen—Erroll Garner
Jack Teagarden—J. J. Johnson—Chet Baker
Bob Brookmeyer

ALBUM B

Ella Fitzgerald—Stan Kenton—Benny Goodman
Ray Brown—Hi-Lo's
Jimmy Giuffre—Louis Armstrong—Barney Kessel—Dave Brubeck
Miles Davis

ALBUM C

Oscar Peterson—Dizzy Gillespie — Kai Winding
Earl Bostic—Gerry Mulligan—Lionel Hampton
Paul Desmond—Milt Jackson—Frank Sinatra—Sonny Rollins—Cy Coleman

More than two hours of solid jazz enjoyment by the greatest jazz talent today. Ella Fitzgerald's festival performance is worth the price of the entire volume by itself—*Down Beat* called it "the most electrifying of her career"—"think of the best you have heard from her and double it." This is an absolute must for every real jazz collector.

All three records, in high fidelity, beautifully boxed with a 32-page booklet containing biographies, up-to-date discographies and full-color photographs of the artists.

Stereophonic (3 LPs) $16.50. Monophonic (3 LPs) $13.50.

Send check or money order to: Dept. 560

PLAYBOY JAZZ 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

school" we are discussing, I admit that Mike and Elaine are the ones I admire the most. I think they're by far the most intelligent and the best performers. Depending on where they develop from here. They represent, I think — in terms of general interest, intellectual level — the peak of anybody working the field today.

NICHOLS: Thank you. There's no doubt about it — you *have* to be an intellectual. The main difference between Jules and us — apart from having to turn out a different strip every week, fifty-two times more than we do — is that he draws little pictures. But I object to the whole thing about "intellectual" comedians. These days you can be an intellectual in twenty seconds just by saying certain names: Nathanael West, Djuna Barnes, Dostoievski, Kafka — it's a new David Susskind type of eggheadism. Intellectual used to mean either a process of thinking, or a body of knowledge. For some nutty reason, it doesn't any more.

PLAYBOY: Do you and Elaine know where you're headed in a piece, or is it just a kind of telepathy?

NICHOLS: We usually know we're heading toward a last line. And when we're on television we have certain check points — things in the middle that we're getting to. We improvise around a set idea, and they give us a signal when we have so many seconds left, and then we finish.

PLAYBOY: Jules, in the process of creating one of your strips, do you start with a general area and work your way toward the final point, or do you start with the final statement and work backwards?

FEIFFER: I probably start from both ends and work toward the middle. I usually start putting words in a character's mouth, and see how it begins to ride. In the beginning I may have a fixed direction in mind, but it may take off completely and wind up something else entirely. It's almost like improvisation on paper except that, since I'm not doing it before an audience, I can doctor it and tighten it up before it's used. You know — apropos nothing — Mike and Elaine are the only ones in the field who go after one of the things that really interest me: the relation between boys and girls. This is one area, I think, where Mort doesn't do well at all. It's less boys and girls with him than it is "adults." He seems to have a slightly sophomoric boyhood dream of the way girls should act with boys. It's a fantasy and I don't think it works as well with him as his political things.

SAHL: I just can't face my own problems, so I try to avoid them by talking about the hydrogen bomb and Kennedy and Nixon and a lot of unreal things like

(continued on page 116)

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm planning to throw a large dinner party in my apartment. My girlfriend wants to act as hostess but she's afraid that it will give the impression we're living together and I'm afraid it might give her the notion she's just a license fee away from becoming a bride. Is there a rule governing this? — N. K., Charlotte, North Carolina.

If the little lady wants to lend a hand, that's commendable; an assist from the opposite sex can be very helpful when you're playing the host. You can get your female friend off the hook, if she's worried about wagging tongues, by seeing that she makes an early departure. If it's mutually agreeable, she can come back later on, after the tumult and the shouting dies, and help you stack glassware, empty ashtrays and share a nightcap. She'll have avoided gossip and you'll have neatly side-stepped giving her a mental image of eternal togetherness engendered by the picture of the two of you waving tandem farewells to departing guests.

Which variations on stud and draw poker are considered legitimate by knowledgeable card players and which are *outré*? And what makes one IN and the other OUT? — J. T., Phoenix, Arizona.

PLAYBOY*'s stand, which is in accord with expert opinion, has not changed one poker chip since its November 1957 coverage of the great American pastime — the only real poker players' poker games are straight five- or seven-card stud and five-card draw; all the rest — spit-in-the-ocean, baseball, etc. — are bits of foolishness that distort the whole meaning of the game. Poker's special appeal is the way it satisfies man's gambling appetite (unlike bridge or chess) without depriving him of a chance to exercise some control over his own fate (unlike roulette or craps). Any appreciable alteration of the basic arrangement throws the whole gambling-skill ratio into imbalance. For example, the introduction of a joker into five-card poker transforms the odds drastically. Three of a kind, which would normally appear once in every 47.32 five-card hands, will now pop up in your fist once in every 20.9 deals — in fact, the joker makes it now just as easy to get three of a kind as two pairs. Four of a kind, which usually causes quite a stir when it appears once in 4165 hands in five-card poker, will show up in your hand on the almost ho-hum average of once in 919.7 go-rounds when a joker is used. The joker and wild cards may be a break for the beginner who doesn't know how to figure the odds, but for the experienced player, wild cards make for dull poker. One slight concession, which is really no concession at all, is the admissibility of high-low as an acceptable form of stud poker. High-low wreaks no havoc with hand values, but it does offer an added challenge to the wide-awake player. Poker, basically, is a fun game that should be taken seriously. It is not designed for yoks, time-passing, nor as a theme for variations.*

A short while ago, I started dating the girl in the next apartment, a delectable redhead who lives with her sweet, widowed mother. Our relationship so far has been one big frustration. The mother's always home — she's a TV nut who keeps a twenty-four-hour vigil in front of the home screen. We live in a new apartment house where the walls are tissue-paper thin. And Mama has ears like sonar. She can even tell when my sinuses are acting up, let alone whether I've got her darling daughter next door. Please help me find a solution before I retire to a monastery. — B. L., New York, N. Y.

If Mums is as bugged on TV as you say, the solution might very well lie in the problem. It's a fairly simple proposition to get her tickets for the live evening TV shows, and the later they're on the better. The dear woman will think you're a prince of a fellow, since no TV fanatic can resist the opportunity of seeing a favorite in the flesh. And while she is, you can be, too.

I dearly love chianti, but lately the "chianti" I've been getting tastes chalky or vinegary. Is there any way of telling (in advance) if I'm getting chianti or carbona? — R. McD., Chicago, Illinois.

There are two fairly consistent guideposts to good chianti, and neither is the raffia-covered bottle. Genuine chianti is made from grapes grown in Tuscany in an area between Florence and Siena. The chianti produced there is usually labeled "Classico" and carries an oval emblem of a black rooster on a gold background on the neck of the bottle. This is the guarantee of the Association of Chianti Wine Producers that the content of the bottle is the real thing.

My record collection is growing, but so is my accumulation of surface noise. Some of my best Basie and Bach seem doomed because of the dust that sits in constantly. What's the most effective way to fight LP decay? — M. W., Boston, Massachusetts.

Cleaning records is a touchy matter. You must remove the static charge that attracts dust, then eliminate the gunk by some method that doesn't mash it into the grooves. Brushes don't do much more than create additional static electricity. Spray cleaners, most experts assert, add a gummy residue to the dirt already on the record; and the chemicals in some of them can damage the rubber or latex suspension used in most cartridges. Wiping with a treated cloth sweeps gook into the grooves; a damp cloth does the same, and — unless you use distilled water — adds chemical deposits to your woes. The most reliable record cleaner is the Dust Bug, a clear plastic arm mounted on a suction-cup pivot which moves along the grooves just ahead of the stylus. (You can also get them without the arm, and equipped with clips to hold them on changer cartridge heads.) This widget cleans the surface with a pad (moistened with a special Ethylene Glycol solution) and cleans the grooves with a nylon brush that follows the pad. Some purists claim nothing surpasses the wash-and-rinse method (using a pure detergent, like Ivory Liquid, in a one-to-fifty detergent-to-water ratio), but even with washing, the Dust Bug should be used regularly.

In a restaurant, when is it proper to send food not to your liking back to the kitchen? I'm always hesitant to complain about something I've been served, as the waiter is either embarrassingly solicitous or else he tries to give me the third degree on what was wrong with the food. — T. R., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

There is a vast deluded multitude of restaurant-goers which is cowed into submissively accepting anything and everything that's brought out of the kitchen. It can be burned, raw, wrong or rancid — no matter, it will either be eaten or left for the busboy to remove. It sounds crazy, but it's done every day across the nation. There are some simple tenets to adhere to in dining out: if the food's bad, back it goes; if it's wrong, it's returned. If you want your beef rare and it's medium, send it back; if the waiter recommends something and you don't care for it, tell him so; if it's a decent restaurant, he'll say he's sorry for leading you astray and will bring you something more to your liking; if it isn't a decent restaurant, what are you doing there in the first place?

All reasonable questions — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette — will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on this page each month.

memories, and the ability to laugh at himself—
that's all a mortal man has left

fiction By Charles Willeford

The Machine in Ward Eleven

I LIKE RUBEN. HE IS A NICE GUY. He doesn't lock my door at night. He closes it, naturally, so that none of the doctors nor any of the other nurses will notice that it isn't locked when they are walking past, but he doesn't lock it. (An unlocked door gives me a delicately delightful sense of insecurity.) And this is the kind of thing a man appreciates here. As I recall, most of the white-coated boys in the private sanitarium were good guys like Ruben; but here in this malfunded state-supported institution, a male nurse with a high I.Q. is a rare exception.

A little thing here is a big thing. Ruben lights my cigarettes, and he doesn't mind lighting them. The day nurse, Fred, always appears to be exasperated when I call out to him for a light. I don't blame Fred, of course; the day nurse has many things to do compared to Ruben's duties. Getting the hallway and latrines cleaned, the privileged patients off to O.T. And all of the meals are eaten during the day, too, and Fred is responsible for the cart, the collection of the trays and spoons afterward, and so on. I've never had a chance to talk much to Fred, but at night, I talk to Ruben quite a little. Which means I listen, and that is what I need to do. There is a dark, liquid vacuum to be filled. What Ruben tells me, I often remember. Like the cigarettes.

The American Red Cross furnishes each patient with a carton of cigarettes every week, although there isn't any limitation — at least I don't think there is — on how many cigarettes we can smoke. A carton a week is plenty for me. But we aren't allowed to have matches or a lighter. The male nurse is supposed to open the cell door and light

them for us when we call to him. There have been times when I have had to wait so long when Fred or maybe one of the loose patients (there are quite a few of these loose ones who are allowed to carry matches, and they do little odd jobs around the hospital, only their work details are called "therapy" for the convenience of the authorities) came around to light my cigarette I actually forgot what I called out for in the first place.

But at night it is different. The men in the other eleven (that unlucky number always makes my stomach feel queasy) cells in this locked ward are all good sleepers. Right after the supper meal, or within an hour or so, most of them are asleep. Old man Reddington, in No. 4, has nightmares that are truly terrible; if I had nightmares like his I would never go to sleep. But when I mentioned his nightmares to him he denied having any, so I guess he doesn't remember them. I wonder if I have nightmares? That is something I'll have to pump Ruben about sometime. The reason I don't go to bed early at night is because of my long, peaceful nap every afternoon. I'm not allowed to go to Occupational Therapy, so when the other patients leave the ward for O.T. after lunch I am locked in my cell. It is quiet then, and I sleep. I have nothing to think about; my memory is almost all gone, except for isolated, unsatisfactory and unresolved little incidents. Trying to remember things, however, is a fascinating game.

I like Ruben. He is a nice guy. Oh, yes, it was about the cigarettes.

"I don't really care, Ruben," I said to him the other night (I know it wasn't tonight), "but every week when the Gray Lady comes around with the cigarettes I get a different brand. And I don't think it's right, even if I am satisfied with whatever brand I'm given. I realize that smoking is a privilege, but I've also concluded that any man who smoked all the time would sooner or later decide that he preferred one particular brand. And if he did, he'd buy and smoke the same brand all the time. Is it because we're crazy that we get a different brand every week, or what?"

Ruben looked quizzically at me for a long time, and his searching expression made me feel apprehensive. He's a good-looking young guy (in a rather coarse way), twenty-five or -six, and friendly, with very white teeth, but when he examines me for a long time without replying I have a premonition that he doesn't truly like me, and that he might possibly be a doctor's spy. But then Ruben grinned fraternally, and I knew that he was all right.

"Do you know something, Haskell," he said with unfeigned sincerity, "you're the only nut in my whole ward who's got any sense."

This incongruous remark struck both of us as funny, and we had to laugh. "No, seriously," Ruben went on, "that comment was a sign of progress, Haskell. Do you possibly remember, from before maybe, smoking one particular brand of cigarettes? Think hard."

"No," although I didn't even try to think, "but this talk about cigarettes makes me want one. How about a light?"

"Sure." As he flipped his lighter he said: "If you ever do feel a preference, let me know. Nobody is trying deliberately to deprive anyone of their favorite cigarettes. But I've been working here for two years now, and you're the first patient who's ever mentioned the subject."

"Then maybe I'm not so crazy after all?" I said lightly.

"You're crazy all right," Ruben laughed. "Would you like some coffee? I'm going to make a fresh pot."

I remember this conversation well; the smoking of the cigarette; and yet I'm not absolutely certain whether he came back later with the coffee or whether I went to bed without it. I've had coffee with Ruben late at night on many occasions, but that particular night has disconnected gaps in it. I cannot always orient the routine sequence of daily events. It is probably because of the sameness here; the only difference between day and night is that it is quieter at night (except for old man Reddington in No. 4); and there is a lot of activity in the mornings. Breakfast, the cleaning up, the doctor making his rounds, and I have my chess problems to puzzle over every morning. I work two or three problems on my board every morning, although I would never admit it to Dr. Adams.

"A man's mind is a tricky thing, Haskell," Dr. Adams said, when he brought me the board and chessmen. He made this statement as though I were unaware of this basic tenet. "But if you use your brain every day — and I think you'll enjoy working out these chess problems — it'll be excellent therapy for you. In fact, your memory will probably come back to you in its entirety, all at once." He snapped his soft, pudgy fingers. "But I don't want you to sit around *trying* to remember things. That's too hard. Do you understand?" He handed me a paperback book of elementary chess problems to go with the set.

"Yes, I understand, Dr. Adams," I said unsmilingly. "I understand that you are a condescending sonofabitch."

"Of course I am, Haskell," he agreed easily, humoring me, "but solving chess problems is merely an exercise to help you. A person with weak feet can strengthen them by picking up marbles with his toes, and — "

"I haven't lost my marbles," I said angrily. "They've only rolled to one side!"

"Of course, of course," he said wearily, looking away. (I've learned how to discomfit these expressionless psychiatrists every time: I stare straight into their moronic, unblinking eyes.) "But you will try solving some of the problems, won't you, Haskell?"

"I might." (A noncommittal answer is the only kind a headshrinker really wants to hear.)

So I've never given Adams the satisfaction of knowing that I work three or four problems every morning. When he asks me how I'm getting along I tell him I'm still on the first problem in the book, although I've been through the book four times already, or is it five? Ah! Here is Ruben with my coffee.

The coffee is strong, just the way I like it, with plenty of sugar and armored cow. And Ruben is relating the story again about why he elected to become a male nurse. He has told me all this before, but each time he tells it a little differently. His fresh details don't fool me, however. He actually took the two-year junior college nursing course to be the only male student in a class of thirty-eight girls. But talking to me at night — or should I say "at me"? — is undoubtedly good therapy for Ruben.

"By the way, Haskell, your wife will visit you tomorrow. You asked me to remind you."

"Already?" I made a clucking sound in my throat. "My, my, how time flies. It seems like only yesterday, and yet thirty happy, happy days have flown by." I shook my head in mock dismay.

"Not for me." Grimly. He took my empty cup and closed the door.

I'm beginning to get accustomed to my wife and her monthly visits now. The first time she visited me I didn't even know the woman. I still don't recall marrying her or living with her before I assumed the bachelor residence of this cell. But I had uncommonly good taste. Hazel is a real beauty, still well under thirty, and she's a movie actress (she keeps telling me). The first time Hazel visited me — at least the first time that I remember — I made the undiplomatic mistake of asking what her name was, and she wept. I felt so sorry for her I've never made the same mistake again. Now, when her name escapes me momentarily, I either call her Honey or Sweetie-Pants. She likes these pet names. We usually spend our whole hour together talking about the movies, about technical details mostly, and she often asks me questions about acting techniques. (The doctor probably suggested such questions to Hazel as an aid to help me regain my memory, but I enjoy giv-

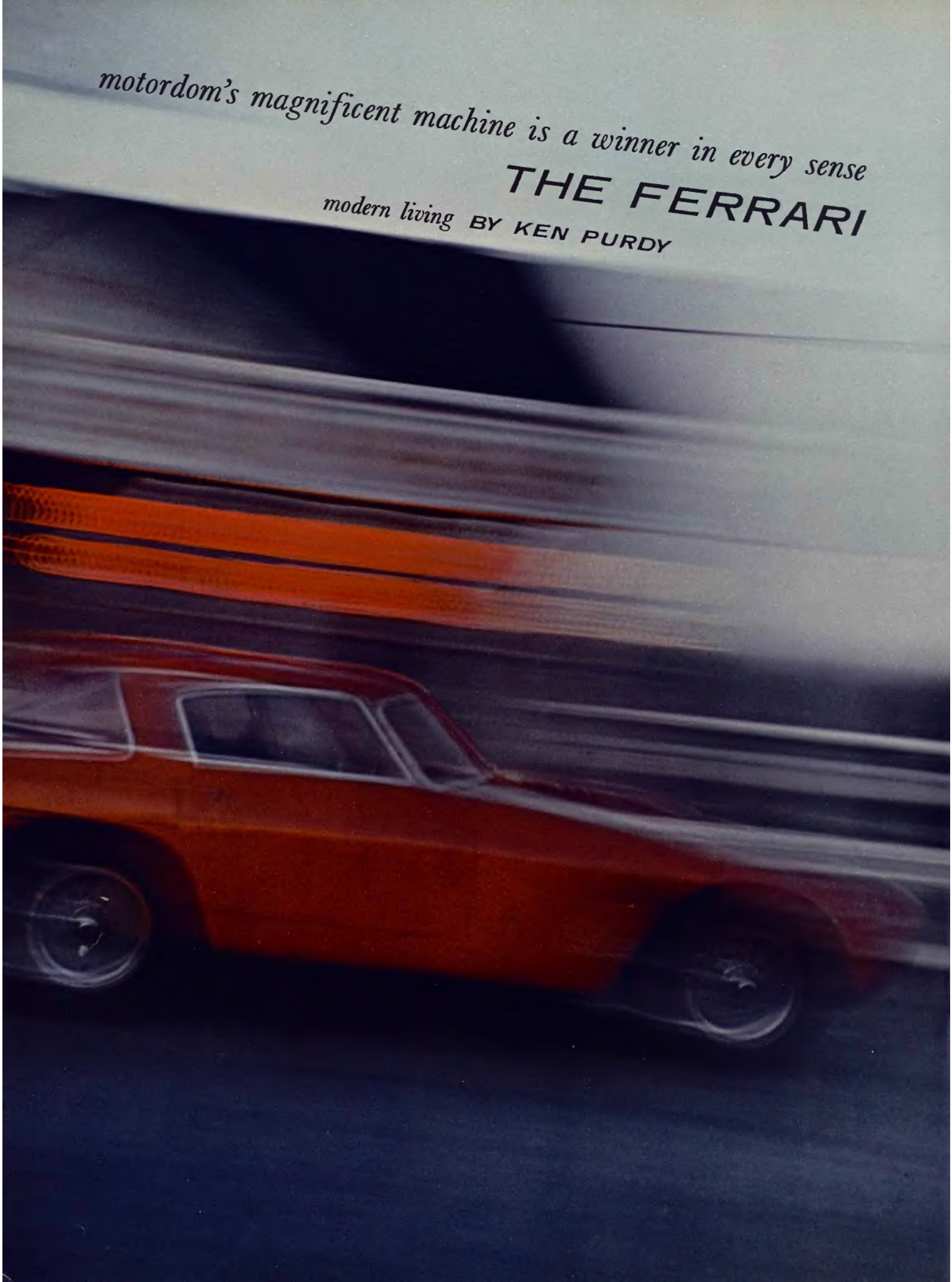
(continued on page 98)

"I'll take that one."

motordom's magnificent machine is a winner in every sense

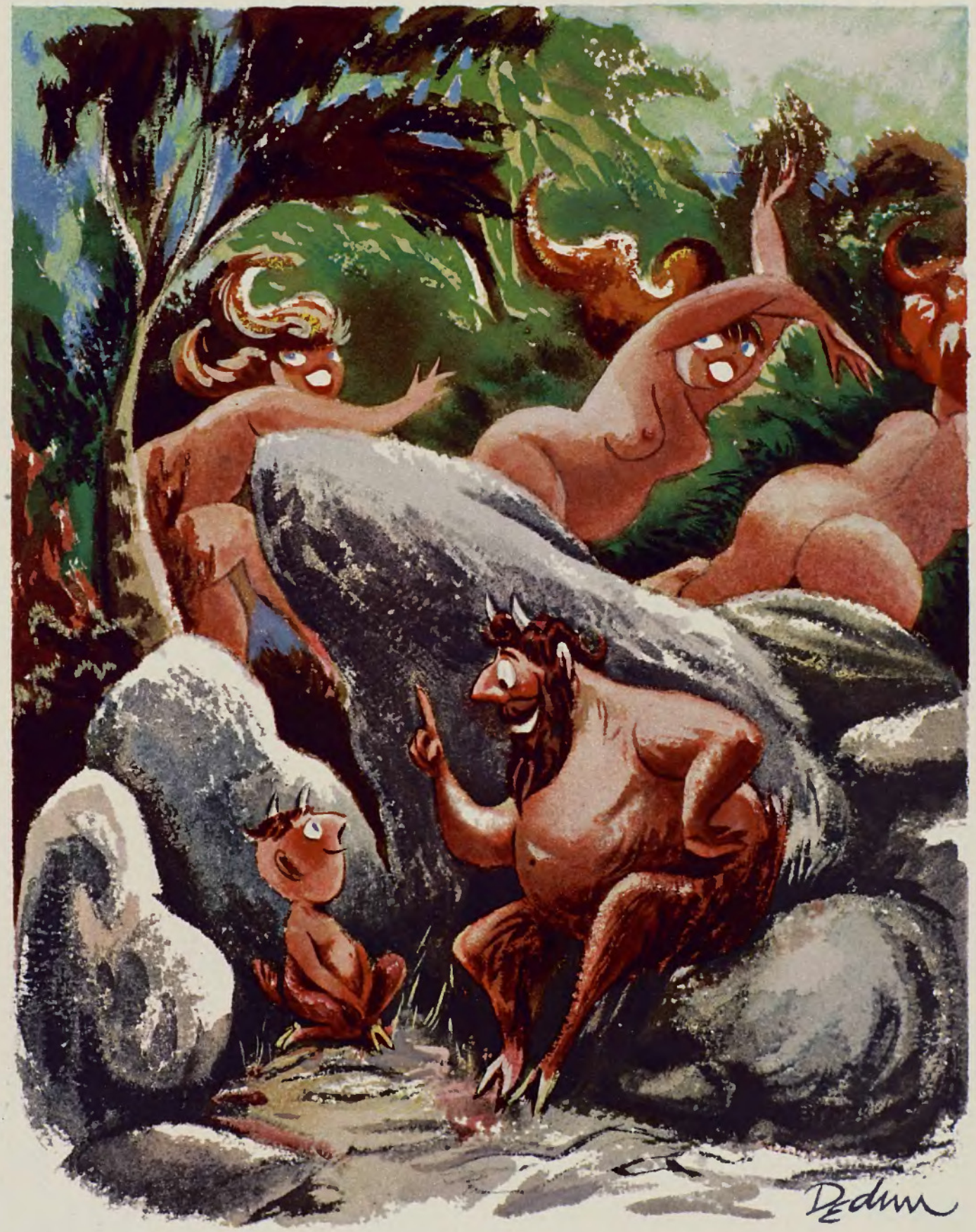
THE FERRARI

modern living BY KEN PURDY



YEARS AGO I WAS LOOKING at three cars in the Ferrari pits at Sebring. It had rained in the afternoon and the Florida sun, dropping to the rim of the great plain, shone red in the black pools of water on the circuit. There were only a few cars running in practice, howling separately in the distance, out of sight most of the time. The blood-red Ferrari cars would go a few laps as soon as the mechanics finished with them. These were stark, open two-seaters. Their paint was flat and crude. The bucket seats were upholstered in wide-wale corduroy. Everything else in the cars except the wood-rimmed steering wheels was bare unpainted metal, much of it roughly finished. Heavy weld-seams joined the thin tubes of the frames. Shiny streaks here and there showed where oil had been mopped up. A man next to me turned, remembering the old pilots' gag: "You wouldn't send the kid up in *that*!" he said. A small, dark, red-eyed mechanic got into one of the cars. An ignition key looped in a piece of sisal wrapping twine stuck out of the dashboard. He leaned on it with the heel of his hand and a bare-metal clanging and clattering began. You wanted to move away before the thing exploded. It fired suddenly, all of a piece, and pumped out a gout of blue smoke that drifted low over the wet grass of the infield. The mechanic sat there with his foot on it for five minutes. There was somebody in each of the other cars, and they were running, too. Juan Manuel Fangio materialized, pear-shaped in a rain jacket. He looked sleepy, he looked bored, he looked indifferent, until one noticed the incessant flickering of his eyes. The mechanic yelled something into his ear. Fangio let him see a sad smile, he shrugged massively. He got into the automobile, stared briefly at the instruments and then he went away and the other two, Eugenio Castelotti and Luigi Musso, howled after him, down the straight and under the bridge and around the corner out of sight. We could hear them through the esses and into the Warehouse road and then not again until they showed up on the back straight, the three of them in echelon astern, the howling of the engines squeezed down by distance to a thin buzz, their progress across the horizon apparently so leisurely that you wondered why this should be called racing. They were running around 140 mph. They went down through the gears for the hairpin turn, a 180-degree reversal, the rear wheels spinning or trying to, and then suddenly they were in the hole

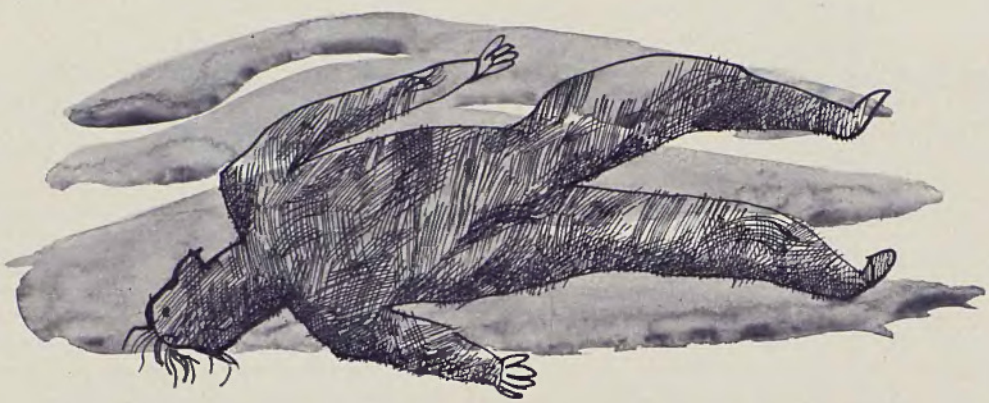
(continued on page 52)



"First of all, you must learn to be preoccupied with sex!"

nostalgia **BY BEN HECHT**

the traffic in floaters was bringing milt a pretty dollar until the competition muscled in



GOURFAIN

OF ALL THE CRIMINALS I HAVE KNOWN, Milt Feasely, long, long dead, remains my favorite. In the days when I was a newspaper reporter in Chicago, knowing criminals was part of the job. The more you knew and the better you knew them, the more valuable you were to your city editor. For in that happy time, before the prospect of planetary destruction pre-empted the front pages, criminals were our most vital news source.

It was for this reason that I spent much of my youthful leisure in Big Jim Colosimo's café, one of the leading roosts for the town's criminal talent. Here coveys of killers, thieves and white slavers came nightly to relax, brag and buy their girls a bottle of wine. Nevertheless, it was a stylish and orderly place. Although he owned a score of brothels and was over his ears in all manner of underworld skulduggeries, Big Jim insisted on everybody acting like a gentleman while basking in his café. And, himself, he was as elegant a host as ever beamed out of a tuxedo.

Big Jim brought "my favorite criminal" to the table where I sat alone, waiting for some tardy newspaper companions.

"This is Jackpot Milt," said Colosimo. He poked a bean pole of a man in the ribs and added, "Tell him your story. Maybe his paper can help you."

Jackpot Milt Feasely had big hands, noticeably calloused. He was gaunt-faced and bald-headed and looked a cross between a skeleton and a scarecrow. He had obviously put on a tie for this special occasion.

After scowling at me a bit, he said, "Big Jim's a fine fella who I am willin' to trust. But I don't know you and never heard of you."

I pointed out that Colosimo had vouched for me.

"I got to be careful," he said, "because if I talk to any wrong party I'm sunk. Yes, sir, sunk." He repeated the word with an oddly lighted eye.

"Suit yourself, Mr. Feasely," I said.

"I tried Deanie O'Banion on the North Side," he said, "but couldn't get him interested, on account of the cops tryin' to pin a couple killings on him. Although he didn't give that as any reason. He just said it was out of his line. Then I figured on goin' to the cops with the problem. But the cops would want a big cut. So I come to Big Jim, through certain connections. I feel I can trust him to consider the problem without gettin' too greedy. You ever heard of me — Jackpot Milt?"

I shook my head.

"Well, I never heard of you either," he said, and became silent.

I sent a waiter over to get Colosimo.

"Mr. Feasely has a problem," I explained, "that he doesn't care to unload on just an ordinary stranger."

Mine Host beamed and sat down.

"What's your problem?" Big Jim asked, after commanding a free bottle of wine to be fetched.

"It's this way," our visitor said, "I operate in the river, the Chicago River, *(continued on page 132)*

A JACKPOT OF CORPSES

FERRARI *(continued from page 49)*

at the bottom of the finishing straight, drifting up to the edge of the concrete, coming past the pits, Fangio first, sitting there limp as *pasta*, then Castelotti, then Musso, all of them turning 7000 revolutions a minute and then one after the other they shifted up a gear, three successive explosive *whacks* as the engines bit, and they were gone again. They ran over the five-mile circuit a dozen times like that, tight together, so stable they seemed locked to the ground like buildings, but flying past light as deer at the same time. Wet with rain, the hurried-on paint glistened like oven-fired enamel as the cars screamed down the shiny concrete chute, the drivers sitting back from the wheels, their arms straight. These were beautiful objects, perfect of their kind, there was nothing of crudity or starkness about them now. It was hard to believe that any of the other sixty cars that would start the race the next day could run ahead of the red Ferraris, and none of them did.

Enzo Ferrari of Italy may make a dozen such cars a year, full racing cars, Grand Prix cars, now that the times have swung away from the so-called big sports cars, and he will make 350 or 400 passenger cars for the entire world market. His clients will wait from three to eighteen months for delivery and they will pay from $12,600 to $17,800 per car. Some of them, perhaps wishing something out of the ordinary, may find it politic or necessary to go to Modena to see *Il Commendatore* Ferrari. They may wait an hour for an audience. They may wait three days. After all, these may be the best automobiles in the world, and not many of them are made. Sometimes desirable possessions must be paid for in more than money.

Since he began to build motorcars, in 1947, under his own name and the black prancing horse that is his trademark, Enzo Ferrari has laid down about forty models of sports and Grand Prix cars and about forty passenger models, properly *gran turismo* or "fast touring" cars. There is no annual or seasonal model change. The Ferrari catalog is changed when the *Commendatore* thinks a change is due, and not before and not afterward. At the moment, six models are offered, some of them rather tentatively. They are the 250 Granturismo coupe, with body by Pininfarina, $12,600 in New York. This, one of the most enchanting automobiles ever built, will be discontinued and replaced with a four-passenger coupe on the same chassis, also by Pininfarina, also selling for $12,600. This is the first four-passenger car Ferrari has made. The Berlinetta, slightly better suited to competitive use than the 250 GT, has a shorter wheelbase, the same engine in a higher state of tune, and a body by Scaglietti, who specializes in lightness. All three of these use essentially the same engine, a 12-cylinder, 3-liter (180-inch) specimen which some authorities consider the most nearly perfected high-performance engine in the world. The models Super America and Super Fast, built to order only, use bigger 12-cylinder engines, one of 4.1 liters, one 4.9, or as big as a Studebaker V-8. These are 170-mph cars and they cost a minimal $17,800. Extant as a prototype with body by Bertone is a *small* car, with a 1000-cubic-centimeter, 75-horsepower engine, called the "mitra" (machine-gun) by the factory people, or the "Ferrarina." The car has been tentatively priced at $4500.

The new car will be fast for its size, but it will of course not be comparable with the standard model. A Ferrari 250 GT will do, depending on gearing, from around 125 miles an hour to around 150. So will a Chevrolet Corvette, for one third the price. The Ferrari will accelerate from 0 to 60 miles an hour in 6.0 seconds, the Corvette in 6.6. Is six-tenths of a second worth $8000? Hardly. Is the Ferrari's road-holding better? Yes, but the difference is critical only in the uppermost ranges, where few drivers are capable of going, areas no one should enter on an open road in this country.

Is the Ferrari better made? Probably, since it is largely made by individual men working with individual machines and micrometers, but against this must be laid the incomparable General Motors experience and the easy availability of Chevrolet parts. A windshield wiper-arm can fall off a Ferrari, too.

Is the Ferrari esthetically superior to the Corvette? Here I think there is little room for discussion. Ferrari Granturismo coachwork is from the hand of Pinin Farina, whose firm is now officially Pininfarina, and the bodies are chaste and beautiful, simple, unadorned. They are full of enchantments for the eye. For example, seen from the driver's seat, the hood of the GT is not a flat expanse of metal, dull to the view. Two tunnel-like effects run along the side of the hood, to culminate in the headlights, and Farina has contrived to make them appear to be, not parallel, but converging strongly, thus creating the illusion that the hood is not only narrower than it is in fact, but that it comes to a directing point. Is it worth $8000, then, to have a car beautifully appointed, cunningly made comfortable for the passengers, and appearing to the onlooker so conservative in line and unspectacular in ornament that only the sophisticated will recognize it as an imported high-performance automobile? Yes — for some tastes, a few, this is worth $8000. For most, no.

What, then? Why pay $12,600 for a 250 GT, $17,800 for a Super America?

To buy the only thing of its kind in the world, of course.

The Corvette, the Aston Martin DB4, the 5000 Maserati, the Alfa-Romeo and the Mercedes-Benz 300SL are comparable with the Ferrari in speed, in roadability, in interior comfort. In a lower category, only because they have not been demonstrated in competition, are the Chrysler 300G and the Chrysler-engined Facel-Vega of France. What sets the Ferrari distinctly apart from these seven great motorcars? Breeding and greatness, beauty and performance. Sitting beside the curb, moving away from a stop light, many cars look as good as a Ferrari, but when the last 24-Hour race was run at Le Mans, *six* of the first seven cars to finish were Ferraris. When the 1000-Kilometer Race of Paris was run this year, Ferrari 250 GTs came across the line first, second, third, fourth and fifth. These were not racing cars, they were passenger cars that anyone can buy. Stirling Moss won the last Tourist Trophy in a 250 Berlinetta, running merrily around the course with the radio playing. The ability of Ferrari components to take the pounding of long-distance, big-money European road races sets the car apart from every other automobile in the world. The formulae of weight-distribution and geometry and springing that keep the car hanging limpet-like under maximum power to a rain-soaked Alpine road set it apart. Luigi Chinetti, the American distributor for Ferrari, remarked to me that he liked the balance of the four-passenger Ferrari better than the Granturismo, citing the fact that he had been able to make the run from Geneva to Paris over a rainy night at an average of 75 mph without often running faster than 100, when in the GT he had to use 112 mph a good deal of the time and 125 occasionally in order to make that average.

I consider Chinetti to be objective, and his judgment in such matters must be regarded as definitive: he is among the greatest long-distance drivers who ever sat in an automobile. He has won the Le Mans 24-Hour race twice, in 1932 with Raymond Sommer, in 1949 with Lord Selsdon. In 1949 he and Selsdon won the Spa 24-Hour race as well, and in 1948 the Paris 12-Hour. In 1951, driving with Piero Taruffi, he won the Carrera Panamericana, a race over the length of Mexico.

Every owner of a fast car is used to hearing the skeptical, "Yes, but where can you use that kind of speed in this country?" One answer is, "You'd be surprised where you can use it." Another might say that having that kind of performance in reserve is something like having a lot of money in the bank: it

(continued on page 128)

A GOOD EGG

on the art of coddling your guests with shirred delights

SQUIDS LAY THEM. Auks lay them. Titwillows, tinamous and teals lay them. Even Broadway shows on Boston tryouts, all too often, lay them. But mainly chickens, by the millions, lay them. Since the first pecking order was established in the jungles of prehistoric India, the lowly chicken egg — unborn progeny of the most ridiculous of barnyard creatures — has become man's most prodigal delicacy. As eggs go, it is a rather prosaic creation — lacking the monumentality of the ostrich egg, the diminutiveness of the butterfly egg, the toughness of the flamingo egg, the fragility of the hummingbird egg, the rarity of the platypus egg, the proliferation of the frog egg, the resplendence of the pheasant egg, the status of the Beluga sturgeon egg, the academic interest of the Tyrannosaurus egg, even the practical value of the nest egg. And yet it has decorated the lacquered dinner tables of Ming China, the marble cenacula of Periclean Rome, the damask tablecloths of Louis XIV France and the wicker picnic baskets of Twentieth Century America. It has been fried in skillets with hickory-smoked ham, shirred in earthenware ramekins with toasted bread crumbs and melted Swiss cheese, scrambled in chafing dishes with tomatoes and chili peppers, beaten gently into plump and feathery omelets blazing with curaçao. Even more exotically, it has been

food By THOMAS MARIO

thrown at vaudeville actors, rolled on the White House lawn, painted for Easter, spiked for eggnog, chug-a-lugged with chocolate malteds. It has even been immortalized by Humpty Dumpty.

Once it breaks out of its chaste chamber, the chicken egg becomes the swingingest of ovoids — from the three-minute egg of early morning to the century egg of a late-evening snack in Chinatown, from the cold egg stuffed with artichoke puree on the hors d'oeuvres tray to Salzburger Nockerln on the dessert plate (a weightless cloud of beaten egg floating atop a sea of brandied vanilla sauce).

For the bachelor chef who treats it with respect and understanding, the pristine egg can become a vessel of many such gustatorial delights. His first prerequisite, of course, is discrimination. Even the archaeologist on trek for fossils insists on a contemporary breakfast egg. Thanks to modern refrigeration, freshness isn't usually a problem, but even today in an occasional supermarket carton you'll run across a nogoodnik — a sorry specimen with watery white and sagging yolk. The magnanimous cook preparing omelets or scrambled eggs can afford to overlook such symptoms, but if poaching or frying is his wont, then swift but decent burial is strongly advised. The best safeguard is to give each egg the once-over in a small dish before committing it to pan or poacher.

Ancient Egyptians were said to have whirled their eggs in slings at such speeds that internal friction finally boiled them in their own shells. While we don't recommend that you try this technique yourself, there are a few modern improvements that might be suggested. First is the iron frying pan — the classic utensil of egg-meisters the world over — a seasoned skillet that has known only the velvety touch of omelet and wiping cloth. Its mellow surface is eternally innocent of meat or vegetable, soap or water. Those less fastidious or more gluttonous, of course, may prefer the trusty and commodious electric griddle, which can take on six or eight eggs at a time without making a cruel yolk of the proceedings. For shirring, earthenware and porcelain dishes are the thing; for poaching, the standard inset pan for those who favor gentle steaming. Whether you boil or bake, shir or coddle, fry or scramble, you'll want a long, pliable spatula that's wide enough to convey finished product to serving dish without loss of dignity.

But before you venture forth with whisk and chafing dish at the ready and tantalizing visions of crab meat foo yung or stracciatella à la Romana dancing mistily before your eyes, pause long enough to devour a few morsels of basic information on egg cookery. An egg taken directly from the refrigerator, for instance, will take more cooking time than one that's been nesting on the pantry shelf for an hour or so. A strapping leghorn egg must likewise spend longer on the fire than a pullet pellet. Another time-consumer is the small boiling pan with six or eight eggs in it — a crowd that reduces the water temperature so radically that you may have to wait ten minutes for three-minute eggs.

To a self-respecting hen, overcooking would be the most disgraceful destiny for her unsprung offspring. If you leave your shirred eggs in the oven a moment too long, they will come forth looking, and perhaps even tasting, like an albino innertube. On the top of the stove, eggs must always be cooked *below* the boiling point, with the water barely drawing its breath around the edge of the pan. At this genteel temperature, soft-boiled eggs should simmer three to five minutes, medium eggs six to eight minutes, hard-boiled eggs no less than fifteen to eighteen minutes. But remember — they must be firm, not stony. And as soon as they are plucked from the deep, they must be plunged into cold water. Otherwise internal heat will go right on cooking them, producing a baleful green-rimmed yolk that will stare reproachfully at the thoughtless chef. Edward Lear had another sobering thought:

"There was an old man from Thermopylae
Who never did anything properly;
But they said, 'If you choose
To boil eggs in your shoes,
You shall never remain in Thermopylae.'"

For young men who wish to remain in Thermopylae — and in the good graces of their feminine dinner guests — we commend the following delicacies:

POACHED EGGS BENEDICT
(Serves two)

6-oz. jar Hollandaise sauce
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
4 eggs
4 slices ready-to-eat ham
2 English muffins
1 small truffle

Warm the Hollandaise sauce, following directions on the jar. In a wide, shallow saucepan bring one quart of water to a boil, adding the vinegar and salt. Open each egg into a small dish, and then, stirring the boiling water with a spoon, slip each egg into the vortex. Reduce flame, and let simmer 3 to 4 minutes, spooning water over each yolk several times during cooking. Lift eggs from water with a slotted spoon and trim off any ragged edges of white. Place in a bowl of warm water until ready to serve. Broil or saute ham slices 3 or 4 minutes. On each serving dish place a split toasted muffin. Place a ham slice on each muffin half. Lift each egg from the water with a slotted spoon and rest on towel to drain all excess water. Then place on ham. Spoon Hollandaise on top of eggs, and trim with slivered truffle. Serve at once. Since there may be a few purists who recoil from prefab sauces, we present a full-blown but short-order recipe for Hollandaise:

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE
(Serves two)

3 egg yolks
Juice of ½ lemon
½ cup hot melted sweet butter
Salt, pepper

Into the well of an electric blender, pour the egg yolks and lemon juice, and mix well for a few seconds. Then, with the blender at high speed, add the hot melted butter a teaspoonful at a time until it is completely absorbed. Remove from blender and salt and pepper to taste. Serve lukewarm, for excessive heat will curdle the sauce.

CRAB MEAT FOO YUNG
(Serves four)

6-oz. pkg. frozen king crab meat
8 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons cold water
½ cup celery, cut into small dice
2 tablespoons scallions, thin-sliced
¼ cup water chestnuts, thin-sliced
½ cup bean sprouts, well drained
Salad oil

Foo yung is a dish of flat omelets served with a hot clear Chinese sauce. To serve it as hot as possible, prepare the sauce (listed next) before the omelets are cooked. First, thaw crab meat. Then drain, squeeze dry, and break into small pieces. In a deep bowl beat eggs until whites are no longer visible. Add salt, monosodium glutamate, pepper, cold water, crab meat, celery, scallions, water chestnuts and bean sprouts. Mix well. In two omelet pans pour salad oil to a depth of ¼ inch. When fat is hot, add one eighth of the egg mixture to each pan. When egg is browned on bottom, turn it with a wide spatula and brown on other side. Make eight flat omelets in this manner. Place two on each serving plate, and cover them with the hot sauce described below.

SAUCE FOR EGG FOO YUNG
(Serves four)

1 cup chicken broth
½ teaspoon soy sauce
¼ teaspoon brown gravy color
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
4 teaspoons cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Mix all ingredients in an electric

(continued on page 114)

the tragic metamorphosis of an actor into a movie star

article **By JERRY TALLMER**

MARLON BRANDO: THE GILDED IMAGE

FRANZ

AS A RECRUIT IN THE ARMY I was thrown together in friendship with a fellow named Eddie Szemplenski; half a year later at another base I became buddies with a soldier named John J. Wodarski. Edward Szemplenski was a hulking, rough-looking drugstore cowboy from Hamtramck, Michigan, the place the men who make the automobiles come from. I had hardly heard of it before I met him; before long, I was to hear enough from him to fill a couple of novels. Johnny Wodarski was a shorter, chestier, far more handsome laughing boy from Paterson, New Jersey, a famous hard-boiled town that in those days meant nothing more to me than that it was across the river from my own New York. Wodarski had a white-gold shock of hair which inevitably gained for him, wherever he went, the nickname Whitey. There was a typically scrappy St. Louis Cardinal third baseman of that era named Whitey Kurowski. I always associated the two of them.

Whether either of those enlisted men is now alive—whether they even survived the combat for which we were preparing—I do not know. I hope so, and rather suppose so, for each was a young man of strength, stamina, adaptability, intelligence (not education), and each was far more than generously endowed with a ferocious appetite for life. Also with the loud indelicate snort of life, which they were given to expressing and acting on, irreverently, coarsely, sometimes brutally, wherever and whenever the G.I. strait jacket offered a gaping seam.

Yet they were not brutes. If Johnny Wodarski could love the ladies and leave them and even gladly boast about them, I also once saw him go in against a larger man than he (a snotty Ivy League washout named Aten) just to teach him the impropriety of some very sustained and nasty anti-Semitic talk directed at Whitey's comrade Isadore Lieberman. Whitey emerged not unmarked, but Whitey taught him. It was like a scene from a lot of the movies of the same period, only it happened to be for real. And if Eddie Szemplenski could cut a rampaging track through every bar and whorehouse and Polish dance hall of East St. Louis, Illinois, with me like a wide-eyed kid brother on his heels, there were also those dozens of other times when, back in the barracks or in the mess hall or on guard, we would talk all through the night about America, Germany, Poland, Roosevelt; about the Negroes, the Catholics, the Jews; about rich and poor; about factories, unions, colleges, movies, sports; about Hamtramck and New York; about non-coms, officers, airplanes, radios; about ack-ack; about bombs; about death; about the world after the war.

And then one fine day the war was over *(continued on page 60)*

SWINGIN' IN THE RAIN

fresh fabrics and designs liberate wet-weather wear from the raincoat look

The rain it's plain will mainly bug the Jane. The young man will stay dry in his elegantly dark, rainproof, cotton sharkskin coat with fly front, bal collar and full satin lining, by Aquascutum, $55.

Smart fur-bearing creature knows enough to come in out of the wet, under Dacron and cotton poplin wash-and-wear rain topcoat with detachable Orlon pile collar, zip-out Orlon pile liner, by Rainfair, $43.50.

FURS BY DAVID ADLER

Formal invitation to be Pluvius-proof draws warm response from lightly armored luscious lady. Cotton velvet corduroy coat is waterproof, has detachable cape, cuffed sleeves, side vents, by Rain-Over, $45.

Academia

MY DREAM HAS ALWAYS BEEN TO WRITE A NOVEL ON THE CULTURAL BREAKDOWN OF THE MIDDLE CLASS.

BUT I'VE LONG FELT AN INABILITY TO COMMUNICATE. WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE - DO I **REALLY** KNOW PEOPLE?

SO I TOOK LEAVE OF THE UNIVERSITY AND ASSUMED AN OFFICE POSITION FEELING THAT THE PRESSURE OF DAILY CONTACT WOULD LEND ME INSIGHTS INTO THE ORIENTATION, HABITS AND GROUP NEEDS OF MY FELLOW WORKERS.

BUT I COULDN'T COMMUNICATE WITH THEM. WHEN I TRIED TO LEAD DISCUSSIONS ON THE CULTURAL BREAKDOWN OF THE MIDDLE CLASS ALL **THEY'D** TALK ABOUT WAS **BASEBALL.**

SO I PUT ASIDE THE NOTES FOR MY NOVEL AND BONED UP ON THE SPORTS PAGE FINDING THAT, IN TIME, I WAS READY TO SUBTLY LEAD OFFICE CONVERSATION FROM BASEBALL AS A SPORT TO BASEBALL AS A FACTOR IN THE CULTURAL BREAKDOWN OF THE MIDDLE CLASS.

BUT AT THAT POINT THE **FOOTBALL** SEASON BEGAN. SO IN ORDER TO RE-ESTABLISH RAPPORT I HAD TO ABANDON THE NOTES FOR MY NOVEL AND BONE UP ON THE SPORTS PAGE TILL I FOUND MYSELF READY TO SUBTLY MANIPULATE OFFICE DISCUSSION INTO THE INTER-RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN BASEBALL, FOOTBALL AND THE CULTURAL BREAKDOWN OF THE MIDDLE CLASS.

WHICH IS WHEN THE BASKETBALL SEASON BEGAN.

AND SOON AFTER— ICE HOCKEY.

I'VE FINALLY HAD TO ABANDON MY NOVEL. IN ANY EVENT IT'S ALL BEGUN TO SEEM A BIT SUPERFICIAL. BESIDES I'M **MUCH** TOO BUSY KEEPING UP WITH THE SPORTS PAGE.

HOWEVER I **AM** COMMUNICATING EXTREMELY WELL.

MARLON BRANDO *(continued from page 55)*

and without announcement there came walking in on me, from stage-right, fresh from the bowling alley, the sweat still drying on his neck and forearms, the most living breathing Szemplenski-Wodarski that I'd laid eyes on since the Army had separated me from the originals: a phenomenon, a sheer, fabulous, heartstopping phenomenon. He had their brow, their jaw, their mouth, their shoulders; his stance was theirs, his walk, his temper, his pride; certainly his crassness, and that snorting hoot; certainly also his unabashed and thrusting masculinity. He even had their thickness of speech, Eddie Szemplenski's anyway, and from his lips there seemed to issue every word and attitude they had ever mumbled or proclaimed. He even had their name, or next thing to it . . . he had the name of Stanley Kowalski, and though I had been going to theatre, or been taken there, more or less regularly since the age of ten, I had never before in all my days seen anything on any stage (or any screen) that equaled this. There he was, down there in the dark, fifty feet away from me, with that poor sick crazy woman planting herself in his house and bathroom — and I knew him! I knew everything about him. Hadn't I lived with him, even closer than that deranged invader, in some ways even closer than her sister Stella who was his wife, during the four entire years immediately preceding? How he must detest that Blanche Dubois . . . and be bugged by her. Like an inside straight, a come-hither smile on Water Street, a gnawing itch. I knew him and I understood.

Since then I have had professional reason to see a great deal of theatre. Only once or twice, before or since, have I seen anything on Broadway to match the brilliance and verisimilitude and freedom of Marlon Brando as Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

It was indeed so brilliant a performance, and such a "new truth" for the American (or any) theatre, that it effected a certain displacement in the reactions of many of us to the play. I do not mean in the official, authorized, routine reactions of the drama critics. Among these experts and their wild hallelujahs (or, in a few instances, chill upper-egghead condemnations) there was only one, Harold Clurman, who recognized even then, despite his own lavish praise for Brando, how much the Brando magnetism and theatrical fearlessness might be pulling the average spectator more toward Stanley than toward the bedeviled Blanche who stood at the real heart of this great new play by Tennessee Williams. (You can look it up, and it is worth it, in the Clurman pieces collected under the title *Lies Like Truth*.) I know that I myself, on that first viewing, felt far more empathic with Stanley than with his temptress-victim. I was sorry for her; but I could share far more of what was going on inside him. And when, on whichever side I turned, I was perpetually seeing Stanley categorized as some simple type of beast or brute, something hardly more than animal and surely less than man, I believed that either I had taken leave of my senses or they had — those who in such blind chorus were impressing the mark of Cain, of Caliban, and that alone, on Stanley Kowalski's turbulent forehead. For to me the Stanley Kowalski of Marlon Brando was (before they went on to make the movie) nothing more nor less than the precise opposite. Taking him for all in all, for better and for worse, he was nothing more nor less than a man, a human man, a Wodarski, a Szemplenski, a rough-hewed young chunk of typical workaday American maleness; and therefore to some irrefutable extent nothing more than a chunk of myself. Now, with the distance of time and thought, I have partially, but only partially, revised that opinion. It would not be possible for me, even today, to un-identify with Stanley entirely, but I have through the years become willing to read much greater destructiveness into his character and conduct by allowing in retrospect for the overstrength of Brando's performance as one allows for the cant of a rifle to left or right.

The other day I asked for a think-back evaluation of that original (i.e., pre-movie) Brando performance from an up-and-coming New York director whose productions (off Broadway) have seemed to me to have shown unusual awareness of what theatre is all about. He is roughly Brando's age, and my own.

"Fantastic!" the director replied. "It was simply fantastic. To be able to start with such incredible ease. I'd almost say psychotic ease: he just didn't *know* he should be nervous on stage. Because, don't kid yourself, everybody's *always* nervous on stage. But Brando just didn't know. I don't think it was really any kind of unparalleled skill; it was just the ease, the rubbing, the rubbing. I see it as a sort of rubbing, like someone rubbing for pleasure against a desk. Call it what you will, however, that's something you don't get in the theatre — and we all look for it, all the time — more than once in a generation. He came along when The Method was just coming along, and it worked for him: that's all you can say. His sickness became a style. The tragedy is what's happened since.

"Marlon Brando," he continued, "was the greatest new actor this country has produced, or will produce, in my lifetime. What he did in *Streetcar*, and in *On the Waterfront*, has changed everything that's followed. Liberated it. Liberated us. But the only person it hasn't liberated is Marlon Brando. He's done to himself just what Stanley did to Blanche Dubois; it's weird, it's almost mystical."

I said: "Uh-huh, but let's stay on the subject of *Streetcar*."

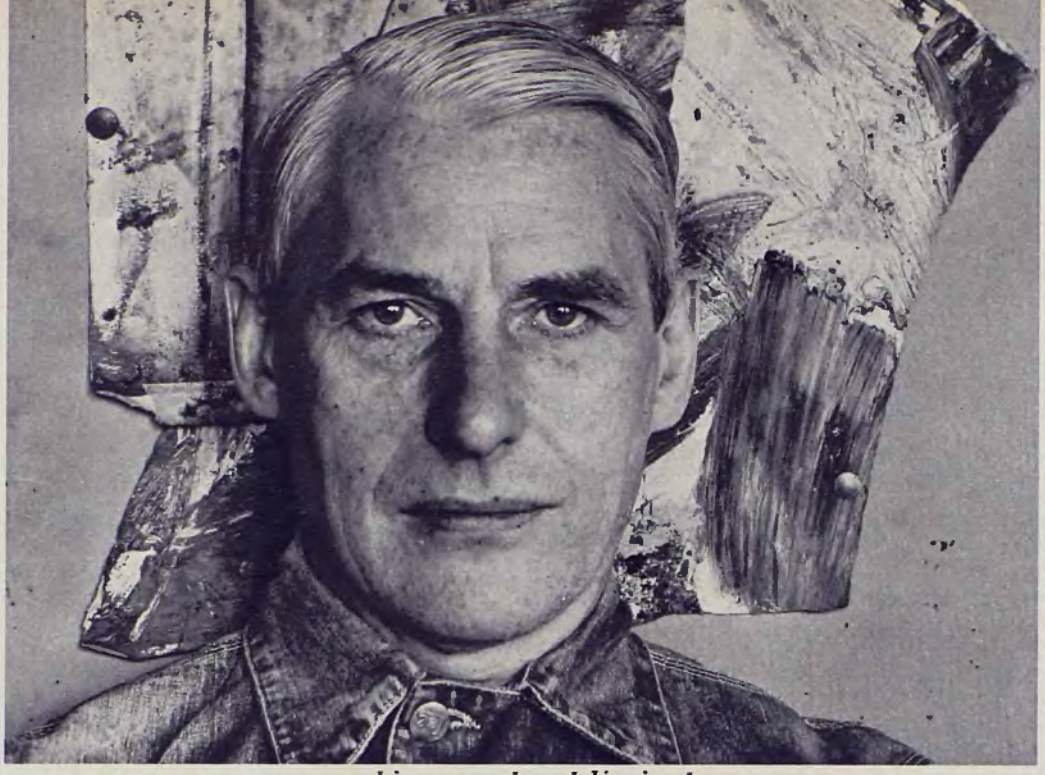
He thought a minute. "In *Streetcar*," he said, "Marlon Brando broke the box of the American theatre and threw away every restriction we'd been nursing for as long as we'd *had* a theatre. He came to it with a sort of, I dunno, gigantic super-naiveté: the naiveté of absolute self-reliance. Let's see if I can phrase this. There's plenty of self-assurance in the theatre, whatever the actuality underneath. But self-reliance is something else; something of a higher order completely. Carried to extremes, of course, it means something terrible. It means . . . what was his name? that fellow in New Jersey . . . Unruh, Howard Unruh . . . it means walking down the street with a .22 in your hand and blasting everybody in sight because you don't need *any* of them. But Brando needed Tennessee Williams and Elia Kazan and Stanley Kowalski, and Stanley needed his Stella, so it wasn't dreadful then but . . . a miracle. A miracle still relating to other people and still under control."

I said: "Like *Waterfront*?"

"Like *Waterfront*," the director said, and as he said it I was visited with perhaps my ten-thousandth mental flashback of how the kid that Brando played in *Waterfront* still had, no matter how punchy, this urgent need to relate to the girl, the crooked brother, the priest, the Lee J. Cobb mobster, and even the pigeons on the roof. Even to that Hoboken scenery, and the river — there was something working back and forth between him and those roofs and those streets and that river which to this day I can't forget and won't forget, and neither will any of you who ever saw it. Relatedness? Nobody in any Hollywood movie ever related more to the texture of the place and situation of his movie.

"And then," said the director, "it all stopped. Just as with Howard Unruh. Or bit by bit it all stopped, movie by movie, headline by headline, kook by kook, gossip item by gossip item, until at last it had absolutely all stopped and there was nothing left but the boy with the .22 and the universe his oyster and a lot of dead people everywhere. Only not a boy any more. And no more of that free-flowing self-reliance. Just some kind of unbelievable self-indulgence, and the hell with everyone else in the world, on or off the movie screen. Or

(continued on page 126)



WILLEM DE KOONING: *white-maned and lionized*

THE EXPLOSIVELY DIRECT CANVASES of abstract-expressionist Willem de Kooning, which blaze in searing slashes of color from the walls of the world's top museums and art collectors (at prices currently in five figures) give little indication of the months of trial, error, scraping, scrapping and repainting he demands of himself before he considers a painting completed. De Kooning, a Dutch-born Greenwich Villager, who has influenced more of his fellow artists than any other painter in the past decade, has evolved a method of keeping oils wet for long periods, a technique which gives his canvases a spontaneous, smeary look although weeks may have passed between brush strokes. Volatile, one-time house painter de Kooning first threw the usually well-insulated art world on its haunches in 1953 with *The Women*, an eye-popping exhibition of femicide (*Woman I* became the most widely reproduced art work of the 1950s). "We are not yet living in a world where everything is self-evident," he says, and paints things as he sees them.

ON THE SCENE

CESAR BALSA: *who is conrad hilton?*

TODAY, as in ancient Roman days, the things which are Caesar's are rapidly being rendered unto Caesar. Chic, prestigious hotels across the Western Hemisphere are being added to the corporate holdings of thirty-seven-year-old, ex-bellhop Cesar Balsa as though part of a rigged game of Monopoly. His recent acquisition of New York's St. Regis (five million clams for a two-hundred-year lease) was historic, for it meant that Cesar had crossed the Rio Grande into the plush hunting grounds of the U.S.A. Till then, his National Hotel empire had been "confined" to owning or leasing nine hotels, two restaurants and a couple of nightclubs in Mexico City and Acapulco. Now, with the St. Regis in his pocket and Chicago's swank Ambassadors being negotiated for as we go to press, sleekly dark-haired, sartorially conservative Balsa is eying other lucrative properties. A canny combination of Frank Merriwell and Hernando Cortez, Balsa was a Barcelona bellhop at twelve, manager of Madrid's Palace Hotel before he was twenty-one. He went to Mexico in 1948 (on his honeymoon) and it wasn't long before he opened the Focolare, one of Mexico's most popular bistros. An interim accolade to the Balsa touch was supplied by a Mexico City newspaperman who, when asked what he knew about Conrad Hilton, promptly replied: "Hilton? He is the *gringo* Cesar Balsa."

fiction **By RAY BRADBURY**

THE ILLUSTRATED WOMAN *few men could ask for more than emma willingly gave willy*

SULLIVAN

WHEN A NEW PATIENT wanders into the office and stretches out to stutter forth a compendious ticker-tape of free-association, it is up to the psychiatrist immediately beyond, behind and above, to decide at just which points of the anatomy the client is in touch with the couch.

In other words, where does the patient make contact with reality?

Some people seem to float half an inch above any surface whatsoever. They have not seen earth in so long they have become somewhat airsick.

Still others so firmly weight themselves down, clutch, thrust, heave their bodies toward reality that long after they are gone you find their tiger shapes and claw marks in the upholstery.

In the case of Emma Fleet, Dr. William C. George was a long time deciding which was furniture and which was woman and where what touched which.

For, to begin with, Emma Fleet resembled a couch.

"Mrs. Emma Fleet, doctor," announced his receptionist.

Dr. William C. George gasped.

And it *was* a traumatic experience, seeing this woman shunt herself through the door without benefit of railroad switchman or the ground-crews who rush about under Macy's Easter balloons, heaving on lines, guiding the massive images to some eternal hangar off beyond.

In came Emma Fleet, as quick as her name, the floor shifting like a huge scale under her weight.

Dr. George must have gasped again, guessing her at four hundred on the hoof, for Emma Fleet smiled as if reading his mind.

"Four hundred and two and one-half pounds, to be exact," she said.

He found himself staring at his furniture.

"Oh, it'll hold all right," said Mrs. Fleet, intuitively.

She sat down.

The couch yelped like a cur.

Dr. George cleared his throat. "Before you make yourself comfortable," he said, "I feel I should say immediately and honestly, that we in the psychiatric field have had little success in inhibiting appetites. The whole problem of weight and food has so far eluded our ability for coping. A strange admission, perhaps, but unless we put our frailties forth, we might be in danger of fooling ourselves and thus taking money under false pretenses. So, if you are here seeking help for your figure, I must list myself among the nonplussed."

"Thank you for your honesty, doc-

tor," said Emma Fleet. "However, I don't wish to lose. I'd prefer your helping me *gain* another one hundred or two hundred pounds."

"Oh, no!" Dr. George exclaimed.

"Oh, yes. But, my heart will not allow what my deep dear soul would most gladly endure. My physical heart might fail at what my loving heart and mind would ask of it."

She sighed. The couch sighed.

"Let me brief you. I'm married to Willy Fleet. We work for the Dillbeck-Hornemann Traveling Shows. I'm known as Lady Bountiful. And, Willy . . .?"

She swooned up out of the couch and glided or rather escorted her shadow across the floor. She opened the door.

Beyond, in the waiting room, a cane in one hand, a straw hat in the other, seated rigidly, staring at the wall, was a tiny man with tiny feet and tiny hands and tiny bright blue eyes in a tiny head. He was, at the most, one would guess, three feet high, and probably weighed sixty pounds in the rain. But there was a proud, gloomy, almost violent look of genius blazing in that small but craggy face.

"That's Willy Fleet," said Emma, lovingly, and shut the door.

The couch, sat on, cried again.

Emma beamed at the psychiatrist who was still staring, in shock, at the door.

"No children, of course?" he heard himself say.

"No children." Her smile lingered. "But that's not my problem, either. Willy, in a way, is my child. And I, in a way, besides being his wife, am his mother. It all has to do with size, I imagine, and we're happy with the way we've balanced things off."

"Well, if your problem isn't children, or your size or his, or controlling weight, then what . . .?"

Emma Fleet laughed lightly, tolerantly. It was a nice laugh, like a girl's somehow caught in that great body and throat.

"Patience, doctor. Mustn't we go back down the road to where Willy and I first met?"

The doctor shrugged, laughed quietly himself, and relaxed, nodding. "You must."

"During high school," said Emma Fleet, "I weighed one-eighty and tipped the scales at two-fifty when I was twenty-one. Needless to say, I went on few summer excursions. Most of the time I was left in dry dock. I had many girlfriends, however, who liked to be seen with me. They weighed one-fifty, most of them, and I made them feel svelte. But . . . that's a long time ago. I don't worry over it any more. Willy changed all that."

"Willy sounds like a remarkable man," Dr. George found himself saying, against all the rules.

"Oh, he is, he is! He—*smoulders*—with ability, with talent as yet undiscovered, untapped!" she said, quickening warmly. "God bless him, he leapt into my life like summer lightning! Eight years ago I went with my girlfriends to the visiting Labor Day carnival. By the end of the evening, the girls had all been seized away from me, by the running boys who rushing by grabbed and took them off into the night. There I was alone with three Kewpie dolls, a fake alligator handbag and nothing to do but make the GUESS YOUR WEIGHT man nervous by looking at him every time I went by and pretending like at any moment I might pay my money and dare him to guess.

"But, the GUESS YOUR WEIGHT man *wasn't* nervous! After I had passed three times I saw him staring at me. With awe, yes, with admiration! And who was this GUESS YOUR WEIGHT man? Willy Fleet, of course. The fourth time I passed he called to me and said I could get a prize free if only I'd let him guess my weight. He was all feverish and excited. He danced around. I'd never been made over so much in my life. I blushed. I felt good. So I sat in the scales chair. I heard the pointer whizz around and I heard Willy whistle with honest delight.

" 'Two hundred and eighty-nine pounds!' he cried. 'Oh boy, oh boy, you're *lovely*!'

" 'I'm *what*?' I said.

" 'You're the loveliest woman in the whole world,' said Willy, looking me right in the eye.

"I blushed again. I laughed. We both laughed. Then I must have cried, for the next thing, sitting there, I felt him touch my elbow with concern. He was gazing into my face, faintly alarmed.

" 'I haven't said the wrong thing — ?' he asked.

" 'No,' I sobbed, and then grew quiet. 'The right thing, only the right thing. It's the first time anyone ever — '

" 'What?' he said.

" 'Ever put up with my fat,' I said.

" 'You're not fat,' he said. 'You're large, you're big, you're wonderful. Michelangelo would have loved you. Titian would have loved you. Da Vinci would have loved you. They knew what they were doing in those days. Size. Size is everything. I should know. Look at me. I traveled with Singer's Midgets for six seasons, known as Jack Thimble. And Oh my God, dear lady, you're right out of the most glorious part of the Renaissance. Bernini, who built those collonades around the front of St. Peter's and inside at the altar, would have sold his everlasting soul just to know someone like you . . .'

" 'Don't!' I cried. 'I wasn't meant to feel this happy. It'll hurt so much when you stop.'

" 'I won't stop, then,' he said. 'Miss . . .?'

" 'Emma Gertz.'

" 'Emma,' he said, 'are you married?'

" 'Are you kidding?' I said.

" 'Emma, do you like to travel?'

" 'I've never traveled.'

" 'Emma,' he said, 'this old carnival's going to be in your town one more week. Come down every night, every day, why not? Talk to me, know me. At the end of the week, who can tell, maybe you'll travel with me.'

" 'What are you suggesting?' I said, not really angry or irritated or anything but fascinated and intrigued that anyone would offer anything to Moby Dick's daughter.

" 'I mean marriage!' Willy Fleet looked at me breathing hard, and I had the feeling that he was dressed in a mountaineer's rig, alpine hat, climbing boots, spikes, and a rope slung over his baby shoulder. And if I should ask him, 'Why are you saying this?' he might well answer, 'Because you're *there*.'

"But I didn't ask, so he didn't answer. We stood there in the night, at the center of the carnival, until at last I started off down the midway, swaying. 'I'm drunk!' I cried. 'Oh, so very drunk, and I've had nothing to drink.'

" 'Now that I've found you!' called Willy Fleet after me, 'you'll never escape me, remember!'

"Stunned and reeling, blinded by his large man's words sung out in his soprano voice, I somehow blundered from the carnival grounds and trekked home.

"The next week, we were married."

Emma Fleet paused and looked at her hands.

"Would it bother you if I told about the honeymoon?" she asked, shyly.

"No," said the doctor, then lowered his voice, for he was responding all too quickly to the details. "Please *do* go on."

"The honeymoon." Emma sounded her *vox humana*. The response from all the chambers of her body vibrated the couch, the room, the doctor, the dear bones within the doctor.

"The honeymoon . . . was not usual."

The doctor's eyebrows lifted the faintest touch. He looked from the woman to the door beyond which, in miniature, sat the image of Edmund Hillary, he of Everest.

"You have never seen such a rush as Willy spirited me off to his home, a lovely doll house, really, with one large normal-sized room that was to be mine, or rather, ours. There, very politely, always the kind, the thoughtful, the quiet gentleman, he asked for my blouse, which I gave him, my skirt, which I gave him. Right down the list, I handed him the garments that he named, until at last . . . Can one blush from head to foot? One can. One did. I stood like a

(continued on page 134)

"I hate to bother you, but can you do something about my fuse?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

playmate without reservation

indian-maiden miss march is a modern-dance delight

A tantalizing girl-on-the-go, Tonya is a pretty picture of perpetual mation as she rehearses with her partner for forthcaming concert.

OUR RAVEN-TRESSED, *delightfully-undressed Miss March, born and bountifully bred in Oklahoma, is part Choctaw, once lived on a Navaho and Hopi reservation in Arizona. Curvaceous Tonya Crews could hardly be expected to hide her assets (37-22-36) under a Navaho blanket, however, and it wasn't very long before she cut out and started to carve a career for herself as a dance teacher in Hollywood. Tonya is currently deep in the choreographic intricacies of a jazz dance concert which our enterprising maiden intends also to produce and appear in. After all that jazz, she has big eyes to open her own dance studio. If and when she does, we, and our two left feet, will apply for lifetime membership. When she's not atwirl, Tonya gets her kicks from strumming a bass guitar, harbors a secret ambition to be a mathematician. With her figure, that just doesn't figure.*


MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Tonya, one of the most provocative impresario-performers around, tokes five to take stock ot her jozz dance troupe. After the break, she leads the Crews crew in a swinging run-through of choreographic things to come.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *racehorse* as an animal that can take several thousand people for a ride at the same time.

Marriage starts with billing and cooing, but only the billing lasts.

A girl who finds it possible to resist every attempt made to seduce her should be going out with stronger men.

Chivalry has changed from the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, but contrary to rumor, it hasn't died out altogether: a man will still lay his coat at the feet of a pretty girl; the difference is that nowadays it's intended to keep her back from getting dirty.

A heartening note in women's fashions, of late, is that they're running truer to form.

There are more important things than money, but they won't date you if you don't have any.

It's easy to lie with a straight face, but it's nicer to lie with a curved body.

Leon, an unemployed actor, came shuffling dejectedly home after a fruitless day of visiting booking offices. But instead of the quiet comfort he expected, he found his apartment in shambles and Martha, his beautiful young wife, lying on the bed in hysterics. It was obvious that her clothes had literally been torn from her bruised and ravished body.

"Good Lord!" Leon cried. "Martha! What happened?"

"Oh, darling!" she sobbed. "I fought and fought, but he . . ."

"Who did this awful thing? Who? Who was it?"

"He came here looking for you. He said it was very important. Finding me alone and defenseless, he . . . oh . . ."

"Who?" Leon roared. "Who?"

She hung her head and in a husky voice replied: "Your agent."

"My agent!" Sunlight suddenly flooded Leon's face. "Did he say whether he'd found a part for me?"

A sweater girl is one who knows that it's possible for a man to concentrate on two things at once.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mad money* as a psychiatrist's fee.

The surest sign that a man is in love is when he divorces his wife.

Margie was an enthusiastic newlywed and, after discussing the family budget with her husband, she decided she should get a temporary job. Bouncing into the public library, she approached the attentive old maid sitting at the reference desk.

"Could you please give me the name of a good book on positions?" she inquired.

"What kind of positions did you have in mind?" asked the old librarian with a starched smile.

"Oh, you know—" explained the bright-eyed young girl, "—the different kinds of positions a bride might take."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Gee whiz, lady, it's Saturday night!"

The gentleman's shoe wardrobe for the modern city scene should be as foot-loose and freewheeling as the multifarious milieus in which he earns his bread and lives his good life. Indoors or out, upstairs or down, on or off the treadmill, shoes long ago happily overstepped the stodgy functionality of simple protection from sharp stones and cold winds. Figuratively, it's been a short walk from the mastodon buskins of neolithic cave-dwellers to the pigskin mukluks of Venice West cellar-dwellers. But for all except beachcombers, beats, aborigines and Huck Finns, the pleasant occasion of assembling a comfortable, handsome, polished and versatile wardrobe of contempo-

URBANITY AFOOT

Tapered plain toe, American Gentleman, $15. Alligator moc-toe blucher, Nunn-Bush, $60. Right: hand-sewn wing tip, Nunn-Bush, $40.

attire By ROBERT

Above, left to right: black calf wing-tip slip-on with an elasticized top, Johnston & Murphy, $30. Burnished bronze calf slip-on with tapered toe and moccasin seam, Bostonian, $23. Suede blucher with buckle strap, corrugated sole, Clarks of England, $14. Patent leather six-eyelet dress oxford, Frank Brothers, $30.

Llama calf slip-on with V-throat cut, Bostonian, $24.

rary shoes is socially and esthetically important—and a helluva lot of fun to boot. For the metropolitan male who wants to step high, wide and handsomely, we recommend eleven pairs of shoes to get him off to a smart start—these in addition to his collection of participant sport shoes such as tennis and sailing shoes, ski boots, etc. If this seems a bit much, consider the high price of impropriety. In an environment both complex and subtle, the hip citizen

(concluded on page 125)

Plain-toe slip-on with side gores, Crosby Square, $17.
Lightweight oxford with white calf front, Nettleton, $40.

Calf blucher, tapered toe, Winthrop, $18.

article **By CHARLES BEAUMONT**

from the yellow kid to peanuts, the funnies have become a permanent part of american folk art

IT IS FASHIONABLE, IN OUR PRESENT INTELLECTUAL CLIMATE, to denigrate, pooh-pooh and otherwise put down anything that has a purely visceral appeal. We are grown sophisticated — willing to chuckle but afraid to laugh. For when we laugh, we lose control: off guard and helpless, bellies aching, eyes full of tears, we step back a million years, naked and mole-blind, to join our forefathers in their caves. This, apparently, is a bad scene. It is not enough to be human any more. In this age of super-weapons and super-gadgets, we must be super-humans, and that means no weaknesses. Yet it is all a vast and silly deceit, and there is no greater proof of this than the fact that comic strips are still being enjoyed.

In older, simpler days, we were less leery of our emotions — possibly because we hadn't been tipped that they were signs of frailty. Everybody had his favorite comic strips then and was happy to say so, intellectuals not excepted. One of our Presidents, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, managed to get his mind off World War II by following the exploits of Chester Gould's axe-jawed hero, Dick Tracy. (Unable to endure the suspense of waiting until Monday for the solution to Friday's dilemma, F.D.R. would occasionally phone the strip's syndicate for a sneak preview.) At about the same time — when new Chevrolets were selling for $475, delivered, when short ribs cost 7½¢ a pound, and Lucky Strike green was preparing to go to war — King George VI relaxed, during the blitz, with *The Little King*, Emperor Hirohito perused his smuggled copies of *Blondie* and A. Hitler giggled over the antics of *his* favorite, *Mickey Mouse*. Mussolini succeeded in banning all comics in Italy, but national protest forced him to exempt *Popeye*.

Then, in the midst of our laughter, some sourpuss came along and pointed out that comics were a lowbrow form of amusement, fit only for kids. Fortunately, the syndicates and newspaper editors didn't buy this. They continued to distribute and print comics, which they would not have done had they honestly felt that the appeal was solely to kids, for the purpose of comics has always been to sell newspapers, and it's Papa, not Junior, who buys these newspapers.

So it was that, as comics lost their respectability, they actually gained in popularity — no surprise to anyone who remembers what happened to liquor during Prohibition — and before long they were delighting millions who might otherwise never have been attracted.

With Walt Kelly's *Pogo* came such a wealth of lunacy and fun and wit and warmth that this irrepressible opossum and his Okefenokee friends soon made even the most jaded readers forget themselves. It was not, of course, the first time they had thus forgotten themselves. Earlier, there had been Crockett Johnson's whimsical *Barnaby* and before that Percy Crosby's talky, philosophical *Skippy*, around both of which formed smug in-groups, but with *Pogo* ingroupiness gave way to love — even among hardened cynics. When the cynics realized what they were doing, they explained that, of course, *Pogo* could hardly be considered a comic strip. Rubbish. Though better drawn than most, and better written, *Pogo* was indeed a comic strip, and in the classic tradition, at that. Kelly cliques sprang up all over the country. He became the darling of the intellectuals, hailed by them as a great comedic spirit, an incisive commentator on our mores — as everything except what he was, and is: a professional cartoonist. In time, Kelly became famous. He was In. But this did not impress him. He had been famous and In with the kids for years before the intelligentsia finally caught up.

With the arrival of *Peanuts*, the unofficial ban was lifted. It had to be. For breathed there a man with soul so dead that to himself he had not said, "Good grief!"? Could anyone in his right mind be expected to occupy the same world as Charles M. Schulz and not acknowledge the fact humbly and in gratitude? Charlie Brown, who was born between hydrogen bomb tests, asked only one thing of us: that we love him. He needn't have bothered. Yet, just like *Pogo*, *Peanuts* was "merely" a comic strip; if anything, more traditional than most.

Inevitably, the tide began to turn. Mature, intelligent people began to let it slip that they followed *Li'l Abner*. And of course *Steve Canyon* was always worth a look. Thumping good story values in that one. And, it went with-

out saying, *Beetle Bailey* — well, after all, didn't President Eisenhower himself admit that this was a favorite of his? Didn't Grace Kelly's father express enthusiasm for *The Phantom*? And one couldn't really afford to ignore *Dick Tracy*, could one? And *King Aroo*, needless to say. And *Tarzan*. And . . .

At Boston University $37,000 will be spent in a study of the history and influence of comic strips. There are already several books on the subject. We are told it is all right for us to dig the funnies because they are of vast sociological and cultural significance. And already there are mutterings to the effect that they are art, of the highest order and deepest importance.

Maybe so. If, as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* tells us, art is "anything which is not natural," then there is no reason to withhold the handle, particularly not if it will comfort us after we have split a gut over the funnies. But even if there's more to art than that, even then the comics might qualify; a few of them, anyway; the best of them. In terms of beauty, imagination, communication, emotional response, and general good to the world, whose creation is more deserving of the laurel — Salvador Dali's *The Invention of the Monsters* or *Peanuts*?

• • •

Before 1895, there was no such thing as a comic strip. The newspapers of the period were gray with tight, tiny rows of type, unrelieved except by an occasional realistic sketch or a laboriously detailed cartoon of the Hogarth school. A funny animal feature, *The Little Bears and Tigers*, began to appear regularly in the *San Francisco Examiner* in 1892 but it had no real continuity and is mentioned only because its creator, James Swinnerton, was later to become a major influence on comic artists. The first bona fide ancestor of our present family of comic strip characters was a bizarre little elf called *The Yellow Kid*. He came into existence July 7, 1895, born of a happy union between Richard Felton Outcault and Joseph Pulitzer. In keeping with tradition, neither of these gentlemen had any inkling of what he was starting. Pulitzer, whose *New York World* was locked in mortal combat with William Randolph Hearst's *Journal*, simply wanted a gimmick to sell more newspapers. The gimmick, however, was not a trail-blazing excursion into comic art but, instead, the newly-discovered color printing process. Pulitzer had it working fine, except for yellow. For some reason, no one could make this color dry properly. So Pulitzer decided to experiment — publicly. For the purpose, he called in staff-artist Outcault and laid the problem before him. Outcault responded with a variation on his popular Hogan's Alley drawings. Into the New York slum settings, replete with mobster brats, broken bums and scrofulous dogs, he inserted a wildly improbable creature belonging neither to Hogan's Alley nor to the natural world. It — no one could guess the gender — was about half the size of the smallest child, yet with its mandarin features, its bald head and conch-shell ears, it was clearly no child. (Years later Milton Caniff revived The Yellow Kid in *Terry and the Pirates*, changing his name to Connie, adding a few feet to his stature, but otherwise sticking to the original. Few but insiders ever got the joke.) Outcault himself never stated the reason for the *outré* features, but for the flowing nightgown there was full justification: it was a perfect proving ground for the color tests.

The Yellow Kid (from whose name the phrase "yellow journalism" is said to have been derived) became popular at the outset. So popular, in fact, that even after Pulitzer gave up wondering where the yellow went, the panel was continued. Soon thereafter, Hearst lured Outcault to the *Journal*, but Pulitzer retained legal rights to his feature and shortly there were two Yellow Kids — each a tremendous hit.

It is difficult to understand why. Despite his sagacious countenance, the Kid was a vicious little hoodlum, taking keen delight in such boyhood pranks as torturing Negroes, hectoring dog-catchers and breaking windows. The captions, talcumed throughout each drawing, were as phony as an operatic laugh, depending for their effect almost entirely upon dialect and freakish word combinations ("Gee Dis Beats De Carpet Which Is Hard To Beat"). Certain representatives of the "genteel readership" posted sharp protests, but to no avail. The Kid was a winner.

He stayed a winner for two years; then, when people began to tire of the back-alley humor, Outcault came up with *Buster Brown*, who differed from the Kid in that he was rich and of a somewhat less homicidal nature.

Still we have no comic strip as such, but we are getting close. In 1897 an elegantly mustachioed young artist moved East. His name was Rudolph Dirks. He possessed an uncertain line, an average imagination and a lucky star. The latter manifested itself when the *Journal*'s comic editor, Rudoph Block, suggested that Dirks put together a feature based upon German humorist Wilhelm Busch's famous rapscallions, Max and Moritz. Dirks experimented with his adaptation, renamed the mischievous heroes *The Katzenjammer Kids*, and made the speech "balloon" an integral part of graphic humor in America.

"Mit dose kids society iss nix," commented one of dose kids' victims, and he was right. Hans and Fritz were rowdies, but unlike Outcault's grotesques, they perpetrated their maddening japes in a spirit of fun. By 1900 they had become a permanent landmark on the American cultural scene, beloved by millions.

As in the case of Outcault, Dirks was seduced away from his home paper, and out of this came a now famous legal dispute. The *Journal* claimed ownership of the Kids. So did Dirks. The courts decided in favor of both. Dirks could continue with his characters, but he could not retain the title. Result: the *Journal* hired H. H. Knerr to carry on *The Katzenjammer Kids*, while Dirks chose the title *The Captain and the Kids* and went on drawing and writing as before. There was never much to choose between the two. Dirks was zanier and had a better grip on the *Ach! Himmel!* dialog, Knerr drew with a surer line. Both creations were splendid.

Legend has it that Bud Fisher created the first honest-to-gosh comic strip (as we understand the term: four or five panels running across the page, either developing an episode or telling a complete story). The truth is that Clare Briggs beat everyone to the punch with his *A. Piker Clerk*, in 1904. The strip was not very good, however. But neither was Fisher's strip much to shout about until, on March 29, 1908, a magical accident occurred. Mr. Augustus Mutt, a flashily dressed racing tout, had been planned as a lone hero. Although no one could claim that he was a sensation, he had a certain appeal, and for the most part, people liked him. Then, one day, Fisher decided to give Mutt a friend. He would call the friend Jeff, after the fighter Jim Jeffries. Appropriately, the two met for the first time in an insane asylum, and the rest, as they say, is history. *Mutt and Jeff* became the most popular comic creation in the world, and Harry Conway Fisher became the first cartoonist to earn $1000 a week. Now Fisher is dead, but, after fifty years, his characters are still going strong, carried on in the old tradition by Fisher's one-time assistant, Al Smith.

After *Mutt and Jeff*, the comics stopped being a novelty and became a respectable occupation. Of course there were no training schools then, and most of the artists came either from the sports departments (as Fisher did) or from magazines. For some reason, the magazine illustrators didn't cut the condiments, perhaps because they were too good. More often than not, their pictures were so well drawn that people forgot the stories. An exception, however, was Winsor McCay. Having established an

(continued on page 110)

"Surprise!"

the jewel of oceania casts a haunting spell on those who

DAYDREAMING ABOUT TAHITI is a universal pastime and now all of a sudden, thanks to jet air travel, one can make the dream come true and go to this heretofore inaccessible place in about twenty-four hours.

But do you really want to go? Is it for you? Will it be what you've expected; what the writers, the movies and travel posters have claimed for it? Or will you find a land of toothless beauties and hairy spiders, a country long on fruit salad and fish and painfully short on hot running water and news of the outside world? In other words, have you heard the unvarnished truth about this place?

Tahiti is not for everyone. But when a man's been given a bad time by his boss, when his wife's made him feel inadequate as a husband and father, when he's caught his mistress cheating on him, when the insurance premiums and car payments smolder unpaid and payable on the desk, where does a man think of heading for after he chucks it all?

Canada? Venice? Bombay? Tokyo?

No — he'll generally stare out the window and dream a familiar dream of one place: the South Seas. And in the minds of most men, that is Tahiti. For three hundred years now, an island no longer than thirty miles and no wider than eighteen has captivated the romantic imaginations of men as no other place in the world has been able to do.

Why? What has Tahiti got, besides such good press agents as R. L. Stevenson, Gauguin, and Nordhoff and Hall? Except for England, more books have been written about Tahiti than any other island. I had read just about every one, plus dozens of magazine articles, since I was fifteen, but I still didn't know what the place was *really* like till I went there a year ago. I'll try to give it to you straight, without succumbing to the overripe adjectives, the wishful thinking, and the romance of the past which so often clouds writings about Polynesia.

Before we get to the woman question (which seems to be uppermost in the minds of prospective travelers, both the males and their apprehensive wives), let's list a few things Tahiti does *not* have, and in so doing we will indirectly be explaining why this place can charm the harassed American looking for surcease even more than it charmed Captain Bligh and his lustily libidinous crew of sailors back in the

TAHITI

have the temperament to yield to its seductive beauty

travel **By BARNABY CONRAD**

year 1788.

Tahiti has no: Newspaper, television, juvenile delinquency, stop lights, tipping, suicide, neon, golf course, murder, billboards, rape, PTA, trains or psychiatrists.

Of how many other places in the world is this still true? No wonder writers have to struggle to resist employing the tired phrase "The Last Paradise."

The only evidence of modern life on the island is the new-fangled modes of transportation; there are over one thousand cars, generally little Renaults, and there are another couple of thousand scooters or motorized bicycles. This is the biggest difference in the Tahiti of today compared to yesteryear; otherwise, it has changed very little, probably less than any other place in the modern world. The main reason it has maintained its charm over the centuries has been its inaccessibility.

First of all, the French have always discouraged tourism there – they want no "*touristes bananes*" as they refer to would-be beachcombers, types who intend to live off bananas and coconuts in a thatched hut; before being granted a visa you must show ability to support yourself without a job and you must have a return ticket. Secondly, travel facilities have always been expensive and awkward. For example, last year I took a direct cruise from San Francisco and it cost around twelve hundred dollars before I was through. I flew back, and, what with changing planes and waiting at Bora Bora, Fiji and Honolulu, it took four exhausting days and cost another twelve hundred dollars.

Now the travel picture has changed virtually overnight, and Tahiti, which has so bravely resisted the advance of civilization, might be doomed. Some gloomy old-timers are saying that in ten years Papeete (pronounced *pah-pay-AY-tay*, the capital and only real town of Tahiti) will be just another Waikiki. Others say that Tahiti is made of sterner stuff and will never change much. The situation is that Tahiti has always been an expensive plaything for the French; since it was a beloved one, however, they didn't mind putting out millions of francs a year to maintain it. But now they simply can't afford it. De Gaulle has given the order: the island must pay its own way. With the income from copra and phosphate dwindling, the French realize that there is only one way for the virginal pearl of the Pacific to make money: to submit to the lusts of tourists, mainly *les Americains* with all those nice heavy dollars in their seersucker pockets.

So Otaheite (as Captain Cook called it) is about to be sacrificed to the damnedest tourist boom in recent travel history, and no one is happy about it except those for whom profit is all, and they are rubbing their hands with glee. And with reason, *mon vieux*; where there were only three thousand tourists of any nationality last year, they are now talking in terms of fifty thousand Americans alone within two years!

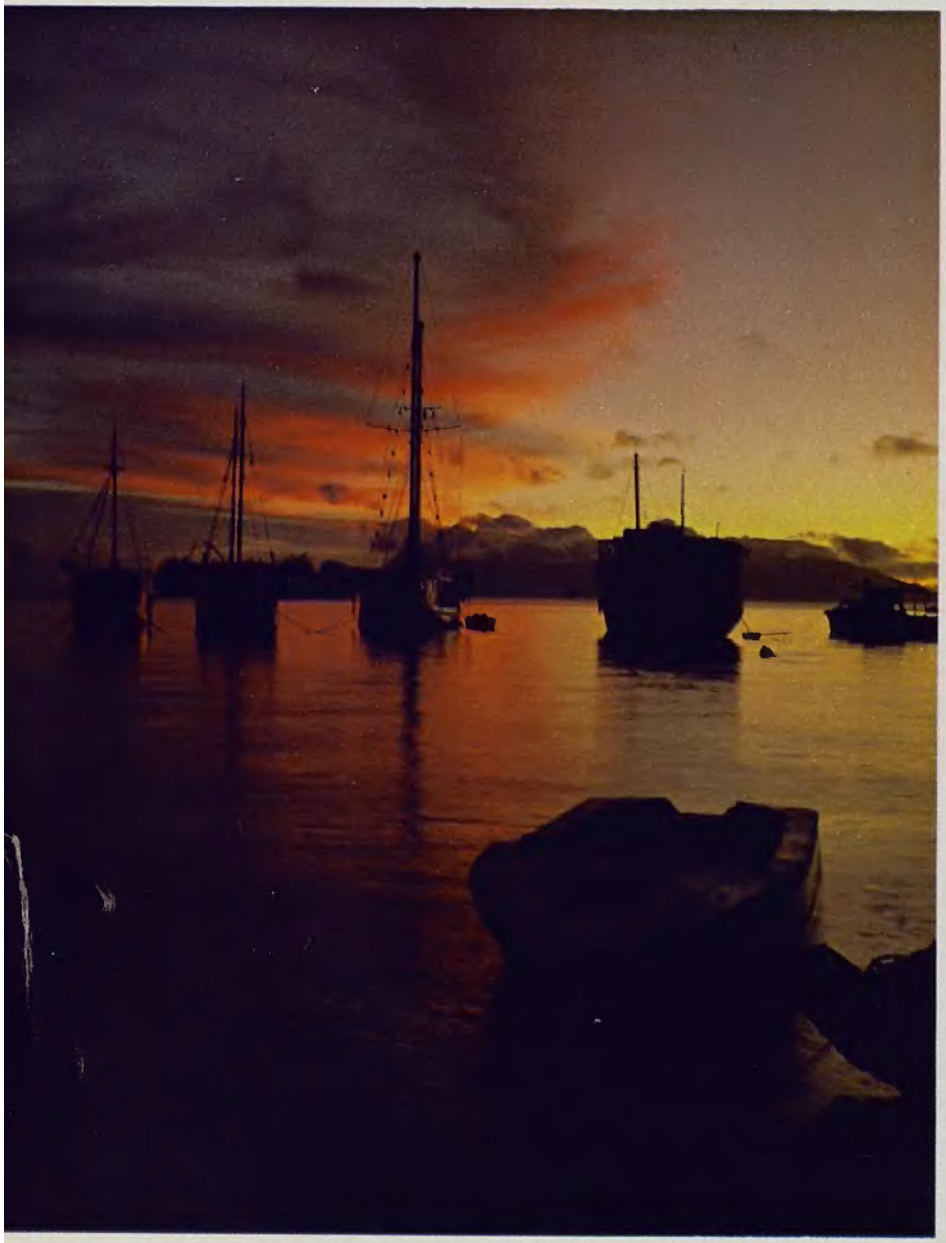
The long-time resident foreign colony of Tahiti is sick at the thought, and the Tahitians themselves couldn't care less. The French are revolted by the possibility of this lovely place being strewn with cola bottles and awash with pale, Brownie-snapping tourists, yet *merde alors*, they shrug, what is one to do? Actually, what they would like most of all, only they haven't figured out a way to say it diplomatically, is for us just to stay home and send our money to them in an envelope.

(I'll get to the women, but I do have to get in a *few* facts, no

matter how spindly they may be.)

The blame for the rape of Tahiti lands squarely in the lap of the Wright brothers. The island has never had an airport, the once-a-week plane service being wonderful vintage British flying boats that take off from the lagoon and connect with other islands like Aitutaki and Bora Bora which do have landing strips. Now they are filling in that lovely lagoon for a jet port. All day and most of the night the trucks rumble along the road with loads of boulders to dump in the transparent coral waters. They've been working a year now; it's ready for prop jobs, and by April 1961 it will be finished – and so might old Tahiti.

They speeded the sickening process last year by inaugurating direct flights from Honolulu to Bora Bora (TAI and South Pacific have round-trip tickets for about five hundred dollars). From there it's less than two hours to Papeete. Travel companies are starting cut-rate flights and tours ("twenty-one romantic days for only sixteen hundred dollars!") and the prices promise to drop even lower when the hordes of tourists swarm to the area. It's unfortunate that the Americans by going there will be helping to eliminate the very thing that drew them there in the first place, i.e., the absence of the American attitude and way of life.



So, should you pack up and rush down to Tahiti quickly before it gets ruined? The answer is the same I give to people asking whether they should get married: if there's any doubt in your mind, don't. Tahiti depends upon who you are, what you want, and what you expect the island to be.

If you are trying to make up your mind among various resorts and vacation spas, forget Tahiti. It's not an either/or place – "either we go to Jamaica or Bermuda or Palm Springs or Tahiti." If that's the way you're thinking, skip it, because, as the Chinese storekeeper says when he tells you you're crazy in Papeete, "You top-side savvy box no belongee proper."

Tahiti is unique and in no sense a resort – yet. The five little hotels are primitive, most not having hot water and none accommodating more than sixty people. (The two best are Les Tropiques and the new Hotel Tahiti, both attractive bungalow style on the edge of town.) While there are no poisonous reptiles, there are bugs, giant moths, spiders, lizards, mosquitoes, and big land crabs all over the place, generally in one's bedroom. (I'll never forget the night my companion woke me up to ask me to come in and kill a spider that was in the basin. Grumbling sleepily at the alarmist, constant-burglar-hearing species of female, I got out of bed and went into the bathroom. There I woke up quickly, for in the washbowl was something as large as my fist, twice as hairy, and vaguely resembling Godzilla. "I hope you didn't kill it," said the landlord the next day, "spiders eat insects, they are our friends, you know." "Kill it, hell," I said, "I jumped back in bed and pulled the covers over my head!")

There are few pre-fab entertainments of any sort for the tourist. After you've *(continued on page 84)*

humor **By RAY RUSSELL** *improve your conversation this brand-new easy way*

ihavethespiritofthestairs

WHEN OSCAR WILDE, upon espying a skull doing paperweight service on a friend's desk, said "Death is so Gothic; life is so Greek"; when Noel Coward tossed off "Women should be struck regularly, like gongs": when Leo Durocher — we'd better get a Real He-Man in here quick — said "Nice guys don't win ball games" or whatever that was; they did more than go down in history as snappy conversationalists. They made life tough for mortals less gifted than they. Mortals like me. The French have a phrase for it: *Il a l'esprit de l'escalier*. This, literally translated, means "He has the spirit of the stairs," but a more idiomatic rendering would be "He never has a ready answer," the implication presumably being that he always thinks up those salty comebacks when he's walking down the stairs on the way home.

That's me all over.

First thing I do upon entering a taxi to return to my digs after a party is splinter my elbow on the ash-receptacle which invariably has been left open by the previous passenger. Second thing I do is close the ash-receptacle. Third thing I do is tell the driver where I want to go. Fourth thing I do is reconstruct the evening in my mind, wincing every time I recall the soggy silence with which I greeted somebody's bon mot. Fifth thing I do is mentally fill those silences with a string of shimmering ex post facto witticisms.

A fat lot of good it does me. "Better late than never" is an axiom that completely crumbles when applied to the parry and thrust of conversation. And so, faced with the humbling realization that I am a conversational fizzle, I have taken steps: if I cannot fit my words to the situation, I will fit the situation to my words, by Phthah!* Sort of a Shattering To Bits This Sorry Scheme Of Things Entire And Remolding It Nearer To My Heart's Desire proposition. To this end, I have built up a small repertoire of situations which, if I can succeed in bringing them to pass, will provide me with some absolutely stunning ripostes and sweeten my social life no end.

For instance, let's imagine I find myself in the company of a young lady who, justifiably proud of her prowess in the kitchen, plies me with a platter of candy of her own manufacture. While we're imagining, let's imagine that it's pretty good candy. Let's imagine, further, that while I enthusiastically munch piece after piece of the savory stuff, the lady herself does not. Even when I shove the platter toward her and raise my eyebrows expressively, she demurs, saying, "I really don't care for candy myself" or the like. At this point, I whip out the gem I have been saving for just this occasion: smiling wryly, I say, "You don't have the courage of your confections." And, dazzled by the brilliance of my brain, she succumbs instanter to my fatal charm.

Here's another example from my files:

I, a slavering lecher, have succeeded in luring an innocent young damsel to my apartment. Not without difficulty, I have persuaded her to sample a bit of my grandmother's loganberry cordial. From this, she has graduated to a spot of sherry, then to a small snifter of Calvados ("Just apple juice, really"). Now, getting ready for the kill, I break out my secret supply of absinthe. She regards it with horror, for she is a damsel who, her innocence notwithstanding, has read the lives of the more prominent French painters, all of whom drank absinthe and all of whom therefore ended up with varicose brains. It is, she maintains, filthy stuff: degrading, decadent, deadly. "Nonsense," I say lightly; or better still, "Balderdash." And then I spring it: "Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder." (Whereupon she slaps my face and leaves. This one, admittedly, needs work.)

Let's try another. After the theatre, I escort my companion to an intimate little Russian restaurant for a bite of supper. Her tummy is a wee bit on the delicate side (as opposed to the left side or, for that matter, the right side), and so she avoids the more formidable items on the menu and chooses something which, being composed in the main of such wholesome dairy products as cheese and sour cream, strikes her as safe: blintzes. "Oops," I say, wagging a warning finger, "put not thy trust in blintzes." From that moment on, of course, she is putty in my hands. Or possibly sour cream.

One of these days, I am going to have to acquire a friend or acquaintance named Morris. It doesn't matter whether his first or his last name is Morris, but Morris it must be. Morris, the man, must be an artist and, in addition, a person of profligate bent who delights in depicting on canvas and paper the more depraved aspects of our society. He depicts them in oils, pencil, in pen and ink, but most often he depicts them in egg tempera. One day, as he is showing me a particularly repellent series of paintings in this latter medium, I scold him for his obsession with life's seamier side and he replies that he is merely mirroring the times. Clapping the back of my hand to my brow, I throw back my head and cry, "O tempera! O Morris!"

I am also going to have to turn up another friend who invariably finds himself filled with fright whenever undertaking intimacies with young ladies he has never undertaken intimacies with before. And he is going to have to pour out his troubles on my shoulder. Which will give me *(concluded on page 115)*

* A deity of ancient Egypt. His name is sung frequently in the opera *Aida*, thus accounting for the fine spray of saliva on the lapels and bodices in Row A.

TAHITI *(continued from page 82)*

taken a tour around the island once (half a day) and spent a day or two over at the beautiful neighboring island of Moorea, you've just about had it as far as organized sight-seeing is concerned. You can also consume one Sunday and a lot of local Hinano beer at the Tahitians' ridiculous and charming version of horse races (the jockeys ride bareback, saronged and drunk). And you can kill a few nights watching the wild and wooly *tamure* dances in the three so-called nightclubs. Also you can go over to Les Tropiques or the Hotel Tahiti when a cruise ship comes in for its three-day layover and enjoy one of Tahiti's favorite pastimes: tourist watching. They nearly all look exactly the same — gray, pale, becamera-ed, and militantly in pursuit of pleasure. After the luau-type dinner the hotel tosses for the tourists, dancing girls — stars like Tehura and Choua — come churning out with everything God gave them in exciting motion, and every silver-blue-haired Mom's mouth sets in a grim Victorian line of disapproval and every paunchy Dad's eyes light up with the recollection of fleshly delights he never had.

(Don't bug me — slowly but surely I am getting to the matter of the women.)

But after the first three or four days there's really nothing much to do — nothing, that is, that you or your libido don't think up by yourselves. The sport fishing is lousy compared to Mexico or Nassau, there's no water skiing, riding, tennis or golf, and compared to Honolulu or the Virgin Islands the beaches are rocky and second rate. There are only two swimming pools on the island. There's no public library, or even a stand to buy current magazines.

There are less than two dozen permanent American residents on the whole island of thirty-five thousand people and these are hardly of the international, partying, jet-set variety you run across in Jamaica and Cannes.

And Tahiti's not cheap; don't expect another Spain or Majorca. Just about everything, except fresh fish, coconuts, and women, costs as much or more than in the United States.

And the weather. I hate to come right out and say it can be rotten; let's just say that if I owned Man-Tan I'd get a branch factory going down there as fast as possible. It rained so much last summer (theoretically the best time to go) that I came home after three months paler than when I had left San Francisco.

So what, then, is so good about the famous Tahiti? Why did I bawl like a baby when I left last year? Why did I go back this year — and reserve the house for next year, and the next?

Part of the magic, of course, lies in the visual. The island *is* beautiful, rain or shine. I've never seen a more breathtaking sight than I did when first sailing through that coral reef into that toy harbor at dawn with the volcanic mountains springing suddenly out of the sea and clawing up higher than seven thousand feet into the clouds. (Arrival by airplane is all right but not quite so staggering.) And the little town of Papeete, while dirty and crowded, *is* — sorry, there's no other word — picturesque.

But it's the people who live in Tahiti and the people who go to Tahiti that make for the constant fascination of the place. Every day you sit on the quai at the sidewalk café called Vaima and you sip your rum and discuss who slept with whom the night before and watch the never-ending parade of characters.

For example, Emile Gauguin is sure to waddle by and put some sort of bite on you; he's the painter's sixty-year-old son, the only beggar on the island, and he can usually be found selling autographs or posing for tourists' gag shots. ("Look, I picked up a genuine Gauguin picture when I was in Tahiti!")

The French baron, who gave up a château in Tours for a grass hut, strolls by hand in hand with his saronged *vahine*. The lovely daughter of writer James Norman Hall comes from market staggering under the weight of a tuna fish. And a few feet away a grandson of the twenty-sixth President of the U.S.A. ties up the small boat he sailed there from Honolulu. Over there, in front of the Bar Lea, Andre Kostelanetz has a local musician cornered trying to find out why there's no minor-key music on the island, and he is temporarily distracted when a gorgeous Tahitian-Peruvian brunette with the incredible name of Nita Wanamaker ankles by in a Dior dress. She, in turn, stops to talk to someone more incredibly named than herself, Cambridge Shiu, the Chinese merchant.

Characters, does this island have characters! Take my neighbors, for instance. I was talking to one, a bald, bearded fellow who had introduced himself as Bengt Danielsson, anthropologist, and I complained that it had taken me ten whole days to get there by steamship.

"Well," he said in his pleasant Swedish accent, "it took me three months." Danielsson was on Kon Tiki.

Then take the eccentric American millionaire down the beach from my house. He hates noise, and every dawn his native neighbors' roosters would wake him up. So he had his butler buy them all and kill them. Soon a new crop and another appeared and he had these killed also. He still doesn't know that he's the greatest single outlet for the rooster market in all Polynesia.

Or meet the Noel Coward trio across the way; a retired Englishman, his attractive Parisian wife, plus the most beautiful hunk of Bardot-type sixteen-year-old Polynesian female you ever saw. They are all in love with each other. Interesting.

Which, at last, brings me to the main, and perhaps sole, reason that you're reading this article: *les vahines*. Is it true that they're all beautiful and that it doesn't mean anything more to them than a handshake?

People have been kissing and telling on Tahitian women for centuries. Here's one of the first evaluations of them, written in 1773 by Captain Cook:

"Great injustice has been done the women of Otaheite . . . by those who have represented them, without exception, as ready to grant the last favor to any man who will come up to their price. But this is by no means the case; the favors of married women, and also the unmarried of the better sort, are as difficult to be obtained here as in any other country whatever. . . . On the whole, a stranger who visits England might, with equal justice, draw the characters of the women there, from those which he might meet with on board the ships in one of the naval ports, or in the purlieus of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. I must, however, allow that they are all completely versed in the art of coquetry, and that very few of them fix any bounds to their conversation. It is therefore no wonder that they have obtained the character of libertines . . ."

No question about it, most Tahitian women are more relaxed and overtly delighted by sex than most of our women. But then they're more relaxed about everything in life. And if you walk into some bar like the famous Quinn's on the waterfront, you're going to find the most relaxed atmosphere you've ever been exposed to. I won't say it's the most open joint I've ever been in, but I will say that it's the only public place I've ever walked into at high noon for the first time and immediately had some unidentified *vahine* give me the warmest and lowest greeting I've ever experienced.

Their reputation for greatness in the hay seems to be well deserved. A prominent doctor studying the customs there told me that it's because of their uninhibited natures and also because of certain interior muscles which the girls develop through doing those incredible, convulsive dances which they perform from childhood. ("Like a man shaking hands," he stated, though somehow it sounded more scientific when he said it.)

Whatever their sex life, the girls are friendly and delightful. At first many people are disappointed in their looks; unfortunately, every girl in Tahiti does not look like a tanned Elizabeth Taylor. Many are fine looking in every other way

(continued on page 94)

"This jet age is amazing. Just think, I had breakfast in New York, lunch in San Francisco . . ."

pictorial

THE NUDE WAVE IN HOLLYWOOD

flick city producers, big and little, find there's nothing like an undraped dame to boost box office

AS PLAYBOY APPRISED its readers in November's *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, the censorial climate on these shores has tempered considerably. Knowing a cue when they see one, a number of lightly capitalized cinematic entrepreneurs have recognized the box-office potential of low-budget "art" productions that focus their lenses on sex and skin. The S producers have no corner on the bare essentials, however. Hollywood stars and studios of major stature have come around to the realization that a soupçon of sex and a nude or near-nude vignette are not going to hurt receipts one whit. Stratospherically budgeted epics such as *Spartacus* have taken out extra investment insurance in the thinly veiled form feminine, and screen luminaries of the calibre and calibrations of a Jean Simmons, Janet Leigh or Debra Paget have happily lent their talents to the cause. The pleasures of the flesh are by no means the *raison d'être* for the big-budgeted opuses, but they are proving to be the epidermal cake-frosting which producers are adding more and more frequently. In most of the minimum-cost "art" flicks, the approach is baldly sex-oriented: plot lines are ephemeral, talent obscure, and photographic quality is on the Baby Brownie level, but there is meticulous attention paid to the wholesale uncoverage of delightfully endowed females. The viewing public, meanwhile, sits in pleasant contemplation, delighted by what the cast-off clothing reveals.

While the sight of Jean Simmons, delightfully *déshabillé* in the drink with co-star Kirk Douglas, was not the major attraction of multi-million-dollar-smash *Spartacus*, it added another hypo to the box-office take. Janet Leigh added spice, first in a shower in the Hitchcock chiller, *Psycho*, and then in a bubble bath in a scene from the Cantinflas starrer, *Pepe* (at right).

One of the girls sprinkled liberally throughout *Not Tonight Henry*, a typical low-budget flesh flick, is helped "into" her costume.

American-International's exotic *Journey to the Lost City* was aided not inconsiderably in its meanderings through the Indian jungle by the torrid temple dancing of Debra Paget who, as an eye-opening Eurasian cooch Pavlova, raises temperatures in an already steamy setting replete with king cobras, tigers, maharajas and sinister prime ministers.

Not Tonight Henry, a slimly-budgeted opus that is plot-lined as an hour-and-a-half color romp through the pages of history, is actually a string af broodly-based burlesque skits hung together an the dreams of a Milquetoost character played by little-known café comic Hank Henry. Each vignette comes fully equipped with appropriate moments when the females on camera find it necessary to kick off their clothes. Top: comic Henry as a grateful John Smith tries to express his thanks to a half-a-buck-skinned Pocahontas, who's giving John the Indian sign. Above and right: Pocahontas' tribesmaidens hold an in-the-pool powwow decked out in the uniform-of-the-day: pigtails, headdress and damp epidermis. Smith and the audience are allowed to sit in on mast of the meeting. Ted Paramore and Bob Heiderich, the enterprising yaung producers of the revealing "art" fiick, have bared every phase of history in *Not Tonight Henry* which, as a consequence, is playing to heavy grosses in recently censor-liberated movie houses across the country.

Further *Not Tonight Henry* flashbacks show, above, Caesar and Cleopatra cantering briskly through Cleo's garden of splendidly-stacked statuary. Caesar only has eyes for Little Egypt, but the viewers are given ample opportunity to case the reverse Pygmalion bit of living dolls turned into bounteously buttressed terra cotta. Below left: Napoleon takes time off from the wars to indulge in a little palace parlar game with a scantily-clad Josephine. Below right: a delectable Delilah dallies with a couple of Roman stage-door Juniuses after clipping Samson.

THE WINGS


S. Harstein

TAHITI *(continued from page 84)*

but in the teeth department, due to the lack of dental care and absence of minerals in the drinking water. When you're driving along Tahiti's one road you frequently see up ahead a motor scooter, and astride it a superb nineteen-year-old body dressed in a scanty flowered print, waist-length hair flying in the breeze. You speed up, come alongside, and see that she has the face of a goddess. You smile. And then she smiles. No teeth! The classic present for a *popaa* (white visitor) to give his *vahine* when he leaves the island is a dental bridge. Marlon Brando put this deficiency to great practical use when he and the company that remade *Mutiny on the Bounty* went there. The girls are notoriously undependable and work only when they feel so inclined. Money doesn't interest them enough, so Brando & Company played on their vanity. They took a dentist to fill their oral gaps with bridges. However, the girls had to turn in the false teeth every night before leaving the set.

Of course there *are* girls with perfect teeth and perfect everything, girls so beautiful they make you ache inside, but they are not as plentiful as the travel folders would like to have you believe. I think the Tahitians have acquired their reputations for beauty largely because of their magnificent bodies and hair. Also, the Tahitian girl's skin is usually of a beautiful color and amazingly soft, and their eyes are nearly always lovely. A delightful custom is that the standard form of greeting in Tahiti is kissing — on both cheeks, yet.

As for communication, it helps if you speak a little French, since almost no one speaks English. The basic tongue is Tahitian, a mellifluous and intricate language. However, the language barrier has been surmounted or ignored in more than one highly successful liaison.

One pleasant surprise I wasn't prepared for was the costumes of men and women. I figured it would be like Honolulu, they'd put on sarongs for ship departures, luaus and dance performances. But in Tahiti the natives dress in *pareus* (pronounced *pah-RAY-ooh*) most of the time. This consists of a wrap-around garment of beautifully designed flowered cloth. Both sexes wear it, plus a bra to match for the women. Disappointingly, you won't find any girls wandering around without bras, but when you get to know them they'll take them off in a trice when a group of you go swimming in the fresh-water pools up the valleys. They are, however, excessively modest about the lower garment and sometimes never take it off, even when going to bed with a lover.

The Tahitians are the cleanest people I've ever seen. They generally bathe in the fresh-water streams three times a day. There is never any odor about them, even in the tiny bars where dozens of sweaty dancers are writhing to the frantic beat of a *tamure* drum.

They are a dignified, friendly, independent and happy people, but basically very lazy. Why not be? They have everything they want. There's fish in the sea, and bananas, oranges, breadfruit and coconuts in the trees. Leave the worry and striving for the crazy *popaas* and the Chinese.

The Tahitians want almost nothing that they can't get from nature, and this has driven more than one European crazy. Movie companies have frequently given up in disgust halfway through filming a picture because the natives suddenly get *fiu* (fed up) with work and wander off. The main reason they work for money at all is to get enough Hinano beer to get drunk on the weekend. They don't drink during the week, but come Saturday, the whole family is usually off on a party that lasts till Sunday night. They are amiable drunks who just love a good outdoor party with their friends.

The best time of all for them is the Bastille Celebration. This starts on July 14, is supposed to last a week, but generally drags on for three weeks; the intensity of the mooing of the unmilked cows and the barking of the unfed dogs tells you how long the family's been in town. There are spear-throwing contests and the men's accuracy is astonishing; they can hit a coconut atop a fifty-foot pole at two hundred feet. There are canoe races and singing and dancing exhibitions and cockfights. But most of all the Tahitians enjoy *les baraques*, the booths made of woven palm leaves along the waterfront. Here they have carnival games of skill and chance and little dance pavilions where they drink and do the *tamure* dance ecstatically all night and most of the day, loving each other, loving life, and loving their island.

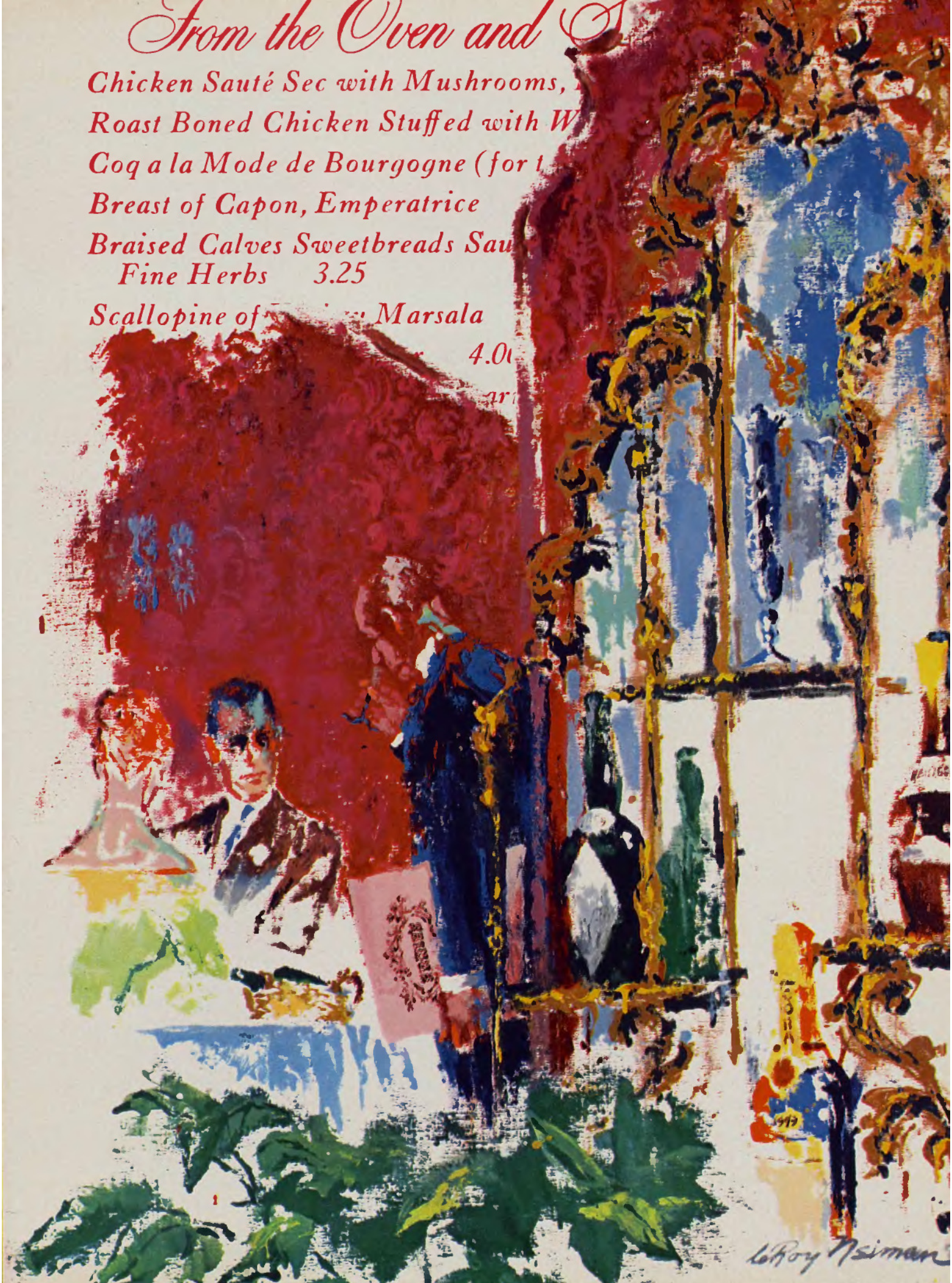
Does it all sound too pat, too platitudinous, too travelogue, this picture of the happy native in the garden of Eden as the sun sets behind a silhouetted palm frond? I keep looking for the catch but I can't find any; I'm afraid that they *are* the happiest people on earth in the loveliest setting left to the world.

Yes, it's great — for them. But the modern man doesn't always fit in this environment. It's nice to think of going back to nature in theory, but that fed-up guy on the Madison Avenue treadmill who thinks he yearns for Tahiti usually can't take it for very long once he gets there. Tahiti tells you who you are quicker than any place I know; it's interesting to see how different people react to the revelation. Thoreau (or was

(continued on page 130)

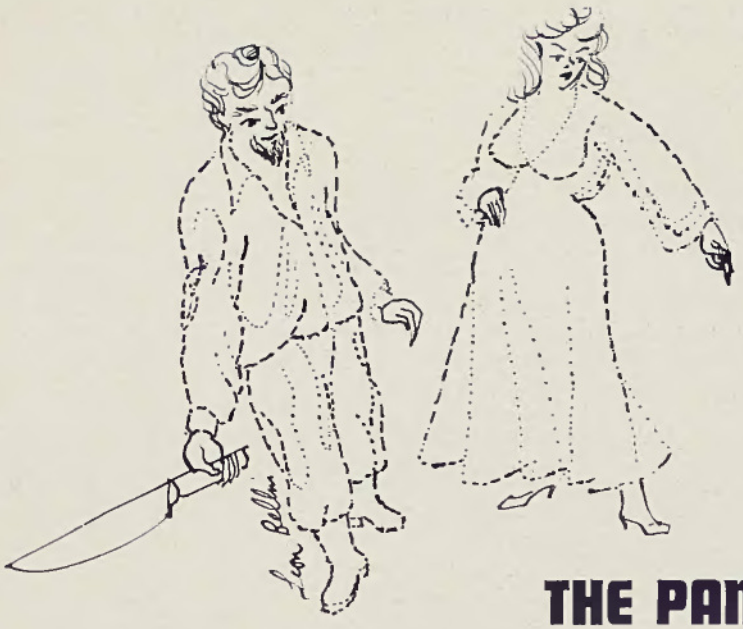
man at his leisure

ERNIE'S, in San Francisco, is a sumptuous restaurant out of the crystal-and-velvet Victorian age. From the Gibson Girl prints adorning the walls to the gaslight fixtures glowing softly, Ernie's is a luxurious reminder of Nineteenth Century grandeur. The three dining rooms, two downstairs and one upstairs, are plushly upholstered. Much of their warmth — as LeRoy Neiman's painting indicates — stems from the deep, textured red that adorns walls and tufted chairs, and dominates the rooms. A massive mahogany bar just beyond the main entrance, and a small vintage replica upstairs, are elegant complements to the air of luxurious ease. The main-floor bar is a creation of rare beauty; according to artist Neiman, it is a stunning introduction to Ernie's. "Once you pass through the single, inconspicuous door into this connoisseur's world, you're immediately struck by the enormous, regal bar. It is amazingly large and its already commanding presence is enhanced by row after row of bottles lining its rear wall," Neiman recalls. But it is the food — even more memorable than the decor — that keeps diners lingering longer at Ernie's than at most restaurants. Served expertly by waiters of Continental discretion, the food is the heart of Ernie's allure, in the opinion of hosts Victor and Roland Gotti. A glance at the menu reveals its auspicious nature; a sampling from it confirms the Gottis' judgment. Among the choice hors d'oeuvres are Iced Cracked Crab with Sauce Mayonnaise and Imported Italian Polli Peperoncini. After French Onion Soup or Tortellini alla Romana, you may select from a list of entrees that includes Filets of Sole Normande and Chicken Sauté Sec with Mushrooms and Fine Herbs or delight in one of the Specialitá della Casa — Tenderloin of Beef En Brochette, with Sauce Chasseur (and Risotto of Wild Rice) or Roast Boned Royal Squab, Montmorency, for example. The more-than-ample wine list enables you to match one of your favorites to each course. For dessert, Zabaione al Marsala is perfect for two. And after-dinner liqueur, from Ernie's treasured stock, brings the meal to a leisurely close. Strolling through the parlor-like premises for a final savoring of the comforts of the Gay Nineties, before returning to modern San Francisco, you are reminded anew that this is one of the world's elite epicurean retreats.


From the Oven and
Chicken Sauté Sec with Mushrooms,
Roast Boned Chicken Stuffed with W
Coq a la Mode de Bourgogne (for t
Breast of Capon, Emperatrice
Braised Calves Sweetbreads Sau
Fine Herbs 3.25
Scallopine of Marsala
4.0
LeRoy Neiman

"It's one of those television surveys, darling. They want to know what show you're watching."

Vargas



Ribald Classic

THE PANGS OF LOVE AND HUNGER

ONCE UPON A TIME, a farmer's wife was having an affair with a young lawyer who was her husband's companion and confidant. The farmer, of course, suspected nothing, and all would have gone well but for the wife's appetite.

One day the farmer invited his friend home to dine upon a brace of fine partridges he had shot. All afternoon the wife roasted and basted, roasted and basted, and the house was redolent with the aroma from her oven. The woman began to cut little slivers from the partridges, and the slivers were so tasty that before she realized what she had done, she had completely eaten both birds and had nothing for dinner. Her husband, she knew, would be furious and would beat her. Just then, she glanced from the window and saw the young lawyer approaching.

She ran to the back yard and handed her husband the carving knife and a file. "Sharpen the knife," she said, "so as to do a neat job with the carving."

Then she flew to the front door and said the following words to the lawyer: "Run for your life, my love, for my husband knows everything that has passed between us and he plans to cut off both your ears! Listen, and you can hear him sharpening the knife."

As the lawyer made for the highway, the woman ran back to her husband and said: "Quick! That hungry friend of yours has run off with both the partridges we were to have for dinner! Run after him and persuade him to come back and eat with us."

As the farmer ran out of the house and down the road after the lawyer, knife still in hand, he called in a loud voice: "Let me have at least one!"

But the lawyer called back: "Not on your life, my friend. You can't have either one!"

— Translated by J. A. Gato

A newly translated tale from Juan Timoneda's *El Sobremesa y Alivio de Caminantes*

Machine in Ward Eleven

(continued from page 46)

ing her sound advice.)

I am an expert in the field of falsely induced emotions, and although I don't remember directing any of the plays or movies or TV shows she told me I directed I am apparently well-acquainted with all of the terms and aspects of the craft — or so it seems. Hazel may be lying to me, of course. It is quite feasible that this vast store of movie knowledge I dredge up and dispense so freely during our visiting periods was gained by reading books on the subject before I came here. And it may be that a freak memory break-through allows me to remember various things concerning films the way a person does who has a photographic memory. That's a nice double meaning. I'll mention it to Hazel when she comes tomorrow, if I don't forget it. But if Hazel is an actress, she is a most convincing actress, because I always believe her when she tells me that I was once a director. Besides, there is that sharp, single scene that keeps recurring inside my mind at odd times; and although I thought at first that it was a delusion, I have finally learned how to tell the difference between delusion and reality. The secret was so simple it escaped me for a long time. If I can see myself within the scene, it's an imaginary scene, and I can enjoy the experience for what it is worth. But if I see the scene through my eyes — as though I were a camera — it is something that actually happened in the past. There can be no other rational explanation; it would be impossible for a man to see through his own eyes and watch his body perform as an actor at a distance — both at the same time.

• • •

The sun is so hot!

This is our fifth twelve-hour day on desert location, and it is the twentieth episode of the series. Nineteen more to go after this one is in the can, and if Red Faris doesn't change his attitude we'll never finish them all — which means, of course, that I will not. We may not even finish this one, *The Pack Rats*, which is, in my considered opinion, the lousiest script I've ever directed. But Red is brilliant, he knows *everything*. This is his third year as the star of the series, and he now owns a juicy fifty percent. A big, stupid, six-foot-two ex-football player who never had anything better than a walk-on at the Pasadena Playhouse before he lucked into this Western series, and yet he tries to tell *me* how to direct a scene. And when I explain some basic acting principle to him he nods condescendingly and winks broadly at the grinning crew members he plays poker with instead of studying his lines.

Take Twelve coming up; far too many for the budget, but every time he does some annoying thing wrong. Purposely? I'm beginning to wonder. The scene is unimportant; even a poor take would be valid enough, but I seem to have some sort of uncontrollable compulsion to shoot it over and over again until it's perfect. The arid heat must be at least a hundred and ten degrees, but the enmity from everybody on the set is hotter than that, much hotter. They all hate me now, they hate my guts. Wonderful!

"OK, Red?" My chapped lips hurt as I grin pleasantly at our stupid star, who stands petulantly beside his sweaty gray horse. "I know I'm a real bastard, Red, but let's try it one more time. Rolling a cigarette is supposed to be as natural as breathing to a cowboy, and yet —— "

"And I'm also supposed to be tired, Haskell, after riding across the desert! And after about fifty damned takes —"

"Eleven," I emended.

" — I'm not faking it! I *am* tired."

"Get mounted." Ignoring his petty, childish outburst I turn my back on him. "Here we go, kiddies," I announce to the sullen crew. No one moves; they avoid my eyes; they are looking past me toward Red Faris. I turn. Red is still standing stubbornly beside his horse. He glares at me, pouting with his upper lip only (no mean feat for a television actor). Avoiding my eyes, he looks toward the camera, raising his dimpled chin. "That's it, everybody!" He shouts fiercely, in stentorian, but untrained, pectoral tones.

A triumphant crew-cheer mingles with the heat waves, thirty-one voices, including the script-girl's parched, cigarette-contralto. My face grows numb as Red flashes his trade-mark, the sneersnarlsmile, an endearing grimace which has been described with gushing detail in seven trade magazines. "And on the way back," Red yells again, raising a long arm (the football signal for "Free catch"), "the steaks are on me at Palm Springs!"

Another enthusiastic rejoinder, followed immediately by the happy sounds of furious tearing-down, leave-taking activity.

"I've been fired before, Red," I mention quietly, "but not this way."

"Hell, you aren't fired, Hask! It's been a rough week, that's all. The cutting-room boys can piece together at least one good take out of the eleven, and if not," shrug, "we'll simply junk the scene. OK, Hask?" Sneersnarlsmile. A patronizing hand reaches for my shoulder, but I back away quickly before he touches me.

"No, it isn't OK. Either I have full authority or I don't direct. It's one of the little rules a good director lives by."

"I haven't done anything to hurt your authority, Hask. In fact, I submitted damned well to every stupid idea you've had this week. And you know as well as I do, there isn't another star in television who'd go through eleven straight takes in a row without sounding off! Am I right or am I wrong?" Sneersnarlsmile. "Look, Hask, we'll have us a few cold ones at the Springs, rustle up some girls — and Monday is another week. Right? There's no use getting sore over —— "

I swung for his dimpled chin — and missed. It should have been a fairly decent brawl, but it wasn't. Although I'm shorter than Red, five-eleven, I'm well over two hundred pounds; but Red's right fist, as though it contained a roll of nickels, slammed into my jaw. The color film snapped, with a clicketyclick-etyclickety clack, as the crazy reel whipped around and around, and that's all that I remember for a while.

At first the thing-in-itself confused me. Bam! A hard right to the jaw could not, or did not, at my initial awakening, add up to two heavily bandaged wrists. I was snugly warm, in bed; I was lethargically comfortable; and my wrists, bound with white gauze, didn't hurt at all. I was fighting memory, and then total recall washed over the surface of my mind in a humiliating torrent.

No, I hadn't stopped with the gang in Palm Springs. I pushed my sea-green Porsche, top down, at a forbidden speed, all of the way home to my craggy redwood retreat in the Verdugo Woodlands above the L.A. smogbelt. A drink, alone on the sundeck, except for my fear. Economic fear. Failure fear. I had been wrong, Faris had been reasonable, and now I was through. Aware of this, I impatiently awaited the confirming phone call. The breezy deck was cool after a miserable week in the desert; a dozen giant potted plants with waxed green leaves, placed strategically at staggered intervals along the rail, masked successfully the dusty chaparral of the steep olive-colored hills. In some kind of wild optimism my eyes kept returning to the white telephone on the big circular coffee table. Would I finish one, two, three or four drinks before it rang? The total was six, and I allowed it to ring three times before I reached for it.

"Hask, baby!" Weldon Murray, my agent.

"Willy, boy! And you've found a new job for me already? You're the greatest, Willy — I shall not want ——"

"I really am the greatest, Hask. I managed to keep you on the payroll, and it wasn't easy. Only you'll have to be satisfied with the standard director's contract, one-eighty per week. It stays in effect till the series plays out, and that may be forever. But I still haven't heard your side, sweetie, and everybody always has a side. If it's a fight they want, we can do that, too. Why didn't you call me

(continued on page 102)

SON OF TEEVEE JEEBIES

you guessed it: still more daffy dialog for those aging, late-late flicks

IT'S BEEN A FULL FOUR MONTHS since our last serving of *Teevee Jeebies* — too long a lapse for fans, if we read our mail aright. Here, then, is another batch of outrageously lively — and unlikely — lines to enliven the hoary late-night TV flicks we've all grown to abhor. The next time the picture begins to pall, try the game yourself. Douse the volume on your set, refill your brandy snifter, and write your own punch lines, just as we've done here.

"Why don't you quit bugging me, officer! Ivy League is dead. On the Continent, everybody is wearing these!"

"Better late than never."

"Sure I act silly, but it kept me out of the Army!"

"Remember what I told you I'd do the next time dinner was late? I told you I'd break your arm, remember . . .?"

satire **By SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

"And don't come back to India until you learn to put that thing on right."

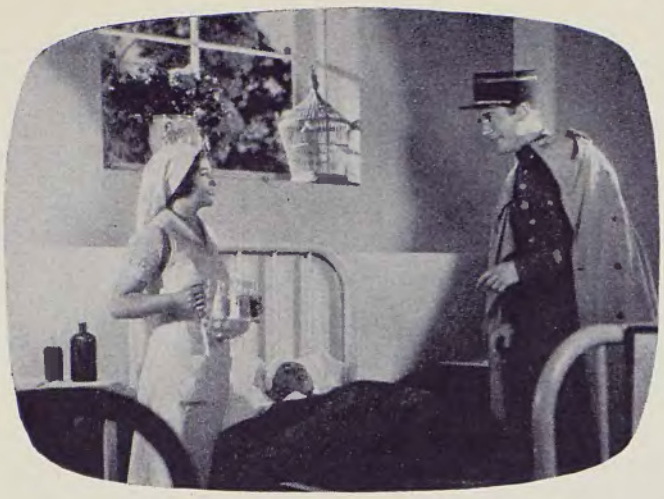
"My chili looks like what?!!"

"Marsha wants to know where you parked the car . . ."

"On second thought, I think I'd rather pay the parking ticket."

"Funny—I never noticed it before, but you have beautiful eyes."

"Say, Bernie—I'm willing to be friends, if you're willing to be friends."



"Hey, this means that you're free for the rest of the day!"

"What do you say, J.B. — can't we continue this conference tomorrow?"

"The Brylcreem people say they'll refund your money and buy you a hat and that's the best they'll do!"

"Good morning, Breakfast Clubbers, hooray, hooray . . . !"

"Maury . . . come on! You promised! Not again, Maury . . ."

"You mean you . . . you . . . ?? . . ."

Machine in Ward Eleven *(continued from page 98)*

first, baby? I didn't have any ammo to shoot with ——"

"And I didn't have any to give you, Willy."

"Uh-huh." Pause. "I don't suppose you'd be willing to cry a little, kiss and make up?"

"No, that wouldn't do any good. It's been coming for weeks. And I'm tired, Willy, tired."

"I love you, sweetheart, but you're going to get a damned long rest. Three is the fatal charm, it has been muttered in high places, and this is the third time for you in less than a year. TV can't afford perfectionists, baby ——"

"I know."

"It's just that TV isn't the movies, and today even the movies can't ——"

"Please. No lecture, Willy," I said wearily.

"Have you called Hazel?"

"No. She's in London — or was."

"Want me to call her for you?"

"I'll call her later. But thanks, Willy."

After racking the phone I fished a squirming, many-legged arthropod out of my drink. How many men, I wondered, are all washed up at the age thirty-two meridional? Was I ahead of or behind schedule? And yet I don't believe that I was really depressed. In a way, I had a rather sickening sense of relief. The useless struggle was finally over. The End. I drank slowly, spacing my drinks, enjoying the quiet evening and the yellow sky above Glendale. Minutes later, perhaps hours later, I was giggling, lurching through the empty house in search of a razor blade. A sixty-thousand-dollar house, meaning the mortgage, a swimming pool, and no blades. How can a man slash his wrists with an electric razor? The phone kept ringing all the time. Needlers. The gloating sympathizers. But I didn't answer it. At last I found a blade, a rusty, used blade, in an old plaid train-case that had belonged to my wife. In all probability, the ancient blade had nibbled golden stubble from Hazel's long legs. I giggled again as I eased the blade with concentrated caution into a cake of soap. No, I didn't want to cut the fingers holding the blade — too painful — and yet I wanted to slice my wrists. This paradoxical prudence struck me as very funny indeed.

The hospital — not this place I'm in now, but a private hospital — was a warm white womb. There was a sunny, glassed-in porch running parallel to the far end of the ward, and the meals were served on schedule in the dining room. I liked every one of my eighteen fellow patients — a charming, mixed-up group — and I would have been content to remain dormant in the friendly ward forever. My closest friend was Dave Tucker, an actor who had been possessed (literally) by the Devil. Dave had played *The Devil and Daniel Webster* in summer stock a few months before, and while he was immersing himself in the role of Daniel the Devil had gotten inside of his skin. Our unimaginative psychiatrist, unfortunately, couldn't exorcise the Devil from poor old Dave because the doctor didn't believe that the Devil was really under Dave's hide. I didn't believe it either, not at first, although I never expressed my doubts, and besides, I didn't really know.

"The worst thing about him, Hask," Dave told me, "is the constant itching. I itch all the time because he squirms around so much, and scratching can't get to him."

Poor Dave. His discomfort was real enough. Why would any man lie about something like that? But I still couldn't resist, from time to time, giving Dave the business. "Your case is the inevitable result of method acting, Dave," I told him one afternoon, "but it could've been worse."

"How?"

"You could've been playing in *Jumbo*."

"Move!" he said irritably, scratching his chest. "It's your move." And we continued our daily chess game on the sunlit porch.

I see now that it was a mistake to become friends with Dave Tucker, or anyone else, for that matter. It hurt me too much — it was only a few days later — when the Devil finally got him. We were playing chess, as usual, smoking, not saying much of anything, when Dave stage-whispered my name: "Hask! Get the doctor! He's turned on the heat!"

I looked up from the board, and Dave's face was fiery. There was no perspiration. No time. The Devil had caught Dave in an unguarded moment. I rushed frantically into the ward, screaming my head off for the doctor. And although I returned to the porch with Dr. Fellerman within a minute and a half, at the very longest, Dave was dead when we got there. It was a preposterous scene. Impossible. And yet it had happened. The Devil had boiled Dave's blood for him, and fled. I was unreasonable, more than a little hysterical, and I cursed Fellerman for all he was worth (which wasn't much), although it hadn't been entirely his fault — except that he had refused to even pretend belief in Dave's story. The Devil would have taken Dave sooner or later anyway, but the swiftness of the attack unnerved me, and I had a prolonged crying spell. After Dave, I dropped out of the ward activities. No more friends for me — not after Dave — I simply couldn't take it, and I was wise enough to see that I couldn't.

A truly successful, nigrescent state of depression has to be nourished, cherished. The strong black wall can keep everything out and everything in, but it must be built stone by stone. Each brick must be carved patiently from

"That's what I call a Spectacular!"

igneous rock: every added layer must be laid meticulously, with the stones so close together that no mortar is required.

Before I retired to my walled-in garden, I had been well on the road to recovery. All of the written and oral psychological tests had been taken docilely; the needles had been inserted into my scalp for the recording of my brain waves; and I had been a reluctant, but participating, member of Ward Fourteen's group therapy group. We met on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at eleven A.M. in Ward Eleven, under the joint chairmanship and supervision of Doctors Fellerman and Mullinare.

There were four of us, not counting the two doctors (they merely observed and listened): Tommy Amato, the seventeen-year-old son of a well-known movie star (and every night Tommy drowned his bed); Randall Hickman, an ex-hotel manager who had deliberately wrecked his car, and now possessed a corrugated skull and headaches; and Marvin Morris, a songwriter who, like me, had also unsuccessfully attempted suicide.

I never did understand fully what the four of us were supposed to accomplish during these weird, triweekly sessions. The two psychiatrists never uttered a sound; they sat impassively on their metal folding chairs, looking us over like a couple of bespectacled owls caught out in the sunlight at high noon. We — the sick ones — were supposed to discuss our problems; I believe that was the general idea. But the atmosphere in the scaly, gray-walled ward was too depressing for talk of any kind. The first few minutes of every meeting were invariably awkward, taut with the clearings of tense, dry throats. Ward Eleven was an unused ward (by cannily raising its monthly rates, the hospital had managed to rid itself of several unwanted, low-income patients). We sat in a rough semicircle, smoking, trying to avoid looking in the direction of the six unoccupied mattresses on the floor by the doorway. The electroshock machine rested on a small metal stand in one corner of the room, and right next to it was the rubber-sheeted treatment table. When the shock treatments were given early every morning the unconscious bodies were deposited on the mattresses until they recovered, and then the bedazed patients were led away to eat breakfast. No, the atmosphere was not exactly conducive to animated talk, but the hospital was still cramped for space and Ward Eleven had been pressed into service as a group therapy meeting place as well as a treatment room for electroshock therapy.

Although there is a federal law against photographing nuts in a funny factory, these group therapy sessions were great human comedies that should have been put on film. They were the kind of Chaplinesque comedies that cause strong men to weep copious tears. Albert McCleery would have loved to show them live on television's old Cameo Theatre, cutting back and forth from face to face.

After the prolonged silence became almost unbearable, young Tommy was always first to break the unhappy uneasiness.

"I wet my bed again last night." A simple announcement. Tommy was no longer embarrassed by his chronic enuresis, now that the doctors had convinced him that his was a psychosomatic condition, and he felt that we older patients could help him. We were grateful to Tommy every time, of course, for getting us through the sound barrier.

"Did you try elevating your feet?" Marvin would ask eagerly.

"Yes, sir. I slept with three pillows under my feet, but they didn't do any good."

The group therapy session was then under way. We discussed movies, B.B., Russia, bridge, paperback novels, the quality of the hospital food, taxes, the L.A. traffic, the new long-distance dial system; everything, in fact, except our personal, individual problems. Tommy, however, was always provided with several thoughtful suggestions for *his* little problem — not that any of them ever proved to be successful. The two doctors didn't take notes, they never made any comments or suggestions, and they never tried to steer our digressive conversations. For this much we were grateful, all of us, and I believe we did our best to entertain them so they wouldn't be too bored during their listening-in hour. But maybe the meetings did the doctors some good — I really don't know or care. After Dave died, I refused flatly to attend any more of them.

Ward Fourteen wasn't a locked ward, and as its privileged residents, we had considerable freedom within the hospital. There were 16mm movies every night in the patients' lounge; there was a small library, a TV set on the porch, and there was a snack bar, but I gave up these frivolous activities for the full-time occupation of my uncomfortable bedside chair. I ate my three full meals every day, marching to the dining room with the others when it was our ward's turn to eat, but I returned immediately afterward to my chair. After dinner each night I went to bed, sleeping dreamlessly until six-thirty A.M. I could have slept all the time, I think, but we weren't allowed to lie on our beds during the day. Unable to drowse in my hard metal chair, I read and meditated, read and meditated again, and it was always the same book: Thomas Merton's *The Silent Life*.

I was fascinated by the various ac-

Famous ALFRED SHAHEEN, Honolulu and Margie Douglas

The "Cooler"

Margie's newest fashion magic. Wear it straight or belted ALFRED SHAHEEN'S fabulous silky finished Arnel and Cotton Mysteriously hand-tooled metal belt. Lucky coin type buttons. Black, Blue, Bamboo. B to 18

$19.95 postpaid

It's fun to Shop at Margie's

• Los Angeles Canoga Pork Miami •

MONOGRAMMED WITH YOUR OWN TWO INITIALS IN ORIENTAL SCRIPT (no exchanges on monogrammed goods)
4% sales tax in California
SEND FOR MARGIE'S NEW FREE FASHION FOLIO
Mail Margie Douglas DEPT. PB
854 So. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
$10.00 deposit with all C.O.D's.

Hilarious Hit Album of the Broadway Show starring NICHOLS and MAY

Savor the rich wit of America's brightest comedy team. You can't help but enjoy the sophisticated humor and brilliant satire of this original cast album. Perfect entertainment for your parties, too!

Mercury RECORDS

AT YOUR MERCURY RECORD DEALER NOW!

counts of monastery life, particularly the account of the Carthusians, and the way they lived in their isolated hermitages. Here were the men who had discovered the right answer to the complexities of life, and I was saddened by the knowledge that I could never be one of them. These holy monks had a curious mixture of humility and vanity I could never hope to achieve. They believed that if they were humble enough they would see God when they died — surely this was a strange vanity. But I knew that God would never look at a wretch like me. However, there was another way, and now that I had time to think, more time than I had ever had before in my entire life, the new idea appealed to me more and more. To reach the top wasn't too difficult; only a small percentage competed for the top, and I had been up there three different times already. But the pyramid was much broader at the base. How many men had consciously directed every effort toward achieving the absolute bottom of the pile? burrowing their way purposely to the exact center of the bottom of humanity? If I could only get down there, really down, all the way down, and without any outside help — Ah! — here was a unique and terrible aspiration! How? How? A man could meditate forever on this fascinating problem!

My deliberations were interrupted one morning by Dr. Fellerman, who had approached my bed surreptitiously and tapped me on the shoulder. He wanted to know if I would like to talk to him alone in his office twice a week.

"I've got an hour open on Thursday now, and another on Monday. I'll squeeze you in."

"Squeeze in somebody else," I told him coldly. "I have nothing to say to you." Unbidden, he had interrupted a very important train of thought, and I glared at him to express my annoyance. Fellerman was a tall, almost cadaverous-looking man; a tired-faced and ostensibly overworked doctor. In his loose, knee-length white coat, with his humped shoulders, and with his narrow head cocked to one side, he always reminded me of an unskilled mechanic listening for an engine knock.

"And you won't rejoin our group therapy sessions, either?"

"No. But if I happen to come up with a valid suggestion for Tommy Amato," I said sarcastically, "I'll write it down and give it to him in the dining room."

I got to my feet, turned my back on the doctor, and sat down again facing the wall, thereby terminating the unwelcome interview. This brief interchange occurred on a Monday afternoon. On Wednesday morning, right after breakfast, Luchessi, the male nurse, told me that we were going to Dr. Fellerman's office. Any mental patient has the privilege of arguing with his doctor, but only a crazy man will argue with a male nurse. Without protest, I accompanied Luchessi to Fellerman's office.

"I've decided to give you the short series of nine electroshock treatments, Mr. Haskell." Fellerman stated this calmly, without any preamble; the sentence was a nail on a slate.

The hand, my right, carrying the cigarette to my mouth, was arrested in midair. I was astonished, yes, but my fear was even greater. The hairs at the nape of my neck stiffened. The six white-sheeted mattresses on the floor in Ward Eleven appeared vividly, sickeningly, in my mind. And the small electroshock machine, which resembled a cheap portable phonograph more than anything else, became a leather-covered symbol of terror — swift, sudden death!

"No," I managed to say at last, "you aren't serious!"

"I don't know what else to do with you, Mr. Haskell." He shrugged. "Do you still hold the opinion that the Devil, rather than apoplexy, killed your friend, Mr. Tucker?"

"What my opinions happen to be on any subject are not your concern ——"

"But *you* are, as my patient. You won't attend group therapy, you've refused to talk to me, and you aren't getting any better."

"Depression is something I can learn to live with," I said bitterly, "but I can't live with death."

"Now you're being melodramatic."

"Am I? How many people survive electroshock treatments?"

"The fatality percentage is so small we don't even consider it as important any longer — that is, in comparison with the good ——"

"It's important to me! What is the percentage?"

"I don't recall the exact figures, but it's less than one fatality in three or four thousand. And that would be a person with a weak heart, or ——"

"Nine treatments in a row drops those odds down to a damned dangerous level!"

"If we thought there was any real danger, Mr. Haskell, we wouldn't consider electroshock therapy. You're a strong, healthy young man, except for being a little overweight; and to lessen the convulsion we'll give you curare to relax you."

"Poison? I see. If the shock doesn't kill me the curare will! Is that the idea?"

"I assure you, Mr. Haskell, you have nothing to worry about. The treatments start tomorrow morning. Don't go to breakfast with your ward."

"And if I refuse?"

"Don't you want to get well?"

"Not if I have to take shock treatments I don't!"

"There's absolutely no pain, Haskell."

"I don't care about the pain, but I don't want to lose my memory. My memories may be bitter, but they're all I've got left, and I want every single one of them."

"There is a slight memory loss, but it's only a temporary condition."

"I don't care to discuss it. I refuse to take the treatments, and that's final!" The forgotten cigarette burned my fingers, and I dropped it into his desk ashtray — a white ceramic skull. The ashtray alone was the key to the psychiatrist's sadistic nature.

"The choice isn't yours to make, Haskell," he reminded me.

"You're frightening me, Doctor ——"

"You needn't be. Your wife has consented to the treatments."

"I don't believe you!"

"It's true, nevertheless. Don't build these simple shock treatments up out of all proportion in your mind. If all goes well, and it often does, you may not need nine of them. Sometimes six are plenty, and you'll be going home before you know it."

"But I don't *want* to go home!" I wailed. Despite my shame, I couldn't prevent the tears that streamed down my face. "All I want, all I ever wanted, is to be let alone. . ." Blubbering helplessly into my sleeve, I stumbled blindly out of his office, and Luchessi took me back to the ward.

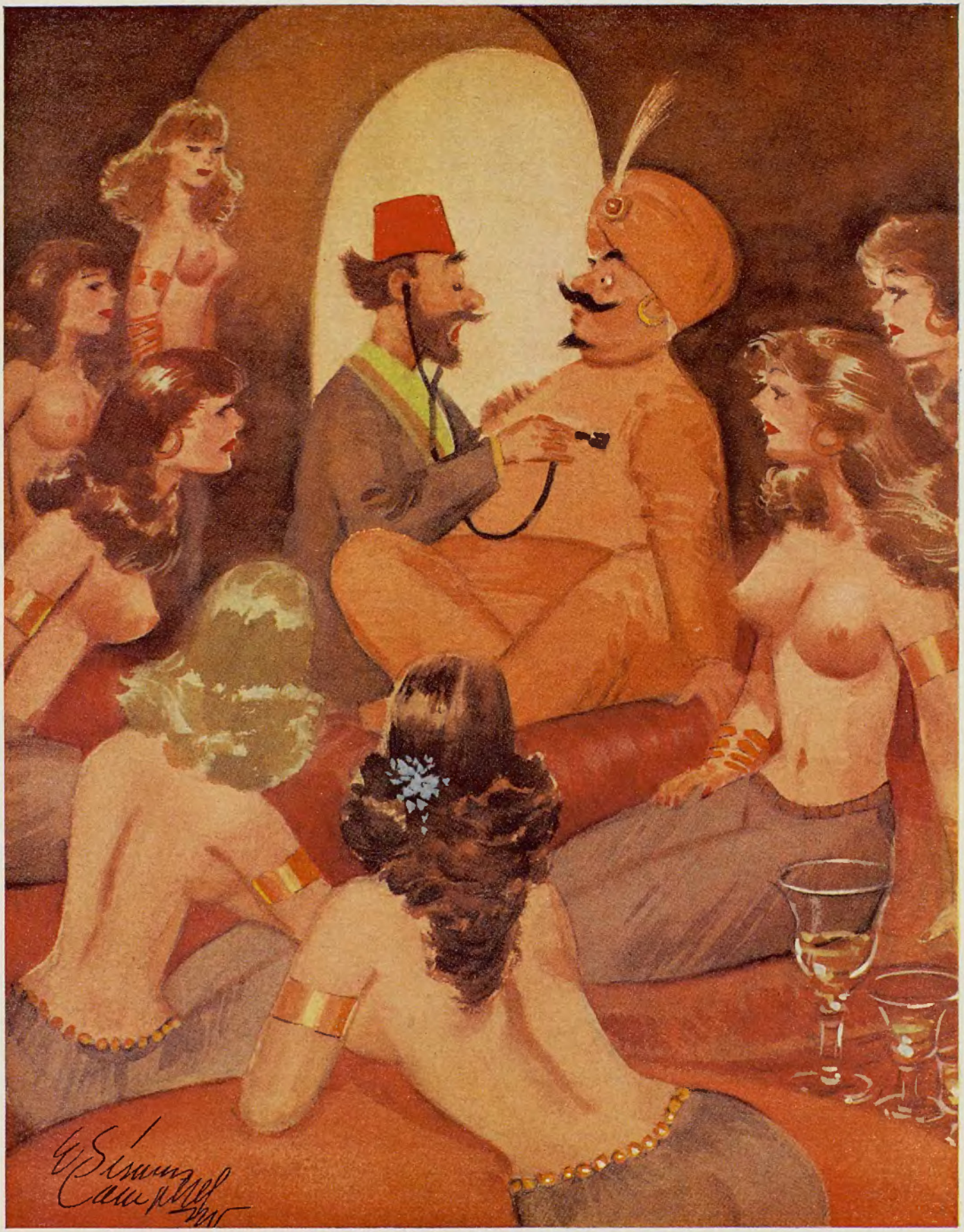
A few minutes later, and considerably calmer, I realized upon reflection that most of my scanty knowledge about electroshock therapy had been learned second-hand from a fellow patient, Nathan Becker, during bull sessions on the porch. Unintentionally, perhaps, Nate had implanted a dread of the little machine in my head by innocently underplaying the description of his own course of treatments.

"I didn't mind too much," he told me quietly. His dark, sienna eyes already had a puzzled expression, and at the time, he had only had three treatments. "On the first one I asked to go first because I was scared and I wanted to get it over with. I climbed up on the table in Ward Eleven and the four nurses — Luchessi's one of them — all got a good hold on my pajamas and dressing gown. One guy held onto my feet. When the electricity shoots through your brain you get one helluva big convulsion, you see, and if these guys didn't hold you in a tight brace you'd get your back broke. Anyway, Dr. Fellerman slipped the little harness over my head. There's a chromium electrode that clamps tight over each temple. Then they stick a curved piece of rubber hose in your mouth to bite down on. If they didn't, you'd bite off your tongue, I suppose. And that's it."

"What do you mean, that's it?" I asked tensely.

"Blooey, that's all."

"Blooey?"



"I know you rest in the daytime, but it's sleep at night that's important."

"Blooey. I didn't feel anything. Next thing I know I'm awake and looking up at the ceiling, only instead of being on the table I'm flat on my back on one of those mattresses in Ward Eleven. You know the — — "

"I know, I know. But what did you feel? Did you have any screwy dreams while you were out, or anything like that?"

"No, I don't think so." He shook his head. "Just blooey, that's all. One minute I'm wide awake, a little scared, looking up at Dr. Fellerman's face, and then I'm on the mattress looking at the ceiling instead. A funny feeling. Soon's the orderly sees you're awake he sends you across the hall to the kitchen in Ward Ten for scrambled eggs. You can get 'em any way you want, but I always get mine scrambled."

"But there must be more to the shocks than that, Nate. You make the whole thing sound too simple."

"It is simple, Hask. I watched some of the other guys before I took my second treatment to see how it worked with them. And that was it. Soon's the electrodes are in place Dr. Fellerman turns the two knobs on the machine. There can't be more than a hundred and ten volts, because the cord's plugged into the wall socket — and Dr. Fellerman watches the needle pretty close."

"What's this about the needle?"

"The needle on the gauge. The machine is preset, but there isn't any rheostat, or whatever you want to call it. So when the needle hits the right number on the gauge the doctor just turns off the machine. And that's it."

"But the patient on the table: what kind of a convulsion does he have?"

"You can't really tell, not with all those guys holding him and all. But all in all, it's a very humane machine, Hask. I imagine the electric chair works the same way when they execute somebody. They shove the guy in the chair, flip the old switch, and blooey, that's all. Of course," Nate frowned, "they have to strap the guy into the electric chair because the voltage is so much more powerful." He giggled. "The guy's backbone probably snaps like a match anyway, but he's dead by that time so it doesn't make any difference."

Nate Becker was no longer with us. The course of shock treatments had helped him — perhaps they had eliminated his mental depression altogether — and he had been discharged from the hospital. But after a very few treatments he had developed a frowning, perplexed expression. He had been unable to recall entering the hospital, or any of the events that had occurred for several months prior to his admission. I had talked to him several times before his release, and except for his loss of memory, which bothered him considerably, he was a rational, perfectly normal — nothing. That was it, nothing! He was neither depressed nor elated. He was stonily indifferent, and he had *believed* Dr. Fellerman when he was told that his memory would return, all in good time.

But I didn't believe it, not for a second!

My palms perspired. My throat was dry. For the very first time in my life I knew *true* fear! Ordinary fear was a familiar emotion I had known intimately, many times — the fear of losing an arm or a leg or an eye in battle, when I had fought (for a blissfully short three months toward the very end) in Korea; the fear of being broke, the fear of success, and the fear of failure; and certainly, the fear of death. And I had also known that secret, unvoiced fear, the kind no one ever admits to anybody, and only rarely to himself: the terror of afterdeath! Is there an afterlife or isn't there? and if there is, how will a man fare there? Will he be able to withstand the punishment meted out to him according to his earthly record?

But what were any of these childish, mundane fears compared to the worst fate on earth, the worst possible misfortune that could happen to mortal man? The fear of becoming a *vegetable*! Could any misfortune be greater?

His memories, and his ability to laugh at his own stupidities; when the chips are finally down, these are all that a man has left to him. Otherwise, a man is a turnip, a pine tree, a daisy, a weed, existing through the grace of the sun and photosynthesis during the day, and ridding himself of excess carbon dioxide during the long night. I was still a fairly young man, but if the choice had been the simple one of sudden and lasting death, I could have faced it. Perhaps I even could have mustered some show of insouciant bravery — I didn't really know.

But I had only to go to one of the glass windows on the porch and look out over the verdant hospital grounds. On a warm day there were always five or six hospitalized human vegetables sitting on benches beneath the sun. Most of them were old men, white-thatched, perfectly harmless, and they were allowed to remain outside all day long when the weather was nice. They never bothered anyone, they didn't talk, they didn't think, they couldn't remember anything, not even their names, and their ability to laugh was completely gone. Plants. Vegetables.

Mental patients live for an uncommonly long time, and I was only thirty-two. I was also blessed with that accursed trait that every actor or director must have to achieve any kind of success in the world of make-believe: the ability

"Darling, I think it may be wisest for you to remain out of sight while I negotiate this loan."

to put myself into someone else's place. I could project myself into the future, near and far; Haskell the Vegetable, sitting in the sunlight year after year until he was a feeble old man of eighty — no, ninety! — the damned busybody medicos were learning more about geriatrics every day!

No longer was I Haskell the Arrogant, the one man in Hollywood who had never taken anything from anybody. I was transformed almost instantaneously by my cool, logical imagination into Haskell the Abject, Haskell the Craven, Haskell the Beggar. If Dr. Fellerman wanted me to crawl I would crawl. If he wanted to see me humbled, or if he wanted his feet washed, I would wash his feet and anoint them with scented oils. The gelid dread that clutched my entrails was panicky, and there was so little time! The relentless clock above Luchessi's desk told me that it was 11:40. I had to see Fellerman now, before he left the hospital at noon. When tomorrow morning came it would be too late; they would inject their South American curare into my veins and destroy my mind forever with their machine. Controlling my inner conflict as well as I could, I headed for the nurse's desk at the end of the ward.

"You should've reminded me, Luchessi," I said smiling, "about the group therapy session in Ward Eleven."

"I thought you dropped out of group therapy?" But he wasn't suspicious; he was already filling in a hall pass for me.

"I did for a while, but I was supposed to start again today. That's what the doctor wanted to talk to me about this morning."

"You're late, you know." Luchessi handed me the pass. "But it isn't my fault."

"It's mine, I know, but I simply forgot about it. It's probably too late to go at all now, but if I didn't show up anyway, Dr. Fellerman would say that I was being uncooperative. You know how he is."

"Sure. You'd better get a move on."

I had escaped legally from the ward. Despite our privileges in the unlocked ward, we weren't allowed to wander around the hospital without an official pass and a destination of some kind. But nobody stopped me. When I reached Ward Eleven the group therapy session was just breaking up. Tommy Amato was the first patient through the door. I nodded to him absently, brushed by the three other emerging patients and entered the ward. Dr. Fellerman and Dr. Mullinare were still seated on their folding metal chairs, holding a postmortem, I supposed, on the lately departed quartet of singers. I hesitated just inside the doorway, not allowing my eyes to look toward the right and the electroshock machine and treatment table.

"All better, Mr. Nelson — you'll be out of here in no time."

"Hello there, Haskell!" Dr. Mullinare called out cheerily. "Long time no see!" (This Mullinare character was a real cornball.)

"Good morning, Dr. Mullinare," I responded pleasantly. "Sorry to intrude on you gentlemen this way, but I wanted to talk for a few moments with Dr. Fellerman." I moved toward them, holding myself stiffly erect.

"That's quite all right, Haskell," Fellerman said. "We're finished here." He winked at Mullinare. "We can talk about that later; all right, Frank?"

"Sure." Mullinare clasped my shoulder with a sweaty, meaty hand. "We've missed you at our little sessions, Haskell," he said lightly.

"I've missed them too, Doctor," I lied. "Perhaps Dr. Fellerman will let me rejoin the group?"

Mullinare didn't reply. He left the ward, closing the doors behind him. I wet my parched lips, wondering how to begin. The practiced silence peculiar to psychiatrists puts every patient on the defensive. These doctors rarely, if ever, ask questions, except perhaps with their incurious, unblinking eyes — but even their eyes are distorted, as a rule, behind glasses. Fellerman, his skinny shoulders hunched, his narrow head cocked to the right as he looked up at me from his seated position, gave me no encouragement whatsoever. His face was as impersonal as doom. How could any man, a human being, approach such a machine?

"I've been hoping, sir," I began humbly (it was the first time I had addressed another male as "sir" since the age of twelve), "that you might reconsider the idea of putting me on shock treatments. My attitude has been poor all along, sir, and I realize that now. And I apologize. If I am to help myself, I must cooperate fully with you and the other members of the staff. And I want you to know, Dr. Fellerman, I'm ready to turn over a new leaf. If you'll allow me to do so, I'll return gladly to the group therapy sessions. And if you still have those two free hours a week open you mentioned, I'd like to take advantage of them as well. Why, when I finally managed to get it through this thick, dumb head of mine, Doctor, that I was only hurting myself by my poor attitude, I began to feel better right away. Yes, sir, and that's the truth! Why, I'm not nearly as depressed as I was when I talked to you earlier this morning!"

I essayed a little laugh then, and it was indeed a pitiful, strangling sound. Is there anything more heart-rending than the sound of forced, false gaiety?

"And what's more, sir," I continued doggedly, "my change in attitude will be beneficial to my fellow patients, too. Out in the hall just now, when I bumped

"Of course, when we were first married we were compatible. Sometimes as often as three or four times a night."

into young Tommy Amato, I realized how selfish I've been all along, thinking only of myself instead of the others. And as you may remember, Doctor, I talked quite a bit at group therapy, just as much if not more than any of the other patients. I've got a *good* mind, Doctor, an inventive mind, and if I put all of my intelligence to work, I'll bet you anything you want to wager that I can come up with a valid solution to Tommy's bed-wetting problem! Yes, sir! If you'll cancel those shock treatments I'll get a notebook and pencil and start working on Tommy's problem right away. I know it sounds funny, now that I'm a mental patient, but when I was in college I got straight A's in Logic. And I'll also bet you, sir" (for a brief instant I considered injecting another forced, merry little laugh into my monolog, but I swiftly changed my mind, knowing I couldn't pull it off convincingly) "that once I solve Tommy's problem I'll also solve my own!

"From what little knowledge I've picked up about Freud — of course, I don't know nearly as much as you do, what with your wonderful training and the brilliant record you've established and all — but it's a sign of progress, isn't it? I mean, when a mental patient starts to think about other people instead of himself, isn't that an indication of recovery? Well, maybe not. But what I want to get over to you is that I'm not in any badly depressed state any longer. Electroshock treatments are for people who really need them. And when we get into our private consultations — just you and I alone — I don't like to confess really personal things in a group session, but when it's only you and I, I'll tell you everything, anything you want to know!"

Involuntarily, in the face of his silence, my voice dropped down to an aspirate whisper. "For instance, when my wife and I were first married we were very much in love, Doctor. And some of the things we did together — sex play, I guess you'd call it — were pretty unusual. I know you want to go home to lunch now, but when we meet alone I'll tell you about every intimate thing we did together. They were really sordid, some of the things we did, at least from a Freudian point of view, but I'll tell you all the details. I'll even make notes if you want me to, so I don't forget a single moment. I'll do anything, anything, only please, please, please. . ."

I was unable to continue. Dr. Fellerman's impassive expression hadn't changed once as I had talked. Nothing I had said (or possibly could say) made any impression on the man. I dropped abjectly to my knees, and kissed the toes of his shoes. He wore black, rather old-fashioned, high-topped shoes, and white cotton socks. And I was furious with myself because I couldn't cry. The needed tears wouldn't come, and I had a desperate need for every crutch on the emotional scale to elicit sympathy from this stone, this dehumanized machine —

"Get up, Haskell, get up from the floor."

"Yes, sir." I scrambled to my feet. "You'll take me back in group therapy, Doctor? And you won't put me on shock treatments?"

He got up from the chair, stretching his long arms as he yawned, and *yawn* he did! "No, Haskell, the shock treatments will do you a lot of good." Without a backward glance, he started toward the exit.

Before he took three steps I caught up with him. My fingers dug deeply into his throat before he could cry out. He struggled, but he didn't have a chance. Despite his height, he didn't weigh more than a hundred and fifty pounds. I kicked his feet out from under him and followed him to the floor, still clutching his scrawny neck. I squeezed relentlessly until my fingers tingled with pain, but the moment his body went limp I dragged him to the treatment table in the corner. Using hastily ripped strips of sheeting I snatched from one of the mattresses on the floor, I tied his body to the table. As I began to stuff his slack mouth with wadded paper towels from the pile on the metal stand, Fellerman gagged slightly and opened his eyes. Without his glasses, which had been dislodged during our one-sided wrestling match, his brown eyes were very expressive indeed, particularly when I slipped the elastic harness over his head and adjusted the shiny electrodes to his temples.

A simple, impersonal, uncomplicated machine. I plugged the cord into the wall outlet, turned the two plastic knobs to the right as far as they would go, and left them there. The black, sensitive needle beneath the glass of the gauge hit the red plus-pole so hard it almost bent. The convulsions were terrible. I couldn't bear the sight of this long, skinny body buckling and jerking beneath the steady flow of electricity. But it was no hallucination; I can see him still through my own eyes.

Turning away, I lit a cigarette. And as I hurried back down the corridor to my ward (it was time to get into the lunch line for the march to the dining room), I considered the involved technical problems of capturing this unusual scene on film from a director's point of view. Handled right, with an exceptionally good score on the sound track, the scene would scare hell out of an average movie audience. But one mistake of any kind, a slip-up, and they would burst into embarrassed, giggling laughter. For the discreet, unblinking eye of the camera, sympathy for either one character or the other would have to be firmly established prior to showing the scene. And who would the hero be? Fellerman or me?

I never took any electroshock treatments, that much I know for certain. But although I won the battle with Fellerman, I lost the war with the hospital. They gave me insulin shock treatments instead, and they were started before my transfer came through. The nurses came for me early in the mornings, jerking me out of sleep, dragging me, kicking and screaming, down the dark halls to the unnumbered soundproofed room. When my ankles and wrists were bound with loops of gauze to the bedstead, they forced the sugar-eating, mind-destroying plungerfuls of insulin into my terror-stricken body. And the long insulin comas were much worse than the brief electroshocks could possibly have been. Strange things happened to me during the comas; some of them were imaginary, but many of them were real. I know that they were real!

• • •

"What's the matter, Haskell? Are you all right?" Ruben sounds as if he is genuinely concerned.

"Sorry, Ruben. But I'm all right. Every once in a long while one of those screams gets away from me before I can catch it. I'm sorry, but after all, if I wasn't crazy I wouldn't be lodged permanently in the State Asylum for the Criminally Insane — or would I?"

"Well, you'd better take a towel and wipe your face. Your head is soaking wet."

"Sure. I'll do that."

"Would you like a hooker of paraldehyde to go to sleep on? You're entitled to a two-ounce shot if you want it."

"No. No thanks. I'll be all right."

"Then take it easy, Haskell. I don't want old man Reddington to get started again."

He closed the door, and this time he locked it. Ruben is a nice guy. But I'll have to watch myself more closely. I can't afford the risk of being put on insulin shocks again. Despite the wide gaps in my memory a continuity pattern is already discernible. And if I ever do regain my memory in its entirety, they won't be able to bounce me out of here as long as I keep the information to myself. I doubt if they would ever consider seriously the idea of trying me for the murder of Fellerman, but they would dearly love to throw me back into the outside rat-race again. But to keep my low position on the bottom of the pile, all I have to do is keep my big mouth shut.

And I'm just the man who can do it, too. As Ruben so wisely remarked, I'm the only nut in his whole ward who's got any sense.

THE BRITISH
Byford
WOOL SOCK

Fitting and proper

There's superb British "woolmanship" in every pair of Byford Socks. Beautifully made, of an exclusive Australian wool, for years of smart, shrinkless service. Many colors and styles in anklet ($1.50) or garter length ($1.75). At fine stores.

FINE BYFORD SWEATERS, TOO

BRITISHERS WEAR 'EM ALL YEAR 'ROUND

FASHIONABLE CHOICE

Here's the last word in casual "bunnywear", a fashionable long-staple combed-cotton shirt, distinctively emblazoned with the PLAYBOY rabbit. Both PLAYBOY and PLAYMATE SHIRTS available in red, black, white, stone blue, manila, antique gold, pewter green, azure blue, and smoke, in small, medium and large sizes. (The PLAYBOY SHIRT is also available in extra large.) $5 each, ppd. Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY SHIRTS, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

PLAYBOY CLUB Members may charge to their key numbers.

COMICS

(continued from page 78)

enviable reputation in the book and magazine field, he moved into the comics, bringing with him an ability with pen and ink that has seldom been excelled to this day. He had the good sense not to try for funny animals or humorous grotesques. Instead, he created the first of the "realistic strips," *Little Nemo*. The draftsmanship, with its unprecedented use of perspective, and its Maxfield Parrish–like settings, was a miracle of skill combined with imagination. The story itself was fantastic, following a typical seven- or eight-year-old boy through the land of his dreams. No one with eyes in his head could resist the strip. And it is a mark of the ageless beauty of *Little Nemo* that when it was reprinted, forty years after its first appearance, most people thought it was a new feature.

According to Arthur Brisbane, Harry Hershfield's *Abie the Agent* was "the first of the adult comics in America." Hershfield produced a gentle strip about a mild, sweet-tempered Jew and charmed the world, for a while. Abie spoke in an odd dialect, when he spoke at all, which was seldom, and probably accomplished much in the fight against prejudice.

August 3, 1913, saw the first appearance of *Bringing Up Father* and its protagonist, the mighty Jiggs. To George McManus, who had already achieved fame with such pioneering efforts as *Alma and Oliver, Snoozer, Let George Do It* and *Panhandle Pete*, it was only another comic strip. But Jiggs caught on fast. People fell in love with the little Irishman and sympathized with him in his problem, which was that of a simple, honest man who likes the simple, honest things of life (viz., corned beef and cabbage, billiards, poker) but is forbidden to enjoy them. Jiggs and his termagant wife Maggie were *nouveaux riches*. After many years of happy penury, suddenly they had become millionaires. Jiggs did not see why this should make any great difference in his life, but Maggie had other ideas. Now that we're rich, she said, brandishing her rolling pin, we're going to act the part. Whereupon Jiggs found himself a prisoner of his own ambition, forced to brave the wrath of wife, daughter, servants and business associates, in order to partake of pleasures he'd previously taken for granted. The message was comforting, particularly during the Depression: don't hanker after material wealth — you might end up like Jiggs.

Of course, you might also end up like that other son of Eire, George McManus, who lived a rich, full life, apparently undisturbed by the fat bank account he acquired thanks to Jiggs — whom he strikingly resembled, by the way.

Not so well remembered as Jiggs, but equally famous in his day, was *Barney Google*. Barney began life, in 1919, as a bug-eyed shrimp devoted, like Augustus Mutt, to the Sport of Kings. He made bets, lost them, and cringed at the invective of a shrewish and domineering wife, and it appeared that he would go the way of a hundred similar clichés. Then, on July 17, 1922, Barney met Spark Plug. No sadder horse existed, no heart was so easily broken nor so full of love for Google. The little fellow's character changed almost overnight. Now that someone really cared for him, he dropped his wiseacre mannerisms and became, in time, the sweet soul Spark Plug had known him to be all along.

Barney rode high for almost two decades; then his creator, Billy DeBeck, introduced him to the various members of an Ozark family named Smith, and that was the beginning of Barney's decline. No saint has ever been able to match a rascal in popularity. And no more rascally figure than Snuffy Smith could be found on the comic scene. Snuffy, his long-suffering wife Lowizie, and his wild offspring Jughaid, thrust Barney from the center of the stage and, with an angry "Balls o' fire!" took over the strip. Together, these children of DeBeck's imagination contributed more valuable words and phrases to the public vocabulary than any group of real-life people had done for twenty years. From them we inherited "google-eyed," "heebie-jeebies," "tetched in the haid," the aforementioned "Balls o' fire!" and many more. DeBeck died in 1943, but there was no change in Barney or Snuffy. Fred Lasswell wisely refused to "bring them up to date."

Another example of a minor character's taking over from the ostensibly more important characters may be found in Raeburn Van Buren's strip, which for some reason is still called *Abbie 'n' Slats*, although an unsanitary old curmudgeon known as Bathless Groggins long ago took the stage away from the title twosome. Van Buren, an able draftsman, usually finds some excuse to involve Bathless in adventures with dusky harem beauties. They are decorously brassiered, as a rule, but once Van Buren managed to slip past editors a harem episode in which one or two of the houris were drawn bare-bosomed, complete with nipples. Sad to relate, the bras were back on in the very next episode.

Now the question of art must raise its Janus head again, for it is time to speak of *Krazy Kat*. George Herriman was an artist in the sense that he drew pictures; he was a great artist in the sense that the pictures he drew were examples of great comic art; whether or not he was an artist in the sense of our current interpretation of that ill-used word is a matter of personal opinion. Learned students of the field have ranked him with Chaplin, and his cre-

ation, Krazy, with Don Quixote. Others think he was simply a good cartoonist who happened to have a screw or two loose in his head. Out of the debate one fact emerges healthy and unbruised: Herriman and Krazy were the most original fun-makers of their time. They were natural phenomena, without ancestors and without heirs, absolutely unique in a world where nothing new is supposed to happen under the sun. There was nothing like them before. There has been nothing like them since. And that cannot be said of any other comic strip. Who can forget those mysterious, ever-changing landscapes (located somewhere in mythical Coconico County); that trinity of fools — Offissa Pup, Ignatz Mouse and Krazy — who existed for and by themselves; the inevitable brick (POW!) hurled with love; and the jail that appeared like magic out of the Coconico dust? From the chaos came order, and no one questioned the order, for like the genius he was — if only at so humble a profession as cartooning — Herriman managed to create a microcosm and make it work.

A lesser talent was that of Sidney Smith. Nevertheless, because of a shrewd bargaining sense and the popularity of *The Gumps*, Smith became the first millionaire in the business. Unfortunately, he never got to enjoy his wealth, for on the day he signed his now-famous million-dollar contract he was involved in an automobile accident, suffering fatal injuries. The Gumps weren't particularly funny, nor were they well drawn. Andy, the protagonist, managed to look like a circus freak — huge nose, cigar-shaped mustache, no chin, a grotesque hole in his neck for a mouth — and, at the same time, like everybody's dad: a peculiar triumph. Min, his wife, was simply a witch. Yet they were accepted by America, and soon the Family Situation dominated the comics. Most of these strips were poor but they prepared the way for such genuinely worth-while efforts as *Out Our Way*, *The Timid Soul* and *Blondie*.

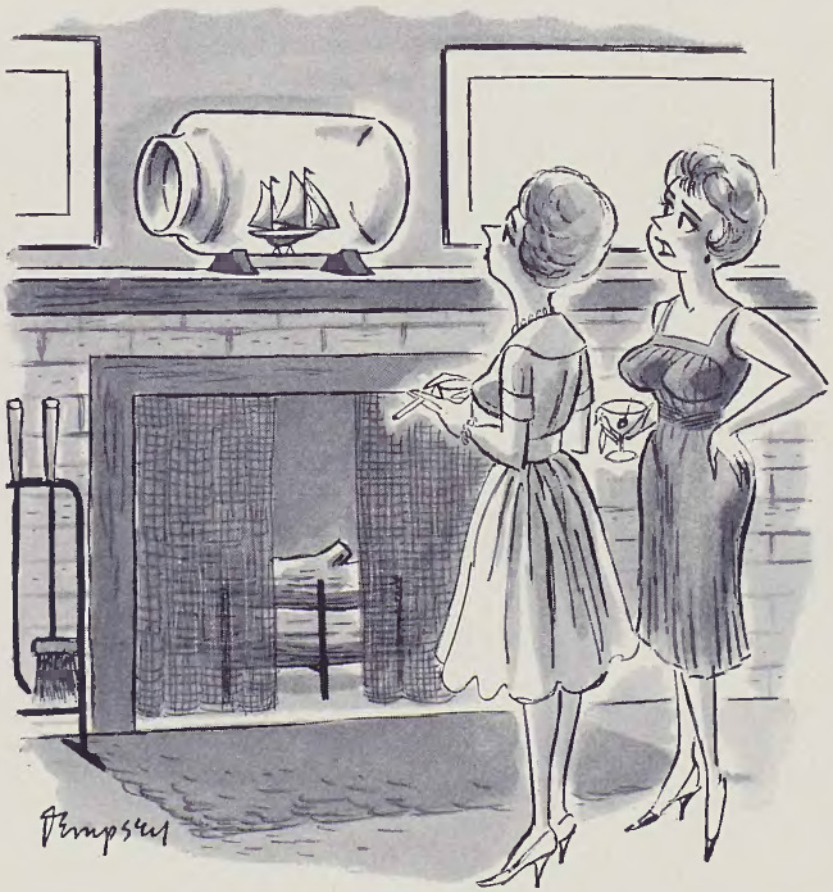
Neither *Toonerville Trolley* nor *Harold Teen* were Family Situation strips, though both were about families. Fontaine Fox gave us a stylized, economical, frequently sophisticated and always zany feature: the trolley began as his memory of an actual conveyance, but it is difficult to believe that Fox ever knew anyone remotely like The Terrible Tempered Mister Bang or Powerful Katrinka or Mickey (Himself) McGuire. Carl Ed's *Harold Teen* started at the top and stayed there for generations. Harold and his friend Shadow always managed to keep a jump ahead of the real-life teenagers, and so the characters never became dated.

In an odd way, *Smokey Stover* was born dated. Yet Bill Holman's wacky fireman never has conformed to an actual period, perhaps because he has never lived in an actual world. Understand NOTARY SOJAC and FOO and you understand the strip.

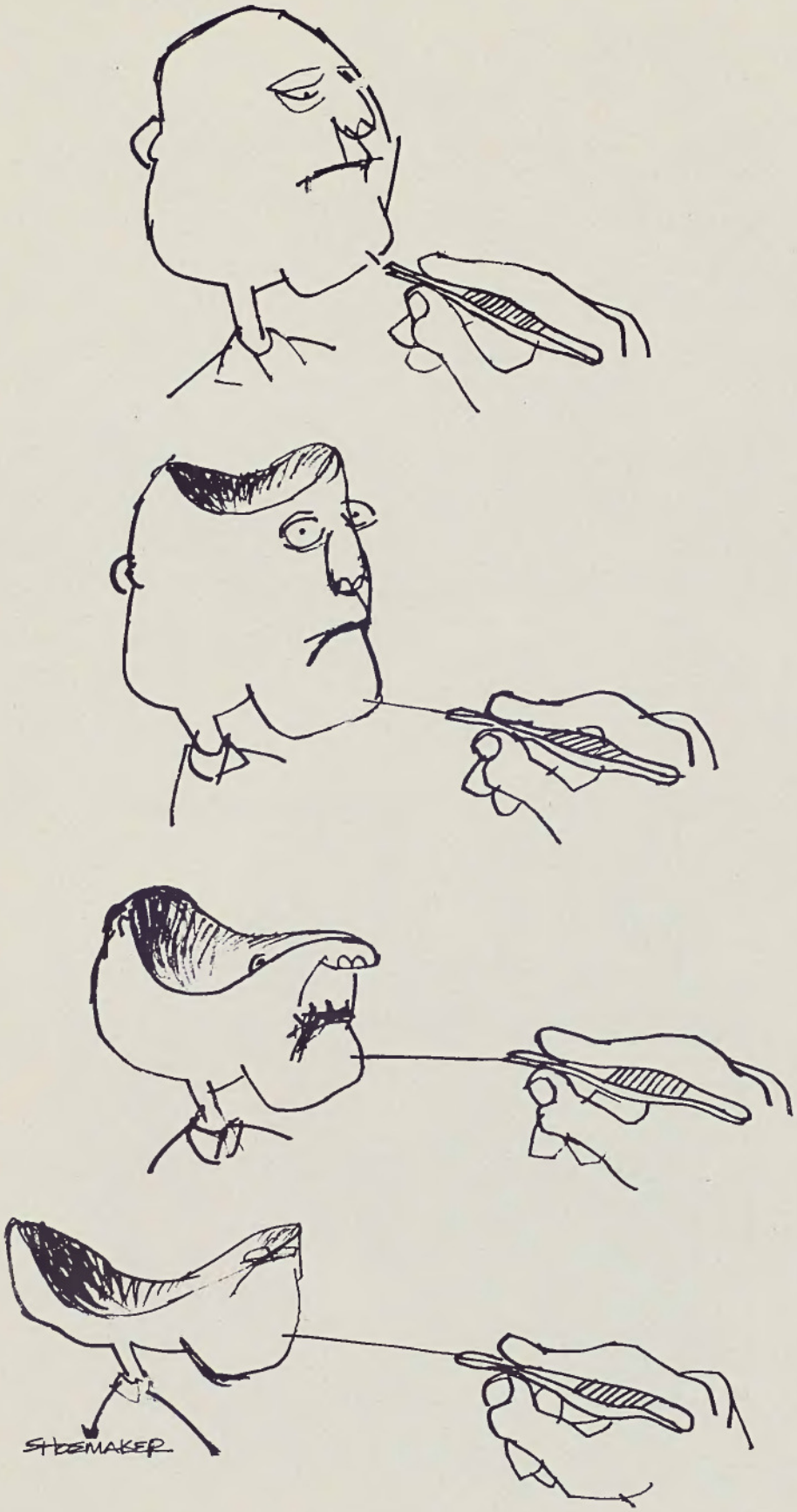
• • •

By the time of World War I, the technique of the comic strip had reached its present form. There have been refinements since then, but no significant changes. The across-the-page panels, the "speech balloons," the heavy outlines, the sound effects, even the punctuation (sentences are never said in comicland; since the days when periods, being tiny, got lost in the crude printing processes, characters have always exclaimed!!!!) — all were standard operating procedure forty-five years ago. For some reason, people picked up instantly on the cartoonists' various codes and symbols, even while they were vociferously rejecting the less arcane experiments of modern artists, poets and composers. If a cartoonist wished to get across the idea that his character was in the grip of anxiety or fear, he drew little droplets of perspiration about the character's head. Embarrassment was shown by a number of lines across the face, surprise by a general paralysis of the body, a bugging of the eyes and a straight-up flight of hat and hair. No emotion, however subtle, escaped the swift invention of those early comic artists. They were able, through a thousand and one stylized devices, to depict the whole complex structure of man's nature. Stream of consciousness, for example, was a commonplace in comics before most of us had heard of James Joyce. Surrealism and Dadaism outraged a world which had long before accepted the fanciful flights of George Herriman. Even before the turn of the century, comic artists were making use of sound effects, too. At first they all relied upon the stock BANG! POW! and SOCK!, then Dirks began to think up new words and the others followed suit. Soon each cartoonist had his own store of effects, some ideal, some outlandish. In fifty years, for example, guns have gone: BANG! BLAM! CRASH! CRACK! CHOW! and even BURP! (At Dell, publishers of the world's largest line of comic magazines, there is a rule which forbids the depiction or mention of alcohol, or any establishment brewing, selling or dispensing it. A puckish cartoonist finally satisfied a lifetime ambition by making *his* gun go: BAR-ROOM!)

For a long time, the comics were meant to be comical. Frank King started *Gasoline Alley* (in 1919) as a humorous comment on America's love affair with automobiles, for example, but the strip soon changed into a Family Situation and humor was traded for warmth. Walt Wallet and his foundling son Skeezix exuded appeal, behaving in a manner which most people took to be normal. Nothing startling here, nothing wild —



"That, you might say, has been the story of Ralph's life."



except the wildest and most startling innovation of all, begun by King. These comic characters, and these alone, obeyed the laws of time. While Mutt and Jeff and Skippy and Harold Teen remained the same age always, existing in one suspended moment of forever, the Wallet family grew older every day, just like people; we watched Skeezix turn into an adult, before our eyes.

Harold Gray's *Little Orphan Annie* was also realistic, but Gray's methods were different. Annie is thirty-six years old now, but, apart from a slightly more attractive hair-do, she is still the same spavined, piteous, blank-eyed little waif the world first took to its heart in 1924. (Those famed blank eyes sprouted pupils, suddenly, for a short period in the Forties, but the heresy was soon squelched.) The strip has always been straight soap opera. Annie and her over-age dog, Sandy, have blundered in and out of situations that would tax the resources of Superman, but invariably Annie has emerged daisy-fresh and undismayed. The truth is, she is far from piteous. Thanks to her creator, she is perhaps the most willful and stubborn female since Carrie Nation, and probably more dangerous. In a strip that reaches millions of young readers, Annie has advocated capital punishment, abolition of unions, impeachment of a President (F.D.R.) and the establishment of an aristocratic government — preferably headed by a munitions magnate along the lines of the story's beneficent hero, Daddy Warbucks.

Science-fiction would seem a natural theme for comics, but only three such strips managed to take hold. *Buck Rogers* was the first. Created by John F. Dille in 1929, and drawn by Lieutenant Dick Calkins, this strip — set five hundred years in the future — became an immediate hit with the public. The ideas were far-out — space travel, paralysis ray pistols (remember *zap?*) and — in a 1939 panel — the devastation of an atomic war, after which we were urged to join the Buck Rogers Solar Scouts so that Earth might be defended against such attack. Buck's cohorts were a shapely blonde female soldier named Lieutenant Wilma Deering and a bulb-headed scientific genius, Doctor ("Heh!") Huer. Buck's antagonists were snarling, mustachioed Killer Kane, the sinuous Ardala, and assorted extra-terrestrials such as the Tiger Men of Mars. *Flash Gordon*, which came after *Buck*, took place not in the future but on the fictional planet Mongo, ruled by the strangely Asian emperor, Ming the Merciless. Flash was an athletic Apollo of an Earthman, and, like Buck Rogers, numbered among his cronies a beautiful chick (Dale Arden) and a Great Scientist (black-bearded Dr. Zarkov). Thanks to Alex Raymond's superb draftsmanship, the most outlandish other-worldly

creatures (hawkmen, lionmen, two-headed dragons) were lifelike, hence frightening. Also lifelike, but far from frightening, were Alex Raymond's females — Princess Aura, the Witch Queen of Mongo, and Dale herself — most of whom in the strip's heyday went around in get-ups that were translucent, or low-cut, or slit-skirt, or belly-baring, or all four. *Brick Bradford* used a time-traveling machine (the Time Top) as his gimmick. It was effective and allowed Brick — a Flash-like hero with curly locks and a way with curvilinear, underdressed females — to engage in many wild adventures in time and space; but the strip was not distinctive enough to command a great following, and so, after a few years, Brick Bradford rode his Time Top into the past, where he remains.

Alley Oop began in the past, but this vaguely Popeye-shaped caveman soon established a record for restlessness unmatched by any other comic character. When his creator, V. T. Hamlin, tired of the distant Fictitious Era (zillions of years ago, when men rode pet dinosaurs), he catapulted Oop through time to the Twentieth Century. For fifteen years the gruff, no-nonsense prehistoric man has been shuttling in and out of most of the great periods of history.

Perhaps neither fantasy nor science-fiction — in light of today's discoveries in the field of hypnosis — *Mandrake the Magician* continues, after almost two decades, to enchant Americans. With his tiny mustache, patent-leather hair, top hat and opera cape, Mandrake looks either like an old-time movie heavy or the guy who never found out that not all hair dressings are greasy. He is neither. He is the world's greatest hypnotist, numbering among his accomplishments the power to create individual and mass hallucinations at a moment's notice and to turn his head into a kind of motion picture projector (he faces a blank wall, twin beams of light stab out from his eyes, and we are treated to a Technicolor movie of his inmost thoughts). Needless to say, Mandrake wages unending war with the underworld.

Prince Valiant must be included in this general category, for despite artist Hal Foster's meticulous attention to historical detail, he is essentially a fantasy man. The strip is alive with legends and myths, and always has been. It shows us what a Viking ship looks like but it also shows us a sword that sings and a dark sorcerer named Merlin who can pluck daemons out of the air and put them to work for him. Because of these threads of fantasy interwoven into the bright tapestry of fact, and because of Foster's magnificent art-work, the Duke of Windsor has stated, unequivocally, that *Prince Valiant* is "the greatest contribution to English literature in the past hundred years."

Chick Young's *Blondie* was perhaps the first strip to appeal equally to young and old. In the beginning she was an inane little flapper, and Dagwood was a John Held, Jr., type: rich, spoiled, stupid. All that changed when Dagwood's father disinherited him. He moved to the suburbs, went to work for Mr. Dithers, and settled in as an authentic piece of Americana. In him every housewife saw her bumbling but basically lovable husband; and in Blondie, every male saw the perfect wife.

A national favorite, after thirty years, is *Popeye*. He first appeared in a daily panel called *Thimble Theatre*, created by a fair-to-middling cartoonist named Elzie Segar. Segar had been drawing for several years, without any particular distinction. People sort of went for Olive Oyl and her addlepated brother Castor, but the feature could hardly have been termed a major success. Then came the one-eyed old spinach-eating sailor, and Segar soared to the heights of public acclaim. His drawing improved. It took on a weird, almost mystical quality. And so did his writing. In those days, *Popeye* was a fantasy, and the strip was filled with wild and wonderful creatures — Alice the Goon, with her body growth of fur; Eugene the Jeep, who could survive only if fed a daily ration of orchids; the infamous Sea Hag; and no less wild and no less wonderful, J. Wellington ("I'll gladly pay you tomorrow for a hamburger today") Wimpy — who single-handedly made the hamburger America's number one dish. Segar's contributions to the language were innumerable. In addition to *jeep* and *goon*, he gave us *Blow me down!* and *I yam what I yam an' tha's all I yam!* — surely one of the clearest statements of personal philosophy ever uttered. *Popeye* was continued after Segar's death, but not even the combined talent of Tom Sims and Bela Zaboly could duplicate the master's vision. Some fans still wish that the syndicate had decided to bury the creation with the creator, as was done in the case of Krazy Kat. (A memorial statue of the old sailor stands today in Crystal City, Texas.) For *Popeye* is exclusively a kid's strip now, cute as a bunny and dull as virtue.

No such description could ever apply to *Li'l Abner*. For twenty-five years this handsome, hulking hillbilly has been characterized as The Great American Boob, but Abner isn't a boob and neither is his author, Al Capp. Both are men of native, almost sinister intelligence, and though it is true that they make people laugh, it is also true that this laughter is more often bitter than joyful. Capp's subjects have always been serious. At one time or another he has dealt with almost every major issue of our era. But, like Swift, he is a profound pessimist, having faith only in man's sublime and transcendental stupidity. There is no stopping this stupidity, Capp seems to be saying, and there is no ignoring it. Therefore one must laugh.

In the strict sense, Capp is not a humorist at all, but a harlequin, singing funny songs in the court of a corrupt king. Charles Chaplin has said, "For me personally, Al Capp, with his delightful characters, opens new vistas of broad buffoonery with inspirational satire." John Steinbeck goes a step further: "I think Capp may very possibly be the best writer in the world today. I am sure that he is the best satirist since Laurence Sterne."

Despite his pessimism, his savage satire, and his coterie status, Al Capp has produced the most consistently amusing comic strip of them all. It may be that we enjoy laughing at ourselves, or it may simply be that we like the sugar coating so well that we don't mind the pill. It is certainly tasty sugar, compounded of great and distinctive drawing, succulent maidens, mad grotesques, unbridled imagination, and an argot so compelling that it has passed into the (ugh!) public vocabulary.

An additional secret to *Li'l Abner*'s success is Capp's ability to keep in step with the times. His eyes and ears are open constantly, and they miss nothing. The same is true of Milton Caniff. He slipped into the comic world slightly ahead of Capp with a strip called *Dickie Dare*. It was not terribly inventive, but it was superbly rendered and carefully researched, and because of these qualities gained prestige. Caniff tired of Dickie after a while and thought up something new. It was roughly the same sort of thing, only with greater scope. He called it *Terry and the Pirates*.

For almost twenty years Caniff stuck with *Terry*, refining and improving the strip to perfection. Then he turned it over to George Wunder, who could copy his style but not duplicate it, and Caniff went on to even greater fame with his current creation, *Steve Canyon*. A cartoonist can work all his life and count himself fortunate if he manages one real success. Caniff has managed three. If he eventually tires of Canyon, the figure might very well become four.

We're in a slack period now. There haven't been many grand creations in the field, although we can point — with considerable pride — to *Pogo* and *Peanuts*. As such things are reckoned, those two are destined for immortality. And, who knows? Perhaps they indicate the end of a cycle and a return to the time when comics were all fun and warmth and love and mysteriousness, when we laughed without wondering why, and thrilled and shuddered, and were generally glad to be around.

O (sob) happy day!

LAVISHLY EQUIPPED 15 FT. ALUMINUM LAPSTRAKE RUNABOUT FOR $635!*

Once again the 15 ft. Starcraft aluminum lapstrake Jet '61 is the biggest boating value available anywhere. The clean horizontal lapstrake lines bring the graceful contours of the boat into sharp focus. Lapstrake design also means a frisky, full-of-fun performance with up to 55 h.p. motors. Unitized hull and frame add amazing strength and banish annoying noises. This completely equipped Jet '61 is guaranteed 15 years against popped rivets and skin punctures. Write for color catalog.

*Plus freight and handling.

STARCRAFT

STARCRAFT BOAT COMPANY
Dept. PM-3 • Goshen, Indiana

Why don't YOU change into something more comfortable?

Game and Lake ORIGINAL®

Leisure shirts for men that women admire

BLOCH • HELLER CO.
Minneapolis 1, Minnesota

SHOES FROM ENGLAND

at a fraction of their American retail price!

$10.95

DELIVERY IN 10 DAYS FROM RECEIPT OF ORDER

Includes all import charges

STEVEN WILLIAMS, LTD.
40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, N. J.
Gentlemen: Please send me your free catalog
Name_____
Address _____
P31

GOOD EGG

(continued from page 54)

blender at high speed for 15 to 20 seconds. Pour into saucepan and cook, stirring frequently, until thick.

SHIRRED EGGS WITH SHAD ROE
(Serves four)

1 pair fresh or canned shad roe
Salad oil
Salt, white pepper
Juice of ¼ lemon
8 eggs
4 tablespoons melted butter
4 tablespoons butter (not melted)
2 tablespoons vinegar
¼ cup drained capers
2 tablespoons minced parsley

Preheat broiler 10 minutes. Place roe in broiler pan, brush them lightly with salad oil, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. If fresh, broil them 8 to 10 minutes, turning once; if canned, only until light brown. Then sprinkle roe with lemon juice, cut them diagonally into slices about ½ in. thick, and divide into 4 portions. Pour 1 tablespoon melted butter into each shirred-egg dish, add 2 eggs, duly salted and peppered, and place roe slices on top of the eggs. Bake in 350° oven for 10 to 12 minutes or until whites of eggs are set; avoid overcooking. Meanwhile, brown the unmelted butter in a small frying pan, and add vinegar and capers. Then remove from fire. When the eggs are cooked, pour the buttered capers over them. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH CHILI AND TOMATOES
(Serves four)

8 slices fresh tomato, ½ in. thick
Salt, pepper, paprika
Flour
Salad oil
8 eggs
6 tablespoons sweet butter
⅓ cup canned green chili peppers cut into small dice

Sprinkle tomato slices with salt, pepper and paprika. Dip in flour, patting off excess. Heat oil to a depth of ⅛ in. in a skillet, and as soon as it sends up the first wisp of smoke, sauté the tomato slices until lightly browned on both sides, and set aside in a warm place. Beat eggs until whites are no longer visible, and sprinkle generously with salt. Melt 4 tablespoons butter in a large skillet, or electric griddle set at 300°. Add eggs, chili peppers, and cook, stirring constantly and scraping pan bottom frequently, until half done. Add balance of butter and continue cooking and stirring until eggs are neither dry nor soupy. Spoon into serving dishes or platter and surround with slices of fried tomato.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH ROQUEFORT CHEESE
(Serves four)

½ lb. roquefort cheese
8 eggs
Salt, pepper, paprika
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
6 tablespoons sweet butter

Crumble the roquefort by hand or fork into small pieces and set aside. Beat eggs until whites are no longer visible and sprinkle lightly with salt, adding Tabasco sauce and mixing well. Melt 4 tablespoons butter in a skillet over a slow flame or in an electric griddle set at 300°. Add eggs and cook, stirring constantly and scraping pan bottom frequently, until half done. Add roquefort, balance of butter, and continue cooking and stirring until eggs are neither dry nor soupy. Spoon onto serving dishes or platter and serve with buttered toast triangles.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH SMOKED OYSTERS
(Serves four)

Follow above recipe, but instead of roquefort, add one 3⅔-oz. can cocktail smoked oysters, drained of oil. Cook until eggs are done and serve with buttered toast triangles.

SPINACH OMELET PARMESAN
(Serves two)

10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped spinach
4 tablespoons butter
1 Spanish onion, cut into thinnest possible strips
4 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
6 eggs
2 tablespoons cold water

Cook spinach, following directions on package, and drain very well — squeezing out excess juice by hand if necessary. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a saucepan or skillet and sauté onions until light yellow, not brown. In a bowl combine spinach, onion and parmesan, season with salt and pepper to taste, and set aside. For each omelet beat 3 eggs, then add 1 tablespoon cold water, ¼ teaspoon salt, a dash of monosodium glutamate and pepper. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a pan; as soon as it sputters, pour in the eggs and half the spinach mixture, stirring at once. Wait a few seconds until the omelet begins to set on the bottom, then lift it with a spatula and tilt pan to permit uncooked egg to flow to the pan bottom, repeating several times if necessary. Keep flame low to permit omelet to cook through but not burn. When it has become soft yet cohesive on top, slide the omelet to the far edge of the pan, fold it in two or three, and turn onto serving dish.

MANDARIN OMELET WITH CURAÇAO
(Serves two)

6 eggs
¼ cup granulated sugar

½ teaspoon vanilla
Salt
2 tablespoons cold water
2 tablespoons butter
10-oz. jar mandarin orange segments
¼ cup curaçao
Confectioners' sugar

For each omelet beat 3 eggs well, add 2 tablespoons granulated sugar, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, dash of salt, 1 tablespoon cold water, and pour onto 1 tablespoon sputtering butter in the omelet pan. Immediately add half the orange segments — well drained — and stir well. Wait a few seconds until the omelet begins to set on the bottom, then lift with spatula and tilt pan to permit uncooked egg to flow to the bottom, repeating several times if necessary. Keep flame low to permit omelet to cook through but not burn. When it has become soft yet cohesive on top, slide the omelet to the far edge of the pan, fold it in two or three, and turn onto warm serving dish or platter. Repeat procedure for second omelet. Heat the curaçao in a small pan almost up to the boiling point, light it, and spoon over the omelets, letting it blaze until the flames die out. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and serve at once.

SALZBURGER NOCKERLN
(Serves six)

1 pkg. instant vanilla pudding
2¼ cups milk
¼ cup brandy
3 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla
3 egg yolks
2 tablespoons butter
Confectioners' sugar or vanilla sugar

(To make instant pudding, 1¾ cups milk are normally required. By increasing the milk and adding the brandy, the mixture becomes a thick light sauce.) In a bowl combine the pudding, milk and brandy; beat for 1 minute, and place mixture in the refrigerator to chill until serving time. Pour separated egg whites into a deep bowl, add salt, and beat electrically until stiff. Very slowly, add the granulated sugar while continuing to beat until meringue is firm. Then add vanilla. Gradually fold the egg yolks — well beaten — into the whites. Melt the butter in a skillet preheated to 325°, and spoon in the egg mixture. Brown carefully on one side, then the other; it must be moist and foamy inside. Pour chilled sauce into serving dishes and spoon nockerln on top, sprinkle with confectioners' or vanilla sugar. Serve at once, and you'll agree that no creature great or small lays down her ova in so fine a cause as the noble *pullus gallinaceus*.

spirit of the stairs

(continued from page 83)

a chance to tell him he is "A stranger and afraid in a girl he never made."

I am, for the sake of another mot, an art dealer. A well-fixed customer enters my well-stocked shop and asks if I can show him some examples of fine old Italian originals. I bow submissively, rub my hands in an oily manner, and lead him to a quiet little gallery. "Here you are, sir," I say. "Tintoretto, Botticelli, Leonardo, Fra Angelico, Titian . . . name your *paisan*." Disarmed by my pun, he buys them all.

My final situation requires, merely, that I have a close friend who describes in detail the current object of his attentions, a lady of eye-smiting beauty. He also claims her ingenuity as a love-partner is unsurpassed in his experience. I gently suggest his experience may be limited; he bristles, snorts, finally snarls, "All right, then, here—" (he scribbles her phone number on a scrap of paper) "—here, take it. Use it. Call her. Date her. Look at her. *See* if she isn't the most gorgeous creature you ever laid eyes on; *see* if she isn't the most gifted, the most cooperative, the most inventive woman you ever — yes, *see* if she isn't!" And he adds, with a sour chuckle: "*If* you can get to first base with her. Which I strongly doubt." We part, he hurling epithets and casting aspersions; I expertly dodging both and letting them splatter against the wall. A few days later, we meet again. "Well?" he chirps nastily. I say nothing. "Did you see her?" Still I say nothing. "My description of her, and my claims about her talents — did you concur with them?" Calmly removing my gloves, I say: "I came, I saw, I concurred."

As you can see, I shall not be caught napping when these situations finally present themselves. Which reminds me: does anybody know an amiable girl, preferably under thirty, who makes candy? Or who is afflicted with a delicate tummy? Or whose name happens to be Morris? You see, I've done a pretty good job of Shattering To Bits This Sorry Scheme Of Things Entire, but I'm having a hell of a time Remolding It Nearer To My Heart's Desire. And it's getting damned lonely out here on the stairs.

"Pop, can I have the Diners' Club card tonight?"

PLAYBOY PANEL *(continued from page 42)*

that. But I do make a great many sex jokes. I don't talk about bodily functions, but about mental malfunctions as a result of sex opposition. Like the guy driving a sports car saying it's great because how else are you going to get real sexual satisfaction? Or the girl who divides her time between complaining that there's no virility and running away from it when she encounters it. So I don't think my work is asexual at all. Just go to my LPs.

PLAYBOY: Lenny, you've been accused of bad taste in your act, criticized for using four-letter words on a nightclub stage. Do you feel this is valid?

BRUCE: Well, as far as working dirty is concerned, I had an influence there — Harry Truman. You know — Harry's working a lot of stags now. He tells the jokes and Margaret plays the piano. They do all the Ruth Wallis numbers — (singing) — "Johnny's got his yo-yo" — all the greats.

WINTERS: To my way of thinking, Lenny is such a bundle of talent that he doesn't need the swear words. He uses them more or less as shock treatment, but I think he does a lot of funny things. Maybe he's just going through a phase. It's like a lot of guys we knew in the service who might have been great servicemen, but they leaned on this language because they didn't know how to express themselves — and Lenny certainly knows how to express himself. I think he ought to just throw this four-letter jazz out.

BRUCE: I don't know any more what is risqué. *Variety*, the show business bible, has this editorial policy to "keep the industry clean." Well, there's a thing called brown-nosing, fear of the mighty, that says "Well, if it's accepted, it must be good." If it's Martha Raye or Sophie Tucker, the reviewer rationalizes: "She was raucous and bold and racy, but then, this is no kindergarten." You should see how they destroy an unknown comic for the same thing.

ALLEN: The scatological vein has been running through humor as far back as we can trace comedy. If you go back far enough — to times considered by modern men as epochs of great wisdom and peace and wit and spirituality and stuff — you find a lot that was so salacious that there's just no market for it today at all. Even the respected Mark Twain wrote a book — *1601* — that I personally found disgusting. It must have been marked down from *1695*.

PLAYBOY: Jonathan, you were saying that Lenny's swearing is a kind of "crutch." Couldn't the same thing be said about your sound effects?

WINTERS: I've been doing noises since I was a kid, and I still feel it's entertaining. But I don't think it's any more of a crutch for me than sound effects are for the movies. When you go to a movie and see a guy shoot a gun, you expect to hear a shot. This is what I do with my so-called verbal pictures. I used to feel that the more sound I could put into them the closer I'd get to actually being in the movies. A lot of people who've seen me do a couple of dramatic things come up to me and say, "I didn't know you could *act* — I thought you only made noises." They forget that all of us can act; what else are we doing up there? If we can't get a Broadway play or a good movie part, we turn to these little verbal vignettes. I put the sounds in mine just to enhance the mood.

PLAYBOY: Who are the people you feel have influenced your work?

WINTERS: Of course, I lean heavily on the new school — all of these guys. But when you ask which direction I really came from, I've got to say Bob and Ray — now they're older guys, but they are two of the brightest talents in the business for my money. Others — Benchley, Thurber, Paul Lynd — a great comedian — and Newhart, I think, is excellent. I like Mort, I like Lenny, and — it's a combination — all these guys.

PLAYBOY: Mike?

NICHOLS: I am influenced by the art forms I embrace and the ones I reject.

BRUCE: All you can say is that you're influenced by everything you've ever read and done. If it's good it becomes part of your experience. You're in touch with people, and the nature of that connection is to change what you are.

DANA: I'm sure that my college background was an influence. As a matter of fact, when I first got into show business, I used to have to watch myself to keep from going on a polysyllabic jag. And here I am today, butchering English as José Jimeñez — and I got my degree in speech. Certainly Steve Allen was a tremendous influence too. For five or six weeks, I remember, I had the whole *Tonight* show to write by myself — a sketch a day.

FEIFFER: It's very hard to trace back to the first influence I had as a cartoonist, but I think the most important in the early years — for me and a number of other cartoonists — was a guy named Will Eisner, who did a strip called *The Spirit*. I dare say Harvey Kurtzman would not have come up with *Mad* magazine if Eisner hadn't preceded with *The Spirit*. The way my thinking developed, and where it finally went, in the beginning, was very largely because of Eisner. Walt Kelly for a long time was also a strong influence. In style, Robert Osborn has been an influence, and André François, and William Steig. And writers like Benchley and Samuel Beckett and Dostoievski, and a whole line of novelists. More and more I try to give the characters in my strips the depth that a novelist might try for, except that I try to add an edge of humor to them.

SAHL: In the beginning, the comedian who really impressed me was Henry Morgan. It was a great blow for freedom that this guy could get it across — it was a rallying point. You know, today, the negativists say, "Well, the authoritarians really got to him," and I tell them it was his choice; he could still be swinging if he wanted to. Herb Shriner in the beginning was another guy, except that he couldn't bring off the rural thing. But I always thought he was an extremely thoughtful comedian in the beginning — you know, you had to work a little to find out what he was saying.

ALLEN: Shriner's jokes were classics. He should have done better than he did. I guess his problem was that he was doing modern jokes with Will Rogers mannerisms. The square, Cleveland-type audience probably wasn't good enough for his material, and yet, you couldn't put a guy who scratches his head and kicks the rug into the hungry i either.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think will come after *you*, Mort?

SAHL: The sheriff and his hounds, probably.

BRUCE: There'll be somebody new out there. It's like the coffeehouse is today's version of Lindy's and soon some new comic will be saying "Those shmucks in their coffeehouses" just like we said, "Those shmucks in their Lindy's." He'll be spiritual — in relating to his fellow man — he'll be better to his friends, he'll be less materialistic. So I think there will be still another new school of humor. There'll always be a new look, because that's the word.

PLAYBOY: Mel Brooks — who used to write for the Sid Caesar show and has now turned to performing himself — once said that the problem of the angry young comedians is that they can poke fun at success-values *before* they make it themselves, but that they can no longer do this once they become part of the target. How do you gentlemen feel about that?

NICHOLS: What does "success-values" mean? Making fun of people with money? Making fun of people successful in their work? I really don't know what that half-hip, half-sociological jargon means.

FEIFFER: If people are changed by their success, then of course they can't poke fun any longer, except as a bit. When anything becomes a bit, some of the life goes out of it, and the same routines will begin to sound slick rather than heartfelt. But, if you really feel certain attitudes very strongly, not just because you are a have-not against the haves, but because they are a part of your general attitude toward life — then there's no reason why your approach should weaken when you become successful.

Surrender yourself to the complete luxury of our velvety-soft Terry-All. Ideal for TV-watching, dorm lounging, after the shower, reading, even day-dreaming. Perfect too, for "hen" or "bull sessions". Machine washable...full length zipper.

Women's Sizes: S. 8-10—M. 12-14—L. 16-18 $7.98
Men's sizes—S., M., L., XLarge $8.98

BARBIE FASHIONS
64 West 36th St., N.Y., N.Y., Dept. P-3
(ADD 45¢ POSTAGE) SEND CHECK ☐ M.O. ☐ or C.O.D. ☐. A DOLLAR DEPOSIT REQUIRED FOR EACH C.O.D. ITEM, TO BE APPLIED TO PRICE OF ITEM.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

THREE CLASSICS FROM PLAYBOY

THIRD PLAYBOY ANNUAL $4.50
The best stories, cartoons, jokes and special features from PLAYBOY's third year. More than two dozen pages in full color.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES $3
Hundreds of PLAYBOY's most hilarious jokes and limericks—plus a sprinkling of spicy cartoons.

PLAYBOY'S RIBALD CLASSICS $3
Sophisticated stories by the great writers of the past retold for today's readers.

ALL THREE FOR $10

PLAYBOY BOOKS, Dept. 459
232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

DANA: I guess it's kind of hard for Mort or any of these guys to make fun of someone who's affluent, because certainly everybody in the business is picking up a lot of bread.

SAHL: I think comedians are more sensitive to the material success of other comedians than the audience is to theirs. The audience isn't ever going to say to me, "You had dinner with Henry Cabot Lodge, so what kind of a rebel are you?" It's the other performers who do. Anyway, I think your financial position is a state of mind. Look what Goodman Ace said about Lucille Ball. He said she got an eight-million-dollar contract from Philip Morris to go on the air and fight with her husband about buying a dress for $5.98. Did anybody take her to task for this?

ALLEN: I think there may be something to what Mel Brooks says, but only a little. It's true that you're a little nuttier when you're starting out—at least I know *I* was. When I read a transcript of some of the things I said years ago, it often seems pretty wild to me. But, in general, you don't change that much. You are what you are, for better or worse. You may get a little more conservative or a little more sparing of other people's feelings as you get older, but I don't think there's any more to it than that.

WINTERS: It all depends on what kind of an ax you have to grind. Ten years ago, I was doing pretty much what I'm doing now. Sure, I'm on television a little bit more and I've gone through nightclubs, but I feel I haven't changed a lot. My chart has run pretty much like a lot of other people's—it's been up and it's never been really completely down.

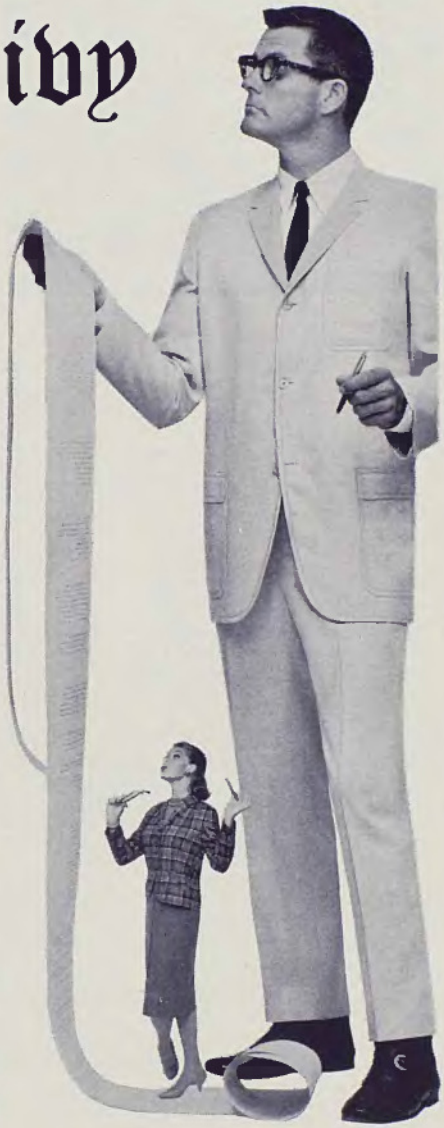
PLAYBOY: Steve has suggested that comedians are liberal rather than conservative. How would you yourselves classify your political orientation and its relation to your work? Mike?

NICHOLS: I would say that its relation to our work is not very great. What we do just isn't political.

DANA: I'm certainly not an extreme left wing, but I would feel very good being classified as a liberal. On the other hand, somebody overheard a conversation on the subway where this woman says, "Well, I used to be an egghead, but I got smart." So I guess I'd rather not get too smart either.

WINTERS: Occasionally I've gotten into politics, only to find that I don't know a great deal about it. It's like the guy at the bullfight who leaps over the barrier, takes off his coat and says, "Hey, Toro! *Aqui! Aqui!*" The crowd is with him for a moment, but then they find out that this guy has not only never been a matador, but he's never even eaten a steak. I suppose I do lean to the liberal side, although I'm a conservative in my dress, in that I don't tear my shirt all the way open, or let my hair grow down over my ears. But I see Babbitts within both

*authentic registered ivy



The new collection of suits tailored for the man who knows what to look for in Ivy. Authenticity in the light of Spring's clear neutrals, air-bodied fabrics. To retail from $45. At better Gentlemen's stores everywhere or write:

RATNER
CALIFORNIA CLOTHES
SAN DIEGO 12, CALIFORNIA

*Each garment has an individual registry number on its sleeve label guaranteeing its Authenticity.

ENJOY YOUR OWN 2-WAY RADIO COMMUNICATIONS with EICO

CITIZEN BAND TRANSCEIVERS

KIT from $59.95 WIRED from $89.95

Send and receive up to 20 miles from home, office, car, boat, etc. No exams or skills needed. A rugged, powerful, reliable instrument easy to build from kit. Write for free catalog of over 70 electronics kits for stereo hi-fi, "ham" gear, test instruments, transistor radios and nearest dealer. Add 5% in the West.

EICO, Dept. PB-3, 3300 N. Blvd., L.I.C. 1, N. Y.

gently automatic
GLASER-STEERS
GS★77
stereo/mono record changer

Enjoy turntable quality without having to change records. $59.50 at hi-fi dealers. Write for brochure.

Glaser-Steers Corp., 157 Oraton St., Newark 4, N. J.

LINGUAPHONE
MAKES IT EASY TO LISTEN and LEARN to Speak

SPANISH (American or European) • FRENCH
GERMAN • ITALIAN • JAPANESE
MODERN GREEK • RUSSIAN • ICELANDIC
—any of 34 languages available AT HOME

Only Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method, brings 8 to 12 of the world's best native language teachers into your home.

You listen to life-like, conversational recordings for just 20 minutes a day. You hear men and women speak—YOU Understand—You SPEAK, read and write. Over a million home-study students of all ages. Write today for FREE Book and details of FREE TRIAL. No obligation.
Linguaphone Institute, T-23-031 Radio City, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

PERSONALIZED PLAYBOY MATCHES

25 match books in black with white PLAYBOY rabbit, your name or a friend's (limit: 22 spaces), handsomely boxed $2.

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
Dept. 12B
232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

parties. People call the Republicans the party of the rich, and the Democrats the party of the poor, and yet you see rich in both parties, and poor in both parties. I don't think I'm really begging the question, but you can understand why I don't want to sever relations with half the nation if I make a stand here or there. So I save my politics for the booth with the little curtain.

FEIFFER: I'm independent left, certainly, but with no party affiliations. The role of an observer, I think, denies you the privilege of committing yourself completely to any single point of view. Otherwise, at one time or another, you'll have to take after many of the people you admire and say, "I think you're wrong here." The trouble with any organization is that it takes on the worst aspects of the group — bickering, jealousy, factional disputes, high-grade stupidity on all levels. I've always been a congenital non-joiner and I doubt if I'll ever be able to belong to anything without feeling a little guilty that my name is on the membership roll.

SAHL: I've always felt that one of the funniest phrases in the world is "The liberal tradition." Tradition, after all, is the very antithesis of liberalism. I think you have to develop an *evolving* liberalism. Just about the time you're beginning to live with an idea, you've got to change it. You hear Democrats accusing the people who won't accept Kennedy of "inflexibility." They say, "Well, you're still living in '56." I know a lot of Midwest conservatives who are philosophically anarchistic, whereas Eastern radicals — these are all oversimplifications, of course — will often be politically radical but very conservative in a sociological sense. I think the healthiest thing would be if we didn't argue politics and dissipate our energy, but direct it into our work. I don't know if I've been able to do it myself, but I try. The trouble with liberals is that they're often just a step ahead of the conservative. They look back and say, "Well, he's dumber than I am." But that's not enough. You have to go on, but not to the point of self-cancellation. You can kid liberals to liberals, but if you kid liberals to conservatives, you're just giving them fodder.

BRUCE: I'm very subjective about it. Something is liberal to me if it's to my taste. I relate on the floor the things that please me. Like I never was a particular fan of George Gobel, Red Skelton, Eddie Cantor, Georgie Jessel, but that doesn't say that all the people who dig them are idiots. As I get older — and I think I'm getting a little hipper, a little more liberal, if you want to call it that — I say, well, it's not that I dislike those cats. It's just that they don't make *me* laugh. Or take the group who dig Art Blakey, Thelonious Monk, Philly Joe Jones — you know — they say, "That rock 'n' roll is a lot of crap. Stamp it out!" But there are millions of kids with *their* new school — Paul Anka, Elvis, Bobby Rydell — saying the same thing about cool jazz. And *then* there's the guy who digs Shostakovich who says they're *both* crap and that they *both* have terrible taste. So what the hell is good taste? It's individual. The fact that I don't dig Pinky Lee makes the hippies feel secure — "We don't dig him either." But I say I don't dig Sinatra either, so they go, "Uh-oh, you don't like Sinatra." It's not that I don't like him — he just doesn't *excite* me as a performer. Johnny Mathis does. Does that make me square, conservative? Here's a paradox: I love Bobby Short and I love Mel Tormé — opposite ends of the stick. People can argue, "This guy's crap, this guy's good," but it all comes down to your own taste.

ALLEN: But comedians in general do tend toward the liberal. Even the comedians whose work has no burden of social comment at all — people like Jack Benny or Jackie Gleason — when they were kids, they would probably have been the boat-rockers in their schoolrooms. By his very nature, the comic is essentially a disturber of the peace. He does it in a way that society not only accepts but enjoys — if it doesn't go too far. And that's the point we've arrived at now. Some people are saying Lenny and Mort and a few others have gone too far. They haven't gone too far for me, but I think that's the point that their critics are making.

PLAYBOY: Steve, your TV show afforded a place where some of the best of the new humorists have been seen. The skits that were a regular part of your show have been among the most delightfully cutting and satirical seen anywhere. Despite this, you're now off the air. Is there no real place for adult satire on TV today?

SAHL: Before Steve answers, I'd like to say that I think he had the funniest stock company of all time.

ALLEN: Thanks, Mort. As far as the quality of the show was concerned, it could have continued for forty years. The program was generally considered the best comedy show left — which wasn't such high praise, because there wasn't much comedy left anyway. But I don't mean that *I* was the funniest comedian left — just that the show was funny. And contrary to popular reports, it had good ratings — not astronomical — it wasn't in the top ten — but it had good ratings. It was a good show, and I think I had the best comedy writing staff in TV, and the funniest cast of characters ever assembled. The show really went off because of my extracurricular activities.

DANA: It was because Steve doesn't have one ounce of sycophant in him. He wouldn't compromise himself at all — which is necessary, to some degree, with networks and sponsors. They have complete and utter control, and there's noth-

ing you can do about it. When they said, "Look, Steve, please don't get so involved in controversial matters," Steve, in essence, said, "Drop dead," and they said, "OK, Charlie, we'll take care of you." And they did.

PLAYBOY: Did they put the screws to the show itself?

ALLEN: The network really never gave us a great deal of trouble with the comedy content of the show. I assumed this was because they just didn't know what we were doing and, therefore, had no particular suggestions to make. Where they gave us trouble was on that "Meeting of the Minds" thing, and once in a while there'd be some objection to a particular joke. But I don't think that anything in the show itself had any connection with our going off. The network got a little punchy about the plug routine, but that was a very minor point and had absolutely nothing to do with it. In the old days, they might call about once every four months and say, "Listen, is Smith Brothers Cough Drops a plug?" Toward the end they were calling like three times a week. But all that was just a minor annoyance for the writers.

PLAYBOY: Bill, as a writer, did you find it possible to present controversial comedy on Steve's shows?

DANA: Well, we sneaked quite a bit across. Even in things as seemingly innocent as "The Question Man," we put in things like this: the answer was "Miss America" and the question was "When they drop the hydrogen bomb, what do we hope it will do?" In the writing process, there's a lot of *subconscious* commentary — you may be saying things without realizing it. It's really seventy-five percent subconscious and twenty-five percent actual sitting down and saying, "Let's see, is there anything we can say that will help get the message across?" Usually, the main problem is no more thoughtful than, "How the hell are we going to get a couple of laughs out of this thing?"

PLAYBOY: Have you other performers found that your material has changed when you've gone from clubs to television?

SAHL: Not at all. I can say this in good conscience. I haven't gone on if I felt they were going to change anything. I've gotten pretty much everything on, myself, but I must say that the audience often collaborates with the performer in selling out. They're the first ones to say to you, "You weren't very good on TV, but boy, I know what those pressures are like." After Oscar Levant did the Steve Allen show, he went back to his own show and said, "Boy, when NBC got through with me, I couldn't talk about anything but the weather." The audience didn't turn to him and say, "So you copped out for a price." Instead, they laughed with him, because he was fighting authority. They didn't seem to care that he was also *losing*. I think the audience should be extremely unforgiving if you sell out. I realize that when I go on and I hold out for something, I am merely satisfying myself, because I've yet to see a member of the audience come up to me and say, "Boy, that was a pretty strong routine for television — you must have really swung." I have to keep reminding people of how Ed Sullivan stuck his neck out for me. Our only reward was that the audience laughed instead of freezing. I've done some wild things on television, but people don't see it. So essentially an artist must work for himself. The mass audience is a by-product. If they won't listen to you, then you go out and you marshal a hipper audience in the clubs, and then you go back with enough prestige — and, we hope, enough discipline — to get on what you want to.

PLAYBOY: Has there ever been any pressure exerted on you in nightclubs?

SAHL: Practically none. That's why I took to the clubs initially, because they're dollars-and-cents places, and the owners don't fancy themselves artistic, whereas in television and theatre you always have self-styled producers and directors who are suspicious of the audience's intelligence and start aborting what you're doing before it ever gets anywhere. Years ago, club-owners would sometimes say, "Don't mention the Un-American Activities Committee" or "We have a customer who is a Republican, so — — " Oh, in the beginning, there was some heat on me, but then as I began to swing, this all changed. Even now, though, there are times — like I worked recently for a guy who is an extreme conservative. This guy was really in conflict because he made a lot of money off my *not* being a conservative. But he kept saying things to me, like when I came back from Russia, "Maybe you'll like *our* country better now." As a result he will never see me again, nor my customers, nor that money.

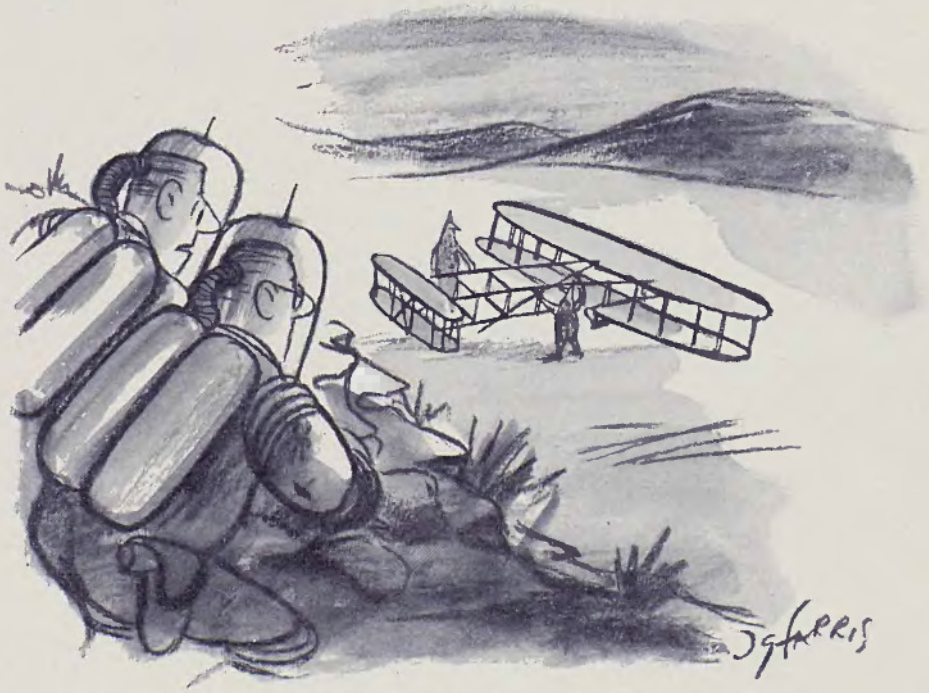
PLAYBOY: Lenny, has there ever been any pressure on *you* in nightclubs?

BRUCE: I've had this terrible pressure on the frontal lobe. Yeah, I've had guys telling me what to do — you know, civic pressure, church groups, synagogues. I get letters from rabbis, protests from church laymen, from Protestant and Catholic people who come up to me and verbalize. Members of the police department have told me just before a show, "We don't want you to talk about religion, religion has no place on the stage, we don't want you to talk about politics, and we don't want you to talk about sex." Then I say, "What do you want me to talk about, cement? A lot of people are persecuting it by walking on it. What else?"

PLAYBOY: Have you changed your material for TV?

BRUCE: When I go on television, like on *Playboy's Penthouse*, I do it with the same point of view. I speak in a different language from the clubs, but I'm just changing the words.

ALLEN: I think the material itself changes. It's just that there is certain material they don't feel at liberty to do, and they are usually correct in so feeling. Almost anything that has to do with religion,



"Well, one thing is certain — if there are flying saucers, they don't originate here."

for example — they just censor themselves on that. As you know, Lenny has now made a little routine out of telling what happened when he went on our show.

PLAYBOY: He wanted to do a bit on the program about his grandmother telling him that he couldn't be buried in a Jewish cemetery because of his tattoo — that Jews are supposed to go out the way they came in.

BRUCE: Well, I really made a little more of that than there was, just for humor. I always blow things up tremendously. All humor is magnification to the point where it becomes satirical, ludicrous. If the audience takes it as literal truth, well, then, they will also believe that Hitler was handled by MCA, which is another bit that I do.

PLAYBOY: Mike, has your material changed at all when you've gone on television?

NICHOLS: Only so as not to insult the sponsor.

PLAYBOY: Like the Lilt incident?

NICHOLS: It's nonsense to bitch about restrictions on television, because those are the conditions under which you take the job. With the Lilt thing, what we were angry about was that we had *checked* it with them ahead of time. We called them and said we'd like to do a kind of parody on the Emmy Awards in which I was to give Elaine an award for contributing to the dignity of television. And she was going to accept the award and say thank you and make a little speech about how she felt vindicated, and that she hoped to continue to deserve this award. And I was going to say that she was as articulate as she was beautiful. And she was going to say, "Thank you, Mike. You know, looks are very important to an actress, especially her hair. That's why I always use Black Rain Home Permanent." As a matter of fact, even as she is accepting this award, she is giving herself a home permanent. And when we checked it with them, they said would we mind making it Lilt instead of Black Rain, and we said we'd be delighted. When we got to the show, of course, they had changed their minds. And the way it comes about is simple fear — the producer is afraid of the agency man, and the agency man is afraid of the sponsor, so they had never really checked it out. So they thought that if they told us at the last minute, there would be nothing we could do but change the whole sketch. They were wrong.

PLAYBOY: Jonathan, how about you and TV? Any pressures?

WINTERS: My work doesn't change much. I don't use any blue material — a few suggestive things, maybe, but not out-and-out filth. I contend that you can be funny without it. I've never seen Mort or Shelley do anything blue. In defense of Lenny, there are great hunks of his material where he doesn't swear at all, even in clubs.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have some censorship problem on TV with your prison-break routine?

WINTERS: Yeah, that was a thing I put in my album that I couldn't use on TV. The television code rules, it seems to me, are still pretty ridiculous. You can't even mention a product, let alone kid one — which is understandable up to a point because of the payola situation. But there are so few other things you can kid either. I found a script recently where we couldn't even say "living color." Figure that out. And yet you'll hear a guy say, "Look at that crazy broad — man, she's got a built like . . ." Just because this guy's a big star or has control. But about the prison sketch: I did a scene about a priest and a prisoner. The prisoner was Tiger Elliot, and the prison priest was Father Duffy. We've all seen these prison pictures, but here was the twist — Father Duffy says, "Well, now, Tiger, sure an' I'm glad you're givin' yourself up, and will you give me the gun?" And he takes the gun. Then he says, "By the way, you *are* a Catholic, aren't you?" And Tiger says, "No, Father, I'm a Lutheran." So Father Duffy blasts him. Now I told this story to Pat O'Brien, and I've told it in front of priests, and they all thought it was hilarious. But on TV, I had to change it to a little glass gun with candy in the handle. And Tiger says, "All right, Father, I'll give you the gun, but will you give me the candy back?" It was a switch, but it wasn't downing the Protestant or the Lutheran or taking a crack at Catholicism.

PLAYBOY: Didn't they let you do the original on Canadian TV?

WINTERS: Yes. They are a little more lenient up there, as I find the English are. I knew I was gambling with a hot thing when I did it, but then, you're always going to get letters anyway. But when I had my own show on NBC — a little fifteen-minute thing — I had just two bad letters in thirty-nine weeks. And they were from two kooks. One was because of an irreverent thing I did about General Custer. This woman wrote in and called me a traitor, and said, "You probably wasn't even in the war, you Communist," etc. I answered her, and said that I hoped she would discontinue watching television long enough to read a little history. She would find that General Custer must have been pretty much of a clown to take two hundred and twelve men against three thousand Sioux. If I wanted to portray John Dillinger as a sissy — you know: "Mercy, I don't want to kill anyone. I just want to have a fun time sticking up candy merchants" — you'd have all the fags down on you too. Where does it end? Who can you kid?

PLAYBOY: Jules, has your work changed as you've expanded your markets?

FEIFFER: Well, the *Voice* strip is now being syndicated around the country — it's in about forty papers, and if anything, it's gotten stronger. It may be because I have a marvelous agreement with the papers: my strip is considered editorial matter and not a cartoon. Also, they have the privilege of not running anything they don't like, and they've got enough of a backlog to replace it with something they find more innocent. When I did a Nixon strip in the *Voice*, I knew there would be a lot of trouble with it around the country, that it might not be run. And it wasn't. The syndicate never mailed it out because they were afraid the papers might take strong exception, and even drop the feature. That's their privilege. They didn't send out my Kennedy strip for the same reason. But I've had hardly any trouble at all. My security is that if the strip doesn't run nationally, and it's one I like very, very much, I can include it in the books I put out, where there is no censorship at all. So one way or the other, I get into print whatever I want, and have a chance to be seen nationally. Only once, in the early days, did I have any censorship difficulties. It was shortly after anti-Castro sentiment had started going around the country, and so I did a pro-Castro strip. A Cleveland newspaper dropped me, saying they didn't realize when they bought the feature that it was going to be political.

PLAYBOY: It's odd that the syndicate would withhold Nixon and Kennedy, and yet send out a strip on Castro . . .

FEIFFER: That's what's marvelous about it — there is simply no logic to it. Everyone ascribes more logic to censorship than it really has. It's amazing what you *can* get through sometimes. If you're doing something strong, there will always be opposition — if there weren't any, you wouldn't be saying much. And you should never be concerned about how the syndicate is going to take this or that, or how they're going to stifle you, or how they're going to stop it. If you think continually in terms of how to hedge and get around them, rather than trying to ram through, then you are doing the censorship job for them much better than they could do it.

PLAYBOY: Steve, whose fault is it that TV doesn't have more and better comedy and satire? The success of Jules on paper and of these new nightclub comedians would seem to suggest that there is a big audience for this kind of humor.

ALLEN: As I see it, humor on television — I've been writing it now for several years — has been going downhill for some time, and I personally see no hope

"Too bad — the kid had talent."

whatever that the trend can ever be reversed. I think it's partly because of the economic system. In other words, it's obvious that TV is an advertising medium. Therefore, an advertiser has every right, I suppose, to insist that his program appeal to the largest possible number of people. Let's face it — you're not going to do that with topical, critical humor, or with great drama and music. I think that Pay-TV could possibly be a solution. Of course, you would face the same economic problem there that you face now, but I suppose then the performers won't care, as long as they make their four million dollars. Maybe they *will* care, I don't know. The human capacity for greed has never really been tested on that scale. Although we're trying pretty hard now.

PLAYBOY: It would seem, then, that nightclubs continue to be the bastion of hip humor. But why has Bob Newhart decided to forego them for concert tours — because of the drunks and hecklers?

ALLEN: Right, and I don't blame him. I think nightclub audiences are the jerkiest. I think I may buy a club just to put up big signs on the wall saying SHUT UP and JERK and YOU, OUT. Just the other night I was watching Newhart, and I had to turn around and give a few people the stare routine. I don't know what the hell it is that makes people talk louder during a club routine. Maybe it's just the booze.

SAHL: The drunks you meet in clubs are drunk before they get there. It's hard to get drunk in a nightclub — I know, I've talked to many who've tried; you know, weak drinks and slow service.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it possible that the makeup of nightclub audiences has changed somewhat since the old days? Certainly it isn't the same audience that went to see a Joe E. Lewis.

SAHL: Yes, clubs have really improved from the old days. And we have a lot of people to thank for that — people like Brubeck.

ALLEN: The audiences are different because new comedians are different. But occasionally, one of the new guys like Newhart will get so hot — it doesn't matter whether he married Jayne Mansfield or flew the Spirit of St. Louis — that he will attract the crowds who go to see cockfights and Christians being fed to the lions. They don't go because they can't wait to laugh, but because he's the hot thing to see. These are the guys who get plastered and they're the ones you hear from on the floor.

DANA: Once in a great while, somebody will heckle me. I don't mind. I learned a long time ago that when you're in a club you can't do a set act without being imperiled. But I can understand why a guy like Newhart has trouble. He gets into a character, and if somebody interrupts, then it really hurts.

WINTERS: It's like interrupting a play or a movie. If you have to take time out to dissolve some heckler, then you've destroyed the whole thing you've created. This is one of the reasons I turned to playing colleges. At least there you haven't got everybody juiced. I faced drunks for seven years. That's enough. In a concert, there's as much money in one night as there used to be in seven at a club. But my chief reason for bugging out was that I had a wife, I had two children, and I wanted to come home. My boy is eleven and my little girl is four. I realized I couldn't hold onto my marriage, period, if I was going to stay on the road for nine or ten months out of the year. By the time you fall back from the front lines, there's no rear echelon there, no tents, no medic, no hot coffee, no nothing. I'm not saying this for page fourteen of *Reader's Digest*, but a man has to make a decision sooner or later. I didn't want to wind up like the Great American Businessman, who gets so wrapped up in himself and his little cans and boxes that he just sort of says goodbye to the family. When he finally comes back in a pretty good financial bracket, he finds them saying, "Who are you?" You don't embrace a kid at twenty and say, "Well, I've got time to love you now." You've got to decide. I had to. I had to figure out how I could combine my career and my marriage. Finally I did it by quitting the road. It was that simple. When I go away now, when I go out to do a television show, I take my wife and sometimes the kids, if my boy's out of school, or we take a vacation. Perhaps I take more vacations than I should, but I'm not in that big a hurry. I'm not after the gold medal any more. I see it up there, and I'd like to have it, but there isn't that big, gnawing craving inside — "Oh, my God, if I don't get that gold medal, what'll I do?" I have only one medal — it's just made of marshmallow — but I like it. You have to decide what it takes to make you happy — twin-heart pools, tigers on the lawn, fur hats, a Sergeant Preston uniform to perform in for the kids every Christmas? Not for me. I *would* like to do a picture. I'm not saying, "Oh, I'll throw myself on the rug if I don't get one," but this *is* one thing I'd like to do. If it fits in, fine. If it doesn't, I'll just go on doing the things I'm doing.

PLAYBOY: Shelley Berman has said that Bob Newhart is making a mistake by giving up nightclubs, where you can at least try out new pieces of material — hecklers notwithstanding . . .

SAHL: Well, those guys have got a different problem than I have. When Bob and Shelley start something, it's cumulative, and if some idiot steps on a line, he destroys everything. Whereas I've got a free-form thing going where I can be interrupted by a raid from the Russians and I could work it into the monolog. I'm fortunate there — even though the nation might not be.

DANA: I do the same. If something happens, then I'll just go off on that new theme. At the end of my act, I throw the whole thing up to questions anyway.

SAHL: Any guy who's going to work clubs must learn to handle hecklers. But I don't think that they should be fed stock lines. I believe you should expose them for what they are. When I used to talk about McCarthy and a guy would yell out "Communist!" I knew that this was very thinly-veiled anti-Semitism. And I want him out in the open. If three hundred people are laughing, and he says, "Get off the stage," that means he's made in the image of his idol, Senator McCarthy, and he should be drawn out so that the audience can ostracize him. That's what I want to go after. But none of this wise-guy stuff, "If you smoke that cigar down any farther, it'll be a filling."

PLAYBOY: How do you handle your hecklers, Lenny?

BRUCE: Well, each one is different. What I do is, I usually have a cross I put in their face. A silver bullet. A wooden stake, sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Shelley Berman has been known to stop in the middle of his nightclub performance to tell a heckler that his job is not only to entertain but also to maintain order . . .

WINTERS: I don't buy that. If people are paying, I don't think you have the right to stop and say, "Put out those cigarettes. Stop that boozing. I don't like it." Who are you to tell six hundred people in a room to do this and do that? Either you've got to put up with it, meet them halfway, or just get out. If it gets into a fight, later on you sit there in your hotel room all bound up inside looking at two thick telephone books and a phony Renoir and a pull-out bed and a couple of the daily newspapers, and you say, "It's three o'clock in the morning." And you go down and have your chili at the local shop in a booth with a pathetic handful of entertainers. I've had it.

ALLEN: I think Bob Newhart was smart to get out of the clubs and into the concert field. The easiest place in the world to get a laugh is in a theatre. There's undivided attention, no booze, nobody walking around, it's quiet, and the lights are out. The audience pays good money to come and do nothing else but make this scene. Bob will be very happy doing concerts.

SAHL: I suppose that part of the reason for Bob's switch was because of Mike and Elaine's success with their theatrical thing.

NICHOLS: Actually, we didn't get heckled much in nightclubs. I think one guy alone gets heckled, but two people don't get it as much. One person has to relate *out* to the audience, and the audi-

ence will sometimes answer back. But we turn and talk to each other, so most of the time they leave us alone.

PLAYBOY: Do you find, because your work touches so closely on social intercourse, that some people act a little self-conscious in ordinary conversation with you?

NICHOLS: Well, people are always saying, "I'm afraid to say anything, you'll use it in a routine." Or sometimes Elaine will just say, "Pass the sugar," and somebody'll say, "There they go." It's irritating. We don't sit there observing people. I think the only people who observe other people are those who do it as a defense — you know, like the kid at the end of the bar who pretends he's making notes because he's scared to talk to the girl. But people in the middle of their lives don't consciously gather material. It just happens to you. So nobody is in any danger, because we're just not looking with that in mind.

PLAYBOY: Incidentally, Mike, one of the reviews of your Broadway show called you "bitter and vitriolic." Do you agree?

NICHOLS: Do you mean at work or personally? I find it very hard to describe what we do, but I don't feel bitter when I'm on stage, and I don't feel vitriolic, unless somebody misses a light cue. There are simply certain things I'm displeased about, so I make fun of them. But I don't think that you can make fun of anything that you don't *partake* of to some extent. By which I mean, very often humor comes out of the tension between wanting something and not wanting it. One of your new comedians can do fifteen minutes, funny and vicious, on Time, Inc., and then sort of quietly mention that *Life* is doing a story on him. Or do a whole gag routine about the sports car mania, but manage to refer to his own 300 SL. This sort of thing is funny, but I don't think it's bitter and vitriolic. But speaking of vitriol, a nutty thing has happened lately: *Time* now enjoys being put down, because it likes to think it's irreverent. So, it no longer takes courage to put things down. Consequently, it may not really be "in" to put things down any more.

PLAYBOY: Mort, haven't you stated in the past that things shouldn't be divided into in and out, hip and square?

SAHL: I just don't like to see anybody or anything addressed collectively. I don't like things like "You're a good audience." There must be a higher calling in life than to be an audience. I do believe in hip and square, only within a *person*, and I believe you can appeal to the one or the other. Advertising men rate people way too low, and I probably rate them way too high. But if you're going to rate at all, you should overrate. While I might say that one group or another is not too hip, I would never say it to people who can use it as fuel, like to ad men, who are just looking for documen-

Enjoy SCUBA diving at its best with Nemrod underwater breathing equipment. It is designed and built to give you maximum security and confidence. Nemrod is known for exclusive features that assure greatest comfort. For example, the Snark Regulators at right incorporate 3 safety stages for natural breathing at any depth. Ask your dealer for a demonstration soon.

For More Fun in Sports . . . Always Choose Underwater and Athletic Equipment by

SEAMLESS

Nemrod®

ATHLETIC DIVISION, UNDERWATER EQUIPMENT, THE SEAMLESS RUBBER COMPANY, NEW HAVEN 3, CONN.

TWO GREAT NEW BOOKS FROM PLAYBOY

THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY An anthology of the 49 most provocative articles and fiction, the most amusing humor and satire from the first six years of PLAYBOY, by such outstanding PLAYBOY writers as NELSON ALGREN, CHARLES BEAUMONT, RAY BRADBURY, ERSKINE CALDWELL, HERBERT GOLD, JOHN KEATS, JACK KEROUAC, SHEPHERD MEAD, BUDD SCHULBERG, H. ALLEN SMITH, JOHN STEINBECK, P. G. WODEHOUSE, PHILIP WYLIE and many others. $5

THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM The most audacious collection of cartoons ever compiled. The greatest and funniest cartoons from PLAYBOY's first half-dozen years, by such great cartoonists as JACK COLE, JACK DAVIS, JOHN DEMPSEY, JULES FEIFFER, PHIL INTERLANDI, GARDNER REA, ARNOLD ROTH, SHEL SILVERSTEIN, CLAUDE SMITH, TON SMITS, ERICH SOKOL, AL STINE, R. TAYLOR, GAHAN WILSON. 650 cartoons in all, more than 60 in full color. $5

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY BOOKS • DEPT. 660
232 E. OHIO STREET • CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

tation. Anyway, I've found that people are sometimes more liberal as a group than they are individually. If I say something to somebody about Fidel, or Stevenson, or Kennedy, they usually give me an argument, whereas in the audience they accept it without question.

BRUCE: That's because the theatre is fantasy. They're not becoming more liberal. Mort can only assume what they're laughing at. I think they're just more comfortable laughing together than singly. When you've got only one guy in the audience, he feels a little self-conscious laughing out loud. In a big group, the laughter is infectious.

SAHL: In laughing, I think the audience exercises its right of editorial acceptance or rejection. You must touch a nerve, or they won't react. The audience has never let me down — a lot of other people have, but never the audience. What I'm trying to say is they're often less tolerant individually than they are as members of the audience.

BRUCE: I see what you mean. It's like I do a piece on integration — getting my point of view across and really *socking* it in, but with humor so I can get away with it. They laugh, and I say, "Boy, they all agree with me," and then I sit down at a table with them and they really throw in some beautiful bigoted clichés. They weren't agreeing with me at all. They seemed to be laughing at something entirely different from what I was talking about.

SAHL: It has to do with communicating. It may be my own problem of communicating to individuals. The people who admire you most, who know you best, are going to give you the hardest time. Those readers who are married will understand this.

ALLEN: I think this whole business of hip and square is a division, to a very great extent, between young and old. I would think that people over fifty must have a very difficult time understanding these guys, or even laughing at them. Not many people over fifty seem to keep their minds open, even though they think they do. By that time, the natural processes have set in. We all know some hip old people and some square young people, but I feel there are certain rough lines of demarcation.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't this wearing-off of hipness happen to the comedians themselves when *they* pass fifty?

ALLEN: I don't think much will wear off, but I don't think anything new will be added after they get to be forty-five or so either. I know that Voltaire went on writing to a ripe old age, and maybe so will they, as new subjects come along — as we land on the moon or something — and they'll be able to do moon jokes. But I think they'll be of the same kind that they were creating when they were twenty or thirty.

PLAYBOY: It would seem, then, that all of the comedians of the new hip school have several things in common: they are satirical in their approach, they deal in controversy, and they all write most of their own material. In the last analysis, gentlemen, would you say that you are just entertainers functioning before an audience which already agrees with you, or do you think you are commentators with the power to shake up the status quo, to make people more aware of themselves and of the world?

NICHOLS: We're entertainers. If we wanted or were able to change the structure of society, I wouldn't choose to do it by joining a comedy team.

FEIFFER: I don't do what I do as a preacher, a crusader or as an entertainer. I'm doing it because, in a sense, I *have* to do it. I'm doing something that's part of me and that I love to do. If I thought of converting anyone I'd have to give it up immediately because I've always distrusted publicity about cartoonists' affecting their times in a direct and strong way. Thomas Nast was said to have been responsible for overthrowing the Tweed Machine. Now it's quite possible that Nast helped buoy up public reaction that was already beginning to go against Tweed. But if he had appeared ten or fifteen years earlier, nobody would have paid any attention to him. To have any effect, a commentator has to be there at the right moment. If I found myself being concerned with getting a message across, then I would have to either bastardize my work or do something else for a living. If I started preaching, I'd be talking down to the audience. I would have to make my characters talk dishonestly, have to put words in their mouths that they wouldn't use, to put up labels directing the audience to the point. It may be that my popularity has something to do with people's *not* knowing what I'm saying, so they like it. This happens most often in my sex strips. Men who are hostile toward women will think I've really shut up this bitch, and the women who are hostile toward men will be delighted that I've exposed what they think is the male point of view. Actually, what I feel I've been exposing all along — maybe I'm wrong — is the lack of involvement between two people in a very close situation.

DANA: I don't lose much sleep over the philosophy of comedy, but if you press me, I'll say that the only real value of comedy today is that it relieves, entertains and diverts. There's enough *tsurus* around today that if people can simply be diverted, that's where my real kicks are. If somewhere along the line people are moved to think in a more "liberal" direction, then I'm delighted.

WINTERS: I don't really have a message. I enjoy doing pathos; I always have, and I think most people enjoy watching it. A lot of people say, "Gee, Jonathan, that's too macabre." But I try to paint a balanced picture of the world — not too grim, but not too bright either. If you want to buy what Mort and Lenny do, if you agree with what they have to say, I say fine. I have my own kick, but I agree with much of what they say and do. I disagree with them too, but they understand. I can certainly respect their dedication.

BRUCE: My humor is made up of things I like and don't like. My following is made up of people who love me and hate me. Yeah, people who come in hating me in the parking lot. They'll come in in a group, say four people, with this hostility — before you come on stage they're rumbling, you know, and then one of the group will like me and start laughing, and that'll really bug the other ones. "You think that's funny? You're sicker than he is." Oh, sure, I have an effect. But how lasting is it? How lasting is the effect of anything? I know I whip them up, I know I can get them really cooking and thinking my way exactly. But when they leave the club, then other influences work on them. Nothing lasts. Like you go see a picture and you identify with the poor shmuck on the screen, but you're very subjective and hung up on yourself, so pretty soon you're back inside yourself.

SAHL: When I started, I did a lot of evangelism, you may remember. I've really stuck my neck out. I'm the guy who went to Miami, to Vegas, to the Chez Paree, to the Copacabana — to prove the point. Because I always wanted to challenge the people in the business on their own ground. Not just hide in the little clubs. I've played it with a sense of abandonment. As far as making myself felt and changing the world, I've kidded about that. Stand outside and look at the people coming out of the show — do any of them look changed? I don't know. It would be presumptuous of me to decide what they're left with. If that's one of the few areas in which I'm humble — treasure it.

PLAYBOY: Final comment, Steve?

ALLEN: I personally don't see the two possibilities you mentioned as alternatives. These guys do have this ready-made, youthful audience that agrees with them before they open their mouths. But I think that they may eventually also affect society and perhaps society's view of itself by the simple fact that the older people — the squares — will die off sooner or later. In other words, when Mort and Lenny and the rest of them get to be forty and then fifty, they will have brought their own generation along with them — or perhaps vice versa. In any case, they will still be speaking to agreeable contemporaries. At last they will be *un*bugged. They will have the world to themselves . . . maybe.

URBANITY AFOOT *(continued from page 76)*

must have enough pairs to support — not sabotage — his social footing.

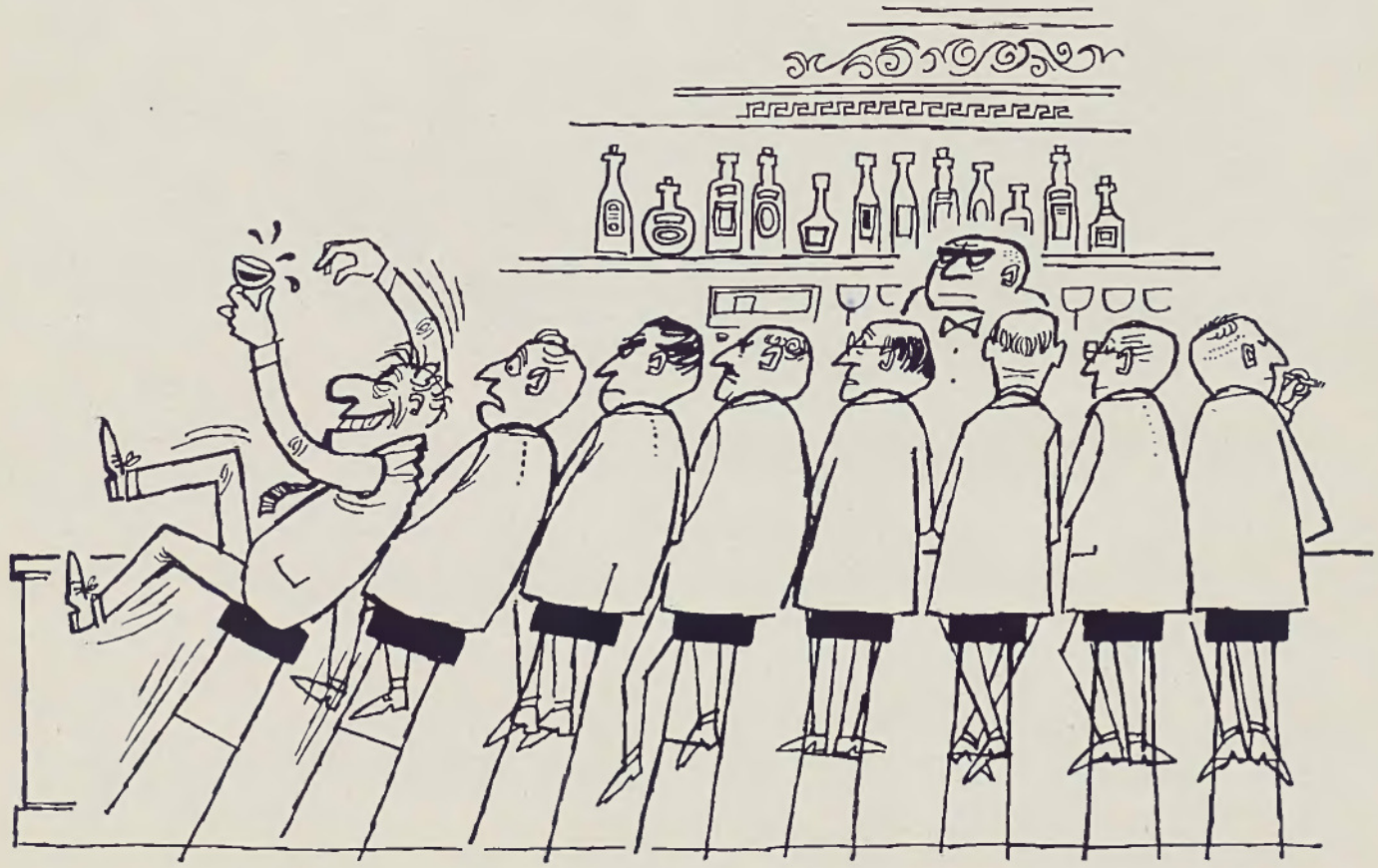
For afternoon conferences at the office or low-key, hi-fi evenings on the hearth rug, the correct look in clothes — natural-silhouetted Continental slimness and trimness — means a new look in shoes for every occasion: tapered toes, smoother leathers, close-edged soles and uppers, lightweight and restrained detailing. Whether you dig the classic Ivy League loafer with dark tweeds, the immaculate patent leather oxford with formal wear, or the rakish black-and-white two-tone with an F. Scott Fitzgerald uniform of blazer and white flannels, the elegant look is the shoe-in favorite of the season.

As a timely complement to this happy trend, the slip-on has slipped onto the style scene. Sleek and snugly fitted with neat leather-covered elastic tops that run from heel to instep, this popular shoe is easy on feet and eyes alike — combining comfort and sophistication in proportions that make it appealing and appropriate for either dress or casual wear. The better stores now stock slip-on adaptations of every conventional shoe style — in leathers, shades and finishes for park and penthouse, cotillion and constitutional.

Slip-on or lace-tied, the compleat shoe wardrobe should include a variety of smooth leathers for worsted, gabardine and mohair business suits; a sampling of soft grains for tweedy fabrics; and a couple of shaggy, brushed textures for weekend spectator sports wear. The dominant color for both dress and open-collar affairs will of course be black, with dark brown a respectable second — coordinated according to sartorial tradition: brown with browns; black with blacks, blues and grays. With these classic tones as an impeccable foundation, the ensemble can be enlivened with a pair of whites or black-and-whites, the latter on the verge of making a strong comeback. Either would handsomely accent appearances at roof-garden receptions or Sunday-afternoon brunch dates this spring. But the newest news is olive — olive green, olive black, olive gray, olive brown — subdued but stimulating, subtly keyed to the olive hues so prominent in spring suitings. They can be teamed harmoniously with the rest of the wardrobe: olive black and olive gray with blue, black and gray materials; and olive brown with the whole earthy spectrum of brown-based fabrics.

Whatever his route and however he travels it, the urban male will never be slipshod if he observes one or two elementary pointers. Setting aside such intangibles as taste and propriety, the best argument for an extensive wardrobe of shoes is a purely practical one. For the same reason he has the tires on his car regularly rotated, he should regularly switch off among several pairs of shoes, changing twice a day. A period of rest between wearings will greatly extend the longevity of his leathers. The shoe should be duly mounted on a clothes-closet shoe rack, and wooden shoe trees should be used at all times. Shoehorns are recommended: they keep the backs of your shoes from getting crimpled and are a great convenience. They come in a wide variety of materials — bone, chrome, polished woods, canes and leathers — and some of them are combined with a clothes brush at the other end. Anent polishing: keep a rich gloss on your shoes at all times. We don't care how you do it (few gentlemen prefer to polish their own shoes), but it's a good idea to keep one of those automatic buffers in your digs so that you can add that final sheen before you step out for office or date.

One of the more charming inconsistencies of womankind is its inordinate respect for a man who can keep both feet on the ground, put his best foot forward, stay on his toes, and kick up his heels — all at the same time. We can't tell you exactly how to go about it, but we do know it's a lot easier in the right pair of shoes.



MARLON BRANDO *(continued from page 60)*

the stage. I will be kind enough not even to mention the American stage."

Now the director stopped to stare bleakly into his coffee. "Grandiosity," he said. "It's as if he were permitting nothing but his grandiosity to really move him. You seen his latest mishigass, *Orpheus Descending*?" (He meant the movie version of the Williams drama, retitled by Hollywood *The Fugitive Kind*.) "It's like something that at last is absolutely entirely frozen, like a huge giant frozen custard of self-indulgence. The face! the lips! the walk! the pose! the slow gargle that has nothing to do with New Orleans or the South or fugitives or rebels or anything else in reality or otherwise. The absolute enforced subservience of the camera, and the drama, and Magnani, and Lumet [director Sidney Lumet] and even the props and lights and music. Everything subservient to this one enormous baroque self-image. If it were only that, an actual self-image. But it isn't even that. It's an image of an image of an image. It is nothing laid on nothing laid on nothing, and the outright murder of a play that wasn't the best in the world to begin with, but had its points.

"It's tragic," he said again, "it's very sad." He did not say these last three words with the quotation marks of irony that many of us now so often put around them. "What greater tragedy is there in life than to stop growing? And Brando hasn't grown an inch in almost ten years. I don't think he ever grew as an actor, after the first few successes. If he'd only been pushed, had pushed himself, into things where he'd have had to reach, to strain. Well, he wasn't. He didn't. And it's our loss, believe me, more than his, because he was the beacon and the standard. I don't have to tell you all the crappiness that's come down on us merely in imitation of Marlon Brando. Or in imitation of this empty set of mirror images, one facing the other into eternity. But just think what might have been, for him, for every other actor, had he chosen to go right on breaking boxes."

• • •

The decline and fall of the artistry of Marlon Brando is a classic case straight out of what is by now almost the cliché American myth on the fate of the creative personality in our society. One thinks immediately of Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust*, of *The Big Knife* and Clifford Odets himself, of *The Last Tycoon* and Scott Fitzgerald himself, of Budd Schulberg's several cotton-pickin' inquests into the Fitzgerald corpus, and of a whole minor tide of variations on the theme which each season floods onto our national bookshelves, magazine stands, movie screens, 21-inch picture tubes. The myth runs as follows: As the career goes up, and the fame, the man and his integrity must go down.

Often enough it is true enough — so sickeningly often that some not only buy the myth but start to live up to it, to conform to it, even before their careers stagger aloft on anything firmer than the bamboo stilts of press-agentry. Where it is always truest of all is when some young talent manifests itself among us like a sunburst a few years too soon for its own good — not that it knows its own good or can properly be blamed for its God-granted abilities — and this is what happened with Marlon Brando.

I have seen virtually everything Brando ever acted in. I did not see his very early Broadway effort as Marchbanks, the demanding little poet of Bernard Shaw's *Candida*; only a handful of in-group theatre professionals still remember it, and these rather strongly disagree as to its merits, but all reports concur that in any event it was of a fragility and fineness at startling remove from what he would soon (with the myth not yet upon him, the growth still there inside him) display to the world in *Streetcar*. I did not see his yet earlier walk-on in *Truckline Café*, where, under Stella Adler's tutelage, he is said to have accomplished the next-to-impossible feat (even for the most experienced of actors) of making a first, "cold" entrance on stage in the midst of tears. I did not see him in one of his latest epics, *Sayonara*, because I could not bring myself to. And of course I have not yet seen what at this writing has not yet been finished (edited down, that is, from sixteen trillion minutes of — self-indulgence — excess footage): the film *One-Eyed Jacks* in which for the first time he serves as his own director. (The disciplines of time and cash are subsidiary to none, beneath no one's contempt, in the collaborative arts; ask any architect.)

But between these extremes I think I have seen everything: *Streetcar*, four times (twice, flabbergasted, in a movie house), and *The Men* and *The Wild One* and *On the Waterfront* (three times) and *Desirée* and *Julius Caesar* and *Viva Zapata!* and *Teahouse of the August Moon* and *Guys and Dolls* and *The Young Lions* and *The Fugitive Kind* and . . . were there any others?

I'll tell you where I first became aware that the paralysis had set in (I learn slow). It was about a third of the way through *Viva Zapata!* (an ingenious Kazan production, stolen from the imagery of Eisenstein, André Malraux, many others) when it gradually began to dawn on me that Zapata was none other than the motorcycle boy of *The Wild One* with a Leo Carrillo accent and a whole country on his hands. What he had most essentially was the same wounded psyche, the same morbid grudge against one-to-one human intercourse, with the last word taken any way you wish. Then I realized he was also the even blacker-browed paraplegic brooder of *The Men* (whose blackness had at the time seemed only appropriate for the role) and that the cinema (or belly-button and beer-foam) version of Stanley Kowalski had also now transferred operations to the Rio Grande. The movie version of *Streetcar* had bothered me so much, with its Stanley so constantly thrust down your craw in huge and violent close-up, its poetic intentions so ruthlessly disintegrated, that I had simply entered that state of shock which for some years may cause the suspension of all coherent counter-intelligence. If I had viewed the Broadway play and the printed text through some sort of private distorting glass, the motion picture had taken it and turned it around and magnified Stanley into a ghoulish cross between Gargantua, Bluebeard and Huey Long. What price Johnny Wodarski now? What price Eddie Szemplenski, or any other such American I had ever encountered outside of the sorriest brands of whodunits and comic books? But Kazan had also staged the play. It was what they call confusing.

And then we began to get all those other films, one following the next, and then at last, as I say, it finally penetrated: what we were watching on our screens was no longer an actor but a Hollywood Star.

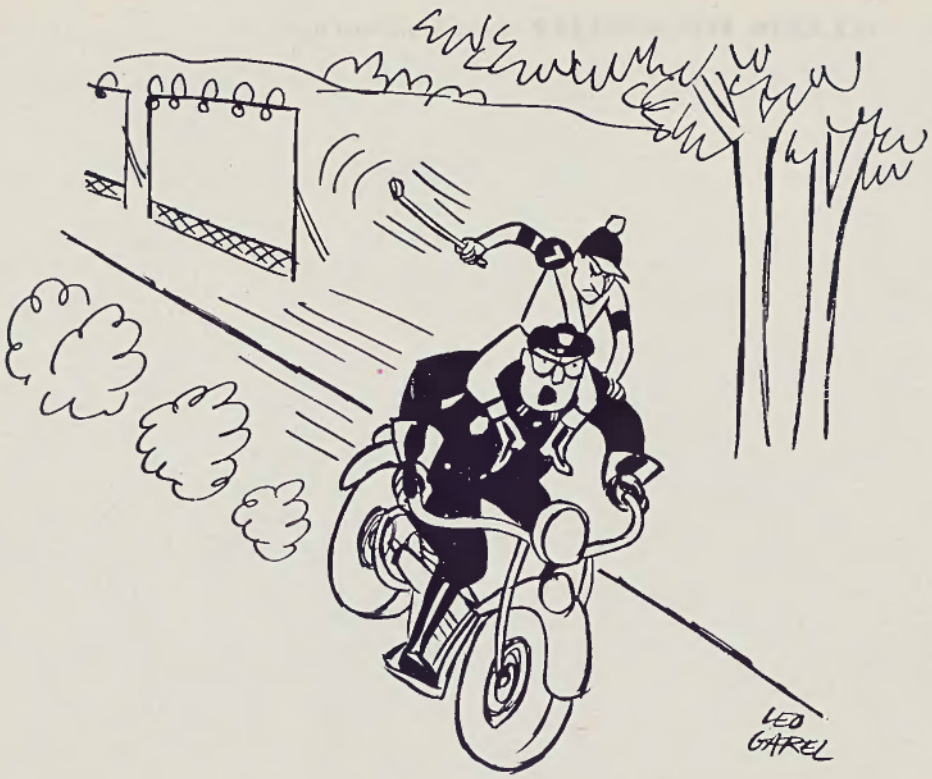
Then things became still further confused, because it was a little difficult to fit into that new cosmology the nutty private kicks which Brando seemed bent on savoring, whatever the cost, as the cryptic, whispering, certainly unstellar Napoleon that was next unfurled to us in *Desirée* — until I learned from the usual disreputable and public sources that Brando had hated being assigned to the picture and had done his excellent best to foul it up. It was yet more difficult to comprehend his oddball, prebeatnik Mark Antony in *Julius Caesar*, all fits and starts and unique irrational inflections, until I presently caught up with other examples of the incapacities of director John Houseman to steer an actor beyond his ego. And it was altogether impossible to fit in, and still is, an intervening performance so superb that it may well constitute one of the two or three high points of all movie acting since the invention of the talkies.

I suppose it is easier, especially for Method actors, to study up on living American longshoremen than on dead Mexican revolutionaries or French emperors or Roman avengers of assassinated colossi. Nevertheless there is a kind of glory which endures even for "easier" portrayals if they are of the calibre of those introduced into the

American commercial film by Marlon Brando and his colleagues (Kazan, Rod Steiger, Lee Cobb, Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint) of *On the Waterfront*.

What they pumped into Hollywood movies was the priceless, the unbelievable fresh air of spontaneity. Everything else grew from this spontaneity as love might grow in a summer garden. The story outline (by Schulberg) was, at best, an expedient tidying-up of a heap of dockside crud so mountainous that every schoolboy from the Bronx to Walla Walla, Washington, knew it could never even be dented by either a Congressional investigating committee (as in the film) or (as in the film) a quick spot of happy-ending Pier 6 brawl. This mattered not to Brando's betrayed, corrupted, cauliflower-cortexed young protagonist: he gave birth to himself within these multiple rings of betrayal (not least the scenario's) as if something new and clean and questing had just set foot into the world. It gave him those rarest of all qualities in the flat kingdom of celluloid: tenderness, vulnerability, possibility. Once again I knew his prototype: an Irish boy from a longshore family who lived two doors from where I lived for ten recent years, and the prospective lightweight champion of the world until the mob started to make him take his dives. To this day he is a hero to all the kids on those blocks; to this day, as you pass him on the sidewalk, you can see on his clobbered features the vulnerable and desolating glance of a man looking for something he knows not how he lost. The tenderness I can't testify to; or against. Brando imparted that to him on his own; nor can I ever recall seeing toughness and tenderness so organically fused in any American film, though a certain kind of Hollywood picture (Gable, Tracy, Cagney, et al.) has been trying to do it for as long as pictures have been made.

It is what in turn imparted to the love affair between Brando and Eva Marie Saint the truest sense of reality that we may know outside reality itself, and not often there. Do you remember where Brando, on the walk from the church, picks up the girl's glove and idly shoves as much of it as he can onto his own big fingers and hand? Do you remember how the beginning of love aches through, and how ten seconds later, by the fence, momentarily rebuffed, he conveys with a single negligent grinning shrug at least fifty-seven varieties of *C'mon, what's to be scared of?* Somebody once told me, or I once read, that this happened by accident: the actress dropped her glove by accident, and Brando picked it up as a fellow, that fellow in the movie (and he, Brando himself) would do, and put it on his hand that way, and kept on walking and talking the girl along, and she talking him along, until they crossed over to the fence and the river and the shrug; and Kazan kept it in. Things like that occur fairly frequently amid the errata of the legitimate stage, but you will just have to believe it when I tell you that they never happen in the ordinary prefabricated American film. More power to the Brando, the Kazan, of this bold pure isolated venture of nearly a decade ago, a venture which neither was ever to repeat. Since then, for Brando, Brando the serious actor, everything has been downhill. The machine rolls only in reverse. Brando had become a commodity, even to himself.



"I'll get you to the track on time, but watch that whip."

It rolls through the comedy phase, when he tries (*Teahouse*) to turn himself into a David Wayne: an elephant sent to mime the flea, and an elephant who with his every particle should have known better than to make the effort. It rolls through the musical phase, when he tries (*Guys and Dolls*) to turn himself into a breezy Robert Alda: the elephant doing the racetrack tout. Versatility is an admirable acquisition for the actor, but the goal here was not versatility; it was Box Office. And that goal, one admits, was attained. The only thing somehow misplaced was Brando.

It rolls then through his famous die-hard insistence in making a sympathetic character of the Nazi in *The Young Lions* . . . for when a person becomes a Movie Star how can he afford to grant the masses any opportunity not to love him? (Some movie stars fortunately know better.) If the final product we saw on screen was not merely not sympathetic but completely numb and inexplicable, a golden boy from outer space — well, so much for the masses, and for us, and for the human brain, and even, if anyone cares, for Irwin Shaw. For who *does* care? The masses are dimwits and they'll forget. Who cares if the *Orpheus Descending* of Tennessee Williams exudes from the screen as nothing more than a heavily shadowed camera study of the hips, nipples, cheekplanes, firebrand eyes of the inarticulate monolith (shot always upward from the floor) that is its ostensible protagonist and spokesman for freedom, grace and understanding?

It rolls on through *One-Eyed Jacks* (should it turn out a masterpiece then come and shoot me). It will probably roll on through all eternity, unimpeded by yours truly. There will be movie after movie, epic after epic, and then one fine day somebody will dare to inquire: "When is Marlon Brando going to do another *play*?" and the myth will be complete. Just like poor Charlie Castle of *The Big Knife*, who was always talking about the return to Broadway and never quite pulling it off, just like all the dozens and dozens of others in fact or fiction who have sought out the Great American Myth and hurled themselves ardently into its maw, Marlon Brando is not going to come back. It is too late. *La commèdia è finita.*

FERRARI *(continued from page 52)*

contributes pleasantly to your sense of security even if you *don't* wear it in your hatband.

And this kind of traveling can be done in easy comfort, in an esthetically lovely carriage, the best of Italian bodywork covering a chassis so tough and capable that a day and a night of flat-out whip-and-spur running will not begin to overstress it.

A 1961 250 GT engine has no choke. To start it from cold you switch on an electric fuel pump to fill up the three big carburetors. (The pump is also an insurance against vapor-lock in hot weather.) When the clicking has stopped you can shut it off, twist the key and the engine will start with its characteristic metallic rasping. Once the 12 cylinders have begun to fire, a discreet nudge on the accelerator pedal now and again for the first thirty seconds will keep everything turning at a decent 1500 revolutions per minute or so and thereafter the engine will run steadily until it's warm. You can hurry the warm-up by winding up a shutter in front of the radiator. The engine will idle around 700 and you can put the transmission into first gear and let out the clutch at that rate and the car will move off like a Cadillac.

The GT Ferrari is so soft that it is possible to motor an elderly innocent around town on a shopping tour all afternoon without the car's once demonstrating any essential dissimilarity with a Cadillac. (All Ferraris now have four- or five-speed stick-shift transmissions. Although it is absolutely necessary for competitive driving today, the manual transmission will eventually be obsolete. I'll be stoned for saying this, but I look forward to the inevitable automatic-transmission Ferrari. That, I think, will be the ultimate piston-engine automobile.) It is this characteristic, perhaps more than any other, that is astonishing in a car capable of out-performing anything else in the world. One is reminded of Dan Mannix' descriptions of the feats possible to virtuosi among Roman animal-trainers, who could school a lion to retrieve a shot hare, accept a pat in reward, then kill a bear or a man and come back to be patted again. The 250 GT Ferrari is a trained and tamed lion.

However, it is certainly not everybody's lion. A driver coming to a Ferrari from a schooling only on high-powered domestic passenger cars, Corvettes and Chrysler 300s excluded, should proceed with care. He will find that speedometer readings of 70 and 80 come up frequently on roads over which he has previously held himself to 50 mph, and 100 is likely to appear to be merely quick, not really adventuresome. Why's this? Because everything about the car is smooth and quiet: the engine, until it gets up around 5000 and begins to rave, the steering, the Porsche synchromesh transmission, and the ride — smoother the faster the car moves.

Extremely deceiving to the driver newly acquainted with such things is the Ferrari's flat ride. There is minimal roll in corners and curves, and sometimes there seems almost to have been a repeal of the law of gravity, because one's tendency is to stay put while the car corners, instead of bobbing from side to side. Up to rates of speed illegal in every county in the land, there are no main-road curves in a Ferrari's path. The car irons them all out straight. The driver used to gauging speed by seat-of-the-pants reaction in curves will be deceived to the point of wondering if the speedometer is wild.

The Ferrari's brakes contribute to the deception. They are servo-assisted Dunlop disks, and they will, under severe usage, produce the sensation that the car has run into a wall of dough. In ordinary practice they'll pull the speed down precipitately and unobtrusively.

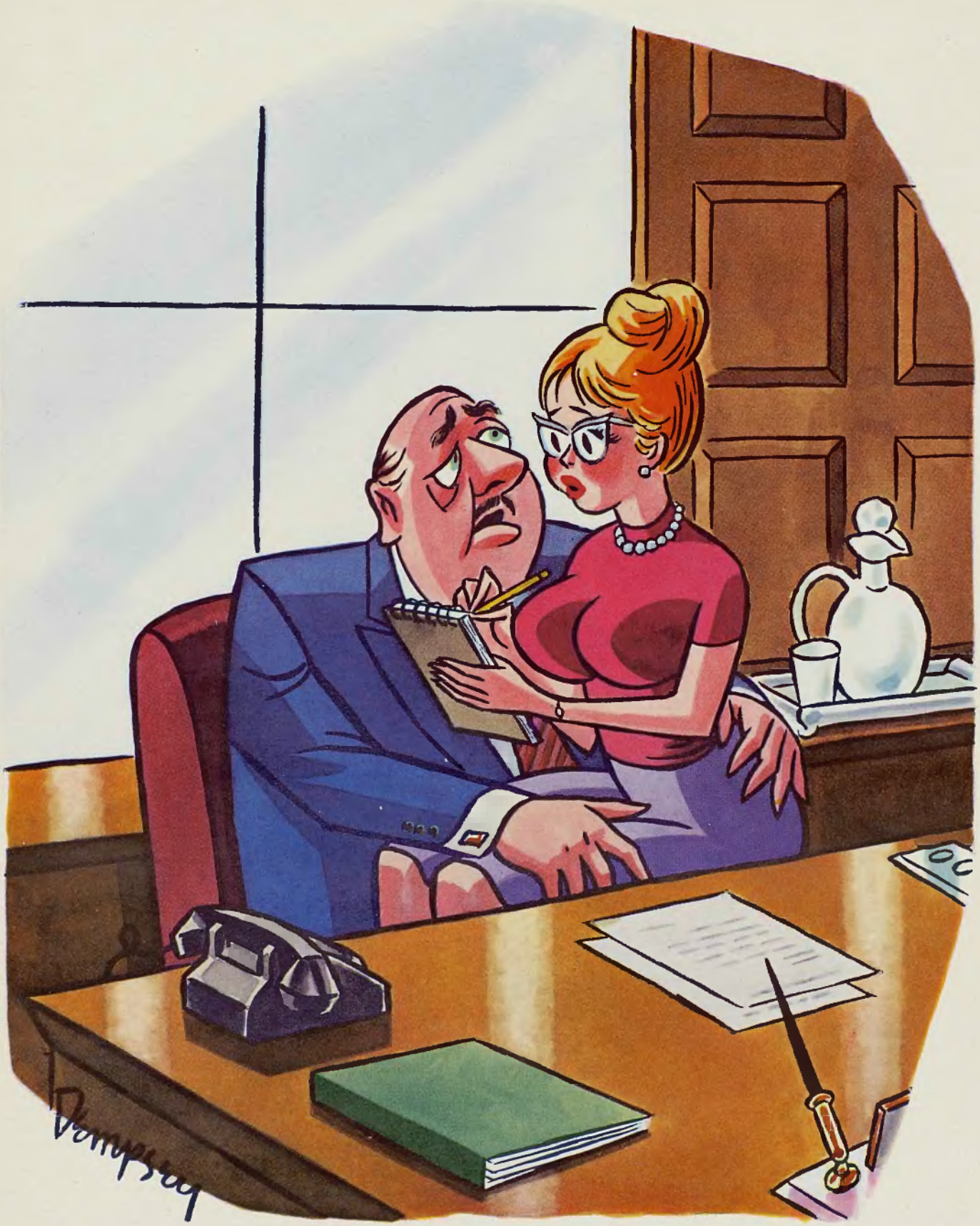
All of these things that I have talked about as deceptive for a new driver are enchantments for one used to the car. A trip I make frequently, and count quickly done in seventy minutes, I did in fifty-five in a GT Ferrari, under a sluicing rain, and without anything spectacular to call attention to myself. Only in a car like this is it possible safely to go quickly from point to point: without prodigious acceleration and braking-power and impeccable road-holding it is dangerous and silly really to hurry.

You can hurry in the 250 GT Ferrari, a not-very-big car at 8 feet 6 inches of wheelbase, unchromed and unfinned, a model of taste, two big form-fitting leather seats, a little odd space behind, radio, heater, every amenity, a large trunk in the rear and that 180-mph speedometer glowing in a dim blue light. Among all the automobiles available today there is nothing exactly like this, and only once in the sixty years of the automobile has there been: the Bugatti of the 1920s and 1930s, another ivory-and-steel passenger car that could go out and set records.

Enzo Ferrari, who puts his name on these cars, and on the sports and Grand Prix cars that have won so many races in the past dozen years, will be sixty-three soon. He is a tall, spare man. He does not smile frequently. He lives quietly in Modena, ten miles from his factory in Maranello. He is conservative, moderate, unspectacular if one excepts the fact that his concern with his work amounts almost to obsession. He is distant, austere. He is apparently unhappy, like most creative people. He has said, "I feel lost in the cruelty of destiny." The death of his son Alfredo in 1956 profoundly depressed Ferrari. He had intended his son to carry on the work, and when he died in his twenties, of leukemia, Ferrari saw much point and purpose go out of his own life. (The subsequent series of race-cars was called "Dino" after the affectionate diminutive of Alfredo.) Ferrari's temperament is sombre. He has a strong sense of dignity and his own worth, and if his ego is a sturdy, well-nourished plant, it should be: in a very short time as such things go he has cut his name into the record beside Royce, beside Ford and Bentley and Bugatti and Porsche and the rest. Fame has come to some automobiles with time's aid, like ivy growing thicker on a wall, but a child born when Ferrari made his first car isn't out of high school yet.

Ferrari knows automobiles and he knows his business and he knows that it is a rough business. "If a man really calculated the risks he would never drive a racing car," he has said. "Also he would never build one." He was an old-time racing driver and before that he was a mechanic, early in the service of a good house, Alfa-Romeo. He drove first for Alfa-Romeo. Ascari the elder and Campari were on the same team. On June 17, 1923, Ferrari won the Circuit of Savio race at Ravenna, setting a new lap record in the process. The prize that meant most to him that day was nothing the race organizers had to offer; it was a heraldic device, a black horse rampant on a yellow field, given him by the parents of Major Francesco Baracca, the leading Italian pursuit pilot of World War I. Baracca, victor over thirty-six enemy planes, had been shot down on June 18, 1918, so Ferrari had won his first race almost on the fifth anniversary of his death. He was much moved by the gift, part of the Baracca coat-of-arms, and has used it as a personal emblem ever since. The only other award that has meant as much to Ferrari came a few months ago when he was given an honorary degree in engineering by the University of Bologna, one of the oldest universities in the world. A holder of the same degree was Guglielmo Marconi, who invented the radio.

Enzo Ferrari was not a driver of the very first rank, but now and then he was good enough to beat some who were — he beat Tazio Nuvolari on three occasions, and Nuvolari was the greatest of his day and perhaps the greatest of all time. When, in December 1929, the Alfa-Romeo factory withdrew from racing, the team cars and equipment were turned over to Ferrari's management, and for the next few years ran as the Scuderia Ferrari. It was a successful team. Ferrari recruited the best drivers in Europe, and, until the Germans ap-



"Will you please stop taking down what I'm saying?!"

peared with the monster Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union cars, Ferrari had notable successes. Nuvolari won the 1930 Mille Miglia driving for the Scuderia, and his legendary victory at the Nürburgring in 1935, when he beat full teams of Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union cars, was in a Ferrari Alfa-Romeo.

Ferrari put together a car in 1939, the engine built up out of two Fiats, and when the war put a stop to racing he made machine tools. His Maranello factory was hit by eight American bombs in a 1943 daylight raid, and shortly afterward the Germans came along and picked up what equipment was worth taking. Four years passed before Ferrari could get back on his feet and produce the first car wholly of his design and manufacture, a 12-cylinder, 1.5-liter supercharged racing model.

Ferrari is unique in that his passenger-car operation is secondary to his racing, and not the other way around. Mercedes-Benz, probably the most successful of all racing organizations, taken by and large over the past half century, bases its racing operation, which is intermittent, on a huge commercial business, and this is the usual rule. Factories producing both racing and passenger cars usually expect to lose money in competition, and to write it off as publicity and advertising and research. Ferrari needs $40,000 or $50,000 a year in prize money to stay in business. He races for keeps.

The intensity with which Ferrari approaches racing has contributed a good deal to the prevailing image of the man. He never sees a race, or almost never. He stays in Modena and waits by the telephone. His tendency to personalize his automobiles and to become emotionally involved with his drivers would create, he feels, an undesirable level of excitement which would communicate itself to the team. He has been severely criticized in recent years because of the deaths of so many ranking drivers at the wheels of Ferrari cars. The toll is in fact impressive, including all the front-rank drivers Italy had — Ascari, Castelotti, Musso — plus the Britons Collins and Wharton and the Spanish Marquis de Portago, to mention only the leading lights. After Portago's Mille Miglia crash, which took fifteen lives, the outcry was particularly vehement. There was nothing wrong with the automobiles. Their list of successes indicated the correctness of their design, and as for material, Ferrari is almost fanatic on the subject of metal fatigue, and maintains the most rigid quality controls. Most of the Ferrari accidents can be traced to human error in one form or another: a missed shift, a tire that should have been changed, a bend entered 3 miles an hour too fast, and so on. If there is an over-all explanation it is that Ferrari cars are very fast, and Ferrari drivers, being picked from among the world's best, are likely to be men who try very hard.

There are those who think they try too hard, and do so because the *Commendatore* is capable of imposing tremendous competitive pressures on them. Some critics have found this brutal, but to anyone who has ever watched, up close, a college football coach at work, Ferrari's methods do not seem so rough.

They have, in any case, served his purpose. No racing team in history has won so much prize money. The drivers' world championship has been won in his cars, the constructors' world championship, the championship of sports cars and of touring cars, again and again. This year two Americans are driving for him, Phil Hill and Richie Ginther, both Californians, with the ranking German driver, Wolfgang von Trips. Ginther is reserve driver (Ferrari will usually run two cars) and Hill is the No. 1. He is an intense, taut, fluent and intelligent man, a theoretician who possesses a profound understanding of the behavior of race-cars at high speed.

Ferrari is conservative, not quick to undertake major changes. He was not an early convert to disk brakes and fuel injection, for example, and the recent trend to ultra-light rear-engine Grand Prix cars found him lagging. The British dominated 1960 with Cooper and Lotus and BRM rear-engine cars. Ferrari did put out a rear-engine car, but its production was hurried and it was no great threat to the English builders. This year sees a new international formula, specifying 1.5-liter engines to replace the old 2.5s, and a new team of blood-red Ferrari *monoposto* cars will come out of the shiny-clean shops at Maranello, through the green gate across from the tree-shaded courtyard of the inn, to campaign around the world again. They will certainly be very fast, reflective of Ferrari's intense pride and patriotism. His purpose, he has said, is "to build cars for champions to win championships in." He has won every race of major consequence except one, Indianapolis. Hastily set up Ferrari cars have appeared at Indianapolis, but they have not run successfully. For an Italian team to mount an Indianapolis campaign requires major effort, including absence from perhaps three potentially lucrative European races. Ferrari will eventually make the effort. Someone who knows him well has said, "To Ferrari, a race he hasn't won is a thrown gauntlet."

Meanwhile the lithe and lovely *gran turismo* machines will come from Maranello in ones and twos and threes, each of them an example of the purest expression man has yet been able to give to the age-old wish to move privately, speedily and elegantly over the face of the earth.

TAHITI

(continued from page 94)

it Emerson?) said that the happiest man is the one who can do without the most things. You don't have much of a choice down there — you're forced to do without things you take for granted in America. The guys who find a *vahine* and a little thatched cottage on the lagoon and "settle down to do some stocktaking and really live" don't seem to stick it out very long, unless they have a lot of inner resources. They generally take to the booze pretty hard, and then one day after a few weeks they quietly leave for the familiar frantic pace again, there to dine out on tales of Tahiti, "where they *really* know how to live."

In the transition period from rat-race to man to confirmed Tahiti lover, the worst time is about the third week. The astonishment over the physical beauty has begun to wear off, you've done all the obvious things to do, met all the girls, and you begin to get itchy for a play or a newspaper or a bookstore or a nice new Hollywood movie. That's when the longtime residents of the island look wise and say: "Three weeks in Tahiti is too long — and three months is too short."

How does an average day go by in Tahiti? Well, when I'm there I try to get up fairly early and do a little writing or painting. I say try, because too often I just say to hell with it (and the longer you live there the more often you find that little phrase coming to your lips about anything that involves any effort whatsoever). After breakfast is served in the big thatched house by two handsome girls in bright *pareus*, I slide the big outrigger down the beach to the water — (or rather, I wait for the gardener to do it!) — and spend the morning out on the lagoon goggle fishing. The water and the fish are beautiful, but it's tough fishing, since the native spear fishermen have made them pretty wary. Incidentally, there are no sharks in the lagoon but there are plenty of moray eels, some four to five feet long with heads and jaws on them like fox terriers.

Then comes lunch, and what a lunch it can be: marinated tuna, or parrot fish, the freshest lobsters, giant grapefruit and avocados, breadfruit, yams, fried bananas, and best of all, *poe*, the arrowroot dessert (which has nothing whatsoever to do with that mucilaginous Hawaiian paste called *poi*). The food all over the island is generally surprisingly good.

After lunch you read or take a nap or drive into town to check the biweekly mail arrival and see who's new in town. Usually there's a fellow writer visiting, the most recent being Graham Greene (doesn't like Tahiti much), Eugene Burdick (likes it) and James Ramsey Ullman (loves it). Tahiti's so small that it's hard to miss meeting any personality who comes through, though the Tahitians themselves are completely unimpressed

with success and successful people; someone remarked that the only two people in the whole world who could cause a stir in Tahiti would be General de Gaulle and Tino Rossi, a longtime popular Italian crooner whose records the Tahitians love.

So anyway, after you've cased the town and shot the breeze at a sidewalk café, if you have the energy, you can grab a girl and drive out through the lush countryside, so lush and fertile that even the fence posts sprout and turn into trees. Then you stop at a fresh stream in the greenest valley you ever saw. And if you've chosen right, how you spend the rest of the afternoon is up to you. To wind the day up you can, if you've a mind and the mosquitoes don't get too bad, cut a bamboo rod, use your *pareu* as a net to catch some shrimp for bait, and then snag a few *nato*, a scrappy and delicious trout-like fish. Pull down a breadfruit from a tree, build a fire, and broil your fish at the same time you roast the breadfruit in the coals. There are bananas and oranges for the grabbing and the girl will show you how to husk and open a coconut.

Or if you feel fancier, you can go back out of the wilds, clean up and go to a cocktail party, if that's the kick you want. It seems as if there's one a night. Then there are a couple of good little modest restaurants in town, and after dinner it's off to the Lafayette nightclub for some of that great dancing. Or if you're hardy, you can take in a movie at one of Papeete's two theatres, where the film vintage is usually twenty years old at least (last season's big event was the first showing of *Gone with the Wind* there). Rats run under the seats, and the Tahitians get terribly excited and yell obscenities at the villain, since nothing can persuade them that the happenings on the screen didn't actually occur. (The Tahitians' favorite actor is Roy Rogers, which they pronounce "Rowah Roshay.")

And so the days go by on this island. If you make it through the first restless periods, little by little the great peace of the place will filter into your being; you will forget the inconveniences, you will lose interest in the outside world.

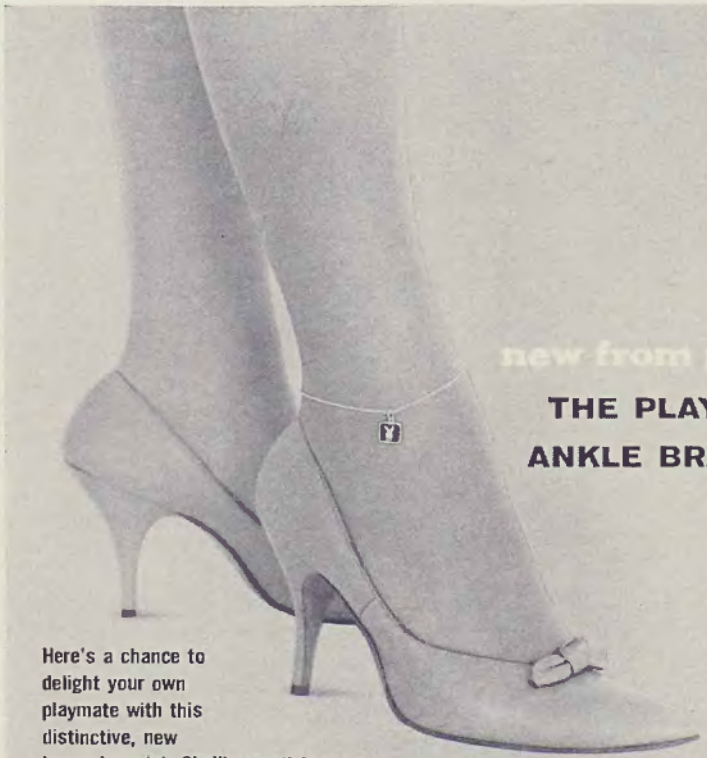
Any man who tries to describe a Tahitian sunset is a fool, so let me just say that once you've seen one, you won't forget it as long as you live — the stars in this dustless, smogless, cloudless atmosphere seeming as large and well defined as in a planetarium.

But most of all there is in the air a strange pervading peace of mind, an absence of urgency, the removal of the weight of our tomorrows. This is the allure of Tahiti — the past, the present, the eternal allure — this is what the island has to teach us, us of the "civilized" world.

FEMALES BY COLE COCKTAIL NAPKINS

Now on cocktail napkins: a series of y our favorite feminine nip-ups by droll Jack Cole. 18 devilish situations (including Glutton, Persnickety, Narcissus, etc.) you've chuckled over in the pages of PLAYBOY—on 36 ivory white napkins, for your next festive spree or perfect for gifts. The cost? A low $1 per 3/dozen box, postpaid. Dash off your personal check tonight.

PLAYBOY COCKTAIL NAPKINS • 232 EAST OHIO STREET • CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS



new from playboy

THE PLAYMATE ANKLE BRACELET

Here's a chance to delight your own playmate with this distinctive, new bunny bracelet. She'll wear it in light-hearted good taste as a chic reminder of your thoughtfulness. And it's matched elegantly to complement the other pieces in her Playmate Jewelry Ensemble. The feminine chain, complete with safety clasp, sports Playboy's smart rabbit pendant.

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS 232 E. Ohio • Chicago 11, Illinois **Price $2.50 ppd.**

free!

Pickering's TECH-SPECS...a handy pocket-sized guide that helps you plan your stereo hi-fi system for space...from pickup to enclosure. Send for your copy today—address Dept. P-31.

Pickering & Co., Inc.
Plainview, New York

OBI-SASHED HAPPI-JAMA

$10.95

Red
Gold
Turquoise
Oriental Blue
Fine Imported Cotton
S-M-L

Send for Catalogue

Penthouse Gallery
15 W. 55th St., Dept. M-116, N.Y. 19

SIGN OF A GOOD TIME

PLAYBOY's delightful rabbit in a white felt emblem trimmed in black. For sweaters, beer jackets, parkas and you name it. Five inches high and three inches wide. $1 tax included, ppd. Send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, Dept. 128 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

POCKET PARKING METER ALARM

Here's a ring for your ignition keys that's really useful. Each time you use a parking meter you simply set the proper time on your pocket reminder. It ticks off the minutes accurately, then emits a loud buzz when time is out. A real ticket stopper. Precision-made Swiss chronometric movement winds automatically when you set the dial. Only $7.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order to:

Savoir-Fair
Box #3376 Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54, Illinois

JACKPOT OF CORPSES

(continued from page 51)

which is also called the Root River. You can consider it on the North Side, which is why I consulted Deanie O'Banion before comin' to you."

"You done the right thing," said Big Jim, "that's Deanie's territory. And I don't want to mix in."

"Deanie said it was OK to go to you," our visitor said quickly. "He was, in fact, unsympathetic to the whole problem. All I could get out of him was the statement, 'I ain't interested in corpses. They're small potatoes.' That's all he'd say. Of course, I realize I come to him at the wrong time."

"What corpses are those?" Big Jim asked, lowering his voice.

"I'll give you the full picture," said the skinny man. He pushed a wine glass away, adding, "Pardon me, I never touch it. I been on the wagon for fifteen years, ever since the Hotel Haymarket fire. I was blind drunk in bed on that occasion and they had to throw me out of the fifth-floor window into a net. I've never touched a drop since."

Big Jim started to leave, and I reminded the teetotaler, "You were going to tell us about some corpses."

"Yes, indeed," Milt Feasely said, "I've been operatin' for thirteen years catchin' corpses in the Chicago River and turnin' them over to the coroner's office at fifty dollars a head. That's the salvage price per floater hauled out of the river. It used to be only twenty-five but I got a friend on the city council, maybe you know him, Alderman Willoughby."

"A good pal," said Colosimo, sitting down again. "How much action do you get on them corpses?"

"It depends on the season," Milt answered. "August to November is the best months. I'd say when they're runnin' good, there's a average of two a week for my net."

"You catch 'em in a net?" Colosimo asked. He seemed surprised.

"I got a net stretched across the river at Aberdeen Street," said Milt. "As a matter of straight facts, I got two nets. One I got sunk thirty feet down, practic'ly touchin' bottom. Because there is a type of corpse which don't float at all. My main net is close to the surface, so I have to pull it in every time there's a boat passin'. And I can tell you, it keeps me hoppin'. I do about five hours of rowin' every day in my dinghy."

"It's a funny business for a fella to get into," said Colosimo.

"I was originally a driver for the Bismarck Funeral Parlors," said Milt, "so it come natural. Maybe you heard of the runaway hearse?" he looked hopefully at our host, "I was involved in that."

"I don't remember no runaway hearse," said Big Jim.

"It was before I went on the wagon," Milt explained.

"So you now have two nets on Aberdeen Street," I said, making a note on a piece of copy paper.

"I picked Aberdeen Street," Milt Feasely said, "because it's only a mile and a half away from the mouth of the river. Most people ain't aware of this, but the Chicago River is one of the few rivers that flows both ways, up and down. From four P.M. to midnight, the river runs in from the lake. Then it turns around after midnight and runs back into the lake. So you see, I get 'em comin' and goin'. What I mean is——"

"I know what you mean," Colosimo interrupted. "So that's where you got the name Jackpot?"

"Yes, Alderman Willoughby gave me that title," said Milt Feasely, "and I guess it just stuck."

"What kind of corpses do you get?" I asked, making a few more notes.

"The usual," said Milt. "Suicides, accidents, murders and so forth. And from every walk of life. Maybe you remember the society girl who was concealed in the burlap bag full o' bricks? She couldn't get by my low net."

"What's your problem?" Big Jim asked suddenly. "I don't see no problem," he grinned. "Except for all that rowin' you got a pretty easy setup."

"Ever hear of a fella named Fats Dorfman?" our visitor asked.

"No," said Big Jim. I also shook my head.

"He's a big, fat, no-good dirty——" Milt began.

"Please, no swearin'," Colosimo interrupted.

"Excuse me," said Milt. He resumed after a few deep breaths. "This fella Fats Dorfman has stretched a net across the river at Blue Island Avenue. Which is a mile farther inland from me. How I get aware of it was I run into Doc Springer in the coroner's office last week and he says to me, 'I see you got a partner, Jackpot.' I ask him, a partner in what? And I learn the news. This fella Fats Dorfman has brought in two floaters inside of three weeks. And collected fifty per head. So I go huntin' for this fella, Fats Dorfman. I start rowin' the dinghy from the lake harbor right up the river, inspectin' every foot. And I finally get to Blue Island Avenue on the third day. And I catch him red-handed, liftin' his net. With an old lady in it, who was my property. I ordered him to give her up but all he did was laugh. 'All right,' I tell him, 'I'm warning you. I been workin' this river for thirteen years. And I ain't goin' to stand for no poachers.'

"His only response was there was enough for everybody. And we should divvy up the corpses. I should get 'em

comin' up from the lake and he'll take them goin' into the lake."

Big Jim looked moody. Three "poachers" had held up one of his brothels awhile back, and made off with the week's profits plus several suitcases crammed with ball gowns and expensive lingerie.

"Yeah, people are always cuttin' in," Big Jim said. "I guess it's human nature."

"Human nature or not," said Milt, "it ain't right! I been operatin' thirteen years. And I bought the dinghy from the fella who was operatin' ahead of me, a fella named Moose Crawford who was part Indian and who invented the operation. I imagine you heard o' him."

Big Jim shook his head, a moodiness still in his eyes.

"The reason I asked," said Milt Feasely, "was that shortly after sellin' out to me, Moose was a victim of drunkenness and fell off the Kedzie Street bridge. He was one of the first corpses I got in the net."

"Quite a break," said Big Jim, vaguely.

"Yeah, I had all the breaks till this bum Dorfman shows up," said Milt. "Now the reason I come to see you is that if a man in your position would take over the river so far as my work is concerned, I would be glad to kick in twenty-five percent per floater for protection."

"It ain't much of a take," said Colosimo. "You say it runs about fifty to a hundred bucks a week."

"In that vicinity," Milt agreed.

"Are there any other rivers around?" Big Jim brightened.

"No, not for forty miles," said Milt. "I checked on that couple years ago. All you got outside my river is the Drainage Canal, which is good only for suicides, because nobody is usin' the Drainage Canal for canoein' or high divin' or such purposes."

Big Jim Colosimo stood up.

"Sorry, Jackpot," he said, "it don't appeal."

"All you gotta do," said Milt Feasely, "is chase this Fats Dorfman away. And I don't care how you do it."

"Ain't my kind of a deal," said Big Jim. He smiled at Jackpot. "Order anything you want. It's on the house."

My visitor sat scowling and silent. He finally spoke:

"If nobody's goin' to help me get justice, I'll get it myself. Nobody's goin' to stick a net across that river after I been operatin' thirteen years. By God, my net's goin' to catch 'em comin' and goin'. And you can put that in your paper if you want to write up the facts I give you."

• • •

And I did. I "wrote it up" a month later. It was a grisly news item, but it amused my city editor, who was fretting over the amount of valuable white space being taken up by the Greco-Bulgarian war. He put it on the front page, under a feature headline, A JACKPOT OF CORPSES.

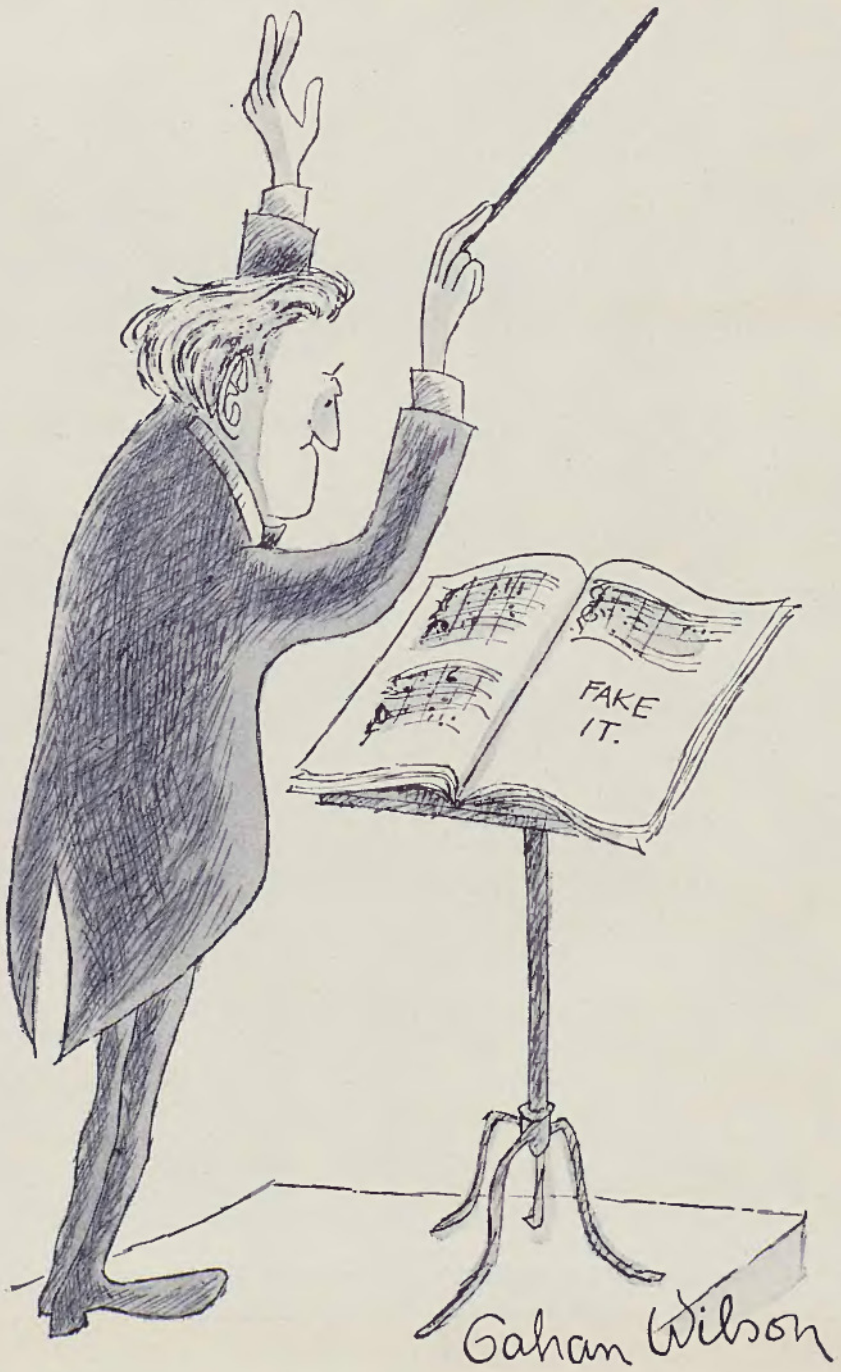
The story ran:

"Jackpot Milt Feasely won a victory over his rival, Fats Dorfman, early this morning. For thirteen years, Milt had a monopoly on salvaging drowned bodies out of the Chicago River with the aid of two nets stretched across the waterway.

"Last month, Fats Dorfman invaded Milt's territory with a rival net a mile farther up the river. Argument failing to oust the poaching Dorfman, Jackpot Milt rowed out in the misty dawn today and started to hack his rival's net to pieces with a knife He had reduced the net to shreds when Fats Dorfman came punting out in his own dinghy to check on what was going on in the foggy dawn. A battle between Milt and Fats ensued.

"Witnesses, attracted by their roars, saw both body salvagers whacking at each other with oars until they toppled into the river together. Neither Milt nor Fats could swim.

"A few hours later both bodies were recovered from the river at Aberdeen Street. Jackpot Milt Feasely had won his point. He had vowed that his salvaging net would be the only one to catch corpses in Chicago's historic stream. And it was."



ILLUSTRATED WOMAN

(continued from page 64)

veritable hearth-fire stoked by a blush of all-encompassing and ever-moving color that surged and resurged up and down my body in tints of pink and rose and then pink again.

"'My God!' cried Willy, 'you're the loveliest grand camellia that ever did unfurl!' Whereupon new tides of blush moved in hidden avalanches within, showing only to color the tent of my body, the outermost and, to Willy anyway, most precious skin.

"What did Willy do then? Guess."

"I daren't," said the doctor, flustered himself.

"He walked around and around me."

"*Circled* you?"

"Around and around, like a sculptor gazing at a huge block of snow-white granite. He said so, himself. Granite or marble from which he might shape images of beauty as yet unguessed. Around and around he walked, sighing and shaking his head happily at his fortune, his little hands clasped, his little eyes bright. Where to begin, he seemed to be thinking, where, where to begin!?

"He spoke at last. 'Emma,' he asked, 'why, why do you think I've worked for years as the GUESS YOUR WEIGHT man at the carnival? Why? Because I have been searching my lifetime through for such as you. Night after night, summer after summer, I've watched those scales jump and twitter! And now at last I've the means, the way, the wall, the canvas, whereby to express my genius!'

"He stopped walking and looked at me, his eyes brimming over.

"'Emma,' he said, softly, 'may I have permission to do anything absolutely whatsoever at all with you?'

"'Oh, Willy, Willy,' I cried. 'Anything!'"

Emma Fleet paused.

The doctor found himself out at the edge of his chair.

"Yes, yes. And *then?*"

"And then," said Emma Fleet, "he brought out all his boxes and bottles of inks and stencils and his bright silver tattoo needles."

"Tattoo needles?"

The doctor fell back in his chair.

"He . . . tattooed you?"

"He tattooed me."

"He was a tattoo artist?"

"He was, he is, an artist. It only happens that the form his art takes happens to be the tattoo."

"And you," said the doctor, slowly, "were the canvas for which he had been searching much of his adult life?"

"I was the canvas for which he had searched *all* of his adult life."

She let it sink, and it *did* sink, and kept on sinking, into the doctor. Then when she saw it had struck bottom and stirred up vast quantities of mud, she went serenely on.

"So our grand life began! I loved Willy and Willy loved me and we both loved this thing that was larger than ourselves that we were doing together. Nothing less than creating the greatest picture the world has ever seen! 'Nothing less than perfection!' cried Willy. 'Nothing less than perfection!' cried myself, in response.

"Oh, it was a happy time. Ten thousand cozy busy hours we spent together. You can't imagine how proud it made me to be the vast shore along which the genius of Willy Fleet ebbed and flowed in a tide of colors.

"One year alone we spent on my right arm and my left, half a year on my right leg, eight months on my left, in preparation for the grand explosion of bright detail which erupted out along my collarbones and shoulderblades, which fountained upward from my hips to meet in a glorious July celebration of pinwheels, Titian nudes, Giorgione landscapes, and El Greco cross-indexes of lightning on my façade, prickling with vast electric fires up and down my spine.

"Dear me, there never has been, there never will be, a love like ours again, a love where two people so sincerely dedicated themselves to one task, of giving beauty to the world in equal portions. We flew to each other day after day, and if I ate more, grew larger, with the years, Willy approved, Willy applauded. Just that much more room, more space for his configurations to flower in. We could not bear to be apart, for we both felt, were certain, that once the Masterpiece was finished we could leave circus, carnival, or vaudeville forever. It was grandiose, yes, but we knew that once finished, I could be toured through the Art Institute in Chicago, the Kress Collection in Washington, the Tate Gallery in London, the Louvre, the Uffizi, the Vatican Museum! For the rest of our lives we would travel with the sun!

"So it went, year on year. We didn't need the world or the people of the world, we had each other. We worked at our ordinary jobs by day, and then till after midnight, there was Willy at my ankle, there was Willy at my elbow, there was Willy exploring up the incredible slope of my back toward the snowy-talcumed crest. Willy wouldn't let me see, most of the time. He didn't like me looking over his shoulder, he didn't like me looking over *my* shoulder, for that matter. Months passed before, curious beyond madness, I would be allowed to see his progress, slow inch by inch, as the brilliant inks inundated me and I drowned in the rainbow of his inspirations. Eight years, eight glorious wondrous years. And then at last, it was done, it was finished. And Willy threw himself down and slept for forty-eight hours straight. And I slept near him, the mammoth bedded with the black lamb. That was just four weeks ago. Four short weeks back, our happiness came to an end."

"Ah, yes," said the doctor. "You and your husband are suffering from the creative equivalent of the 'baby blues,' the depression a mother feels after her child is born. Your work is finished. A listless and somewhat sad period invariably follows. But, now, consider, you will reap the rewards of your long labor, surely? You *will* tour the world?"

"No," cried Emma Fleet, and a tear sprang to her eye. "At any moment, Willy will run off and never return. He has begun to wander about the city. Yesterday I caught him brushing off the carnival scales. Today I found him working, for the first time in eight years, back at his GUESS YOUR WEIGHT booth!"

"Dear me," said the psychiatrist. "He's—— ?"

"Weighing new women, yes! Shopping for new canvas! He hasn't said, but I know, I know! This time he'll find a heavier woman yet, five hundred, six hundred pounds! I guessed this would happen, a month ago, when we finished the Masterpiece. So I ate still more, and stretched my skin still more, so that little places appeared here and there, little open stretches that Willy had to repair, fill in with fresh detail. But now I'm done, exhausted, I've stuffed to distraction, the last fill-in work is done. There's not a millionth of an inch of space left between my ankles and my Adam's apple where he can squeeze in one last demon, dervish, or baroque angel. I am, to Willy, work over and done. Now he wants to move on. He will marry, I fear, four more times in his life, each time to a larger woman, a greater extension for a greater mural, and the grand finale of his talent. Then, too, in the last week, he has become critical."

"Of the Masterpiece with a capital M?" asked the doctor.

"Like all artists, he is a perfectionist. Now he finds little flaws, a face here done slightly in the wrong tint or texture, a hand there twisted slightly askew by my hurried diet to gain more weight and thus give him new space and renew his attentions. To him, above all, I was a beginning. Now he must move on from his apprenticeship to his true masterworks. Oh, doctor, I am about to be abandoned. Where is there for a woman who weighs four hundred pounds and is laved with illustrations? If he leaves, what shall I do, where go, who would want me now? Will I be lost again in the world as I was lost before my wild happiness?"

"A psychiatrist," said the psychiatrist, "is not supposed to give advice. But —— "

"But, but, but?" she cried, eagerly.

"A psychiatrist is supposed to let the patient discover and cure himself. Yet, in this case — — "

"This case, yes, go on!"

"It seems so simple. To keep your husband's love — — "

"To keep his love, yes?"

The doctor smiled. "You must destroy the Masterpiece."

"What?"

"Erase it, get rid of it. Those tattoos *will* come off, won't they? I read somewhere once that — — "

"Oh, doctor!" Emma Fleet leapt up. "That's *it!* It can be done! And best of all, Willy can do it! It will take three months alone to wash me clean, rid me of the very Masterpiece that irks him now. Then, virgin-white again, we can start another eight years, after that another eight and another and another. Oh, doctor, I know he'll do it! Perhaps he was only waiting for me to suggest — and I too stupid to guess! Oh, doctor, doctor!"

And she crushed him in her arms.

When the doctor broke happily free, she stood off, turning in a circle.

"How strange," she said. "In half an hour, you solve the next three thousand days and beyond, of my life. You're very wise. I'll pay you anything!"

"My usual modest fee is sufficient," said the doctor.

"I can hardly wait to tell Willy! But first," she said, "since you've been so wise, you deserve to see the Masterpiece before it is destroyed."

"That's hardly necessary, Mrs. — — "

"You must discover for yourself the rare mind, eye and artistic hand of Willy Fleet, before it is gone forever, and we start anew!" she cried, unbuttoning her voluminous frock-coat.

"It isn't really — — "

"There!" she said, and flung her coat wide.

The doctor was somehow not surprised to see that she was stark naked beneath her coat.

He gasped. His eyes grew large. His mouth fell open. He sat down slowly, though in reality he somehow wished to stand, as he had in the fifth grade as a boy, during the salute to the flag, following which three dozen voices broke into an awed and tremulous song:

"Oh Beautiful for spacious skies,
O'er amber waves of grain,
They purple mountain majesties,
Above the fruited plain . . ."

But, still seated, overwhelmed, he gazed at the continental vastness of the woman.

Upon which nothing whatsoever was stitched, painted, water-colored or in any way tattooed.

Naked, unadorned, untouched, unlined, unillustrated.

He gasped again.

Now she had whipped her coat back about her with a winsome acrobat's smile, as if she had just performed a towering feat. Now she was sailing toward the door.

"Wait — — " said the doctor.

But she was out the door, in the reception room, babbling, whispering, "Willy, Willy!" and bending to her husband, hissing in his tiny ear until *his* eyes flexed wide, and his firm and passionate mouth dropped open and he cried aloud and clapped his hands with elation.

"Doctor, doctor, thank you, thank you!"

He darted forward and seized the doctor's hand and shook it, hard. The doctor was surprised at the fire and rock hardness of that grip. It was the hand of a dedicated artist, as were the eyes burning up at him darkly from the wildly illuminated face.

"Everything's going to be fine!" cried Willy.

The doctor hesitated, glancing from Willy to the great shadowing balloon that tugged at him wanting to fly off away.

"We won't have to come back again, ever?"

Good Lord, the doctor thought, does *he* think that *he* has illustrated her from stem to stern, and does she humor him about it? Is *he* mad?

Or does *she* imagine that he has tattooed her from neck to toe-bone, and does he humor her? Is *she* mad?

Or, most strange of all, do they *both* believe that he has swarmed, as across the Sistine Chapel ceiling, covering her with rare and significant beauties? Do both believe, know, humor each other in their specially dimensioned world?

"Will we have to come back again?" asked Willy Fleet a second time.

"No." The doctor breathed a prayer. "I think not."

Why? Because, by some idiot grace, he had done the right thing, hadn't he? By prescribing for an invisible cause he had made a full cure, yes? Regardless if she believed or he believed or both believed in the Masterpiece, by suggesting the pictures be erased, destroyed, the doctor had made her a clean, lovely and inviting canvas again, if *she* needed to be. And if he, on the other hand, wished a new woman to scribble, scrawl, and pretend to tattoo on, well, that worked, too. For new and untouched she would be.

"Thank you, doctor, oh thank you, thank you!"

"Don't thank me," said the doctor. "I've done nothing." He almost said, it was all a fluke, a joke, a surprise! I fell downstairs and landed on my feet!

"Goodbye, goodbye!"

And the elevator slid down, the big woman and the little man sinking from sight into the now suddenly not-too-solid earth, where the atoms opened to let them pass.

"Goodbye, thanks . . . thanks . . ."

Their voices faded calling his name and praising his intellect long after they had passed the fourth floor.

The doctor looked around and moved unsteadily back into his office. He shut the door and leaned against it.

"Doctor," he murmured. "Heal thyself."

He stepped forward. He did not feel real. He must lie down, if but for a moment.

Where?

On the couch, of course, on the couch.

"My compliments to the chef."

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

_____

_____

_____

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

SEND **PLAYBOY** EVERY MONTH

☐ 3 yrs. for $14 **(Save $7.60)**
☐ 1 yr. for $6 **(Save $1.20)**
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill later

TO:
name
address
city zone state

Mail to **PLAYBOY**
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois
036

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

MAYTIME is perfect get-away time. The variety of places that are at their peak is at *its* peak. For those with a yen to make a new scene we offer the following out-of-the-ordinary avenues of escape.

Scoot off to Germany to try your hand at glider flying, matched for pure exhilaration only by skindiving or skydiving. Lessons are available at Gersfeld, Ebermannstadt, Nordseebad Juist, Unterwoessen and Oberammergau in Bavaria, and also near Bielefeld and Schwaebisch Gmuend.

For skindiving, of course, the Caribbean is matchless — $112 round trip is all it costs by air from New York to the Virgin Islands. Caneel Bay Plantation on St. John (at $28 up, American plan, for two) is one of the best, just a short walk or jeep ride to some dozen idyllic tropical bays where even at the height of the season you're not likely to find more than a couple of other guests per half-mile stretch. On St. Thomas, you'll have free-port shopping and night life at good small spots with native entertainers — places like Bamboushay, Seven Queens, Sebastian's on the Waterfront. There are other Virgin resorts that cultivate the ultimate in sophistication by eschewing phony glitter, from little hideaway places like Lille Maho on St. John (which can be reached only by boat) to bigger spots like Estate Carleton on St. Croix, set among tamarind trees on an Eighteenth Century sugar plantation with the old buildings superbly converted into modern cottages and a clubhouse.

Set aside a few days for Puerto Rico on your way home. Newest way to get there from St. Thomas is by Presidential yacht, no less: the 165-foot Potomac, whose former owner was FDR. It's a six-and-a-half-hour run every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at $12.50. From San Juan, you can take a helicopter to the Hotel Barranquitas up in the mountains. Or if the stylish hubbub of San Juan's plush resorts palls, hop to Ponce on the south coast to enjoy the newish, hill-topping Ponce Intercontinental Hotel.

Latest dispatch from Playboy Tours tells of several full-throttle romps around the racing circuits of Europe. Included on the itineraries are such zippy motor-racing events as the Monte Carlo Grand Prix; Le Mans 24-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance; the Italian Grand Prix at Monza (the world's fastest automobile race); Italy's Mille Miglia, as well as the international automobile shows in Paris and London, both to be covered in fall Playboy Tours.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—IN ADDITION TO MISS APRIL, PLAYBOY WILL ANNOUNCE AND PICTORIALLY FEATURE THE MOST POPULAR PLAYMATE OF THE PAST ANNUM

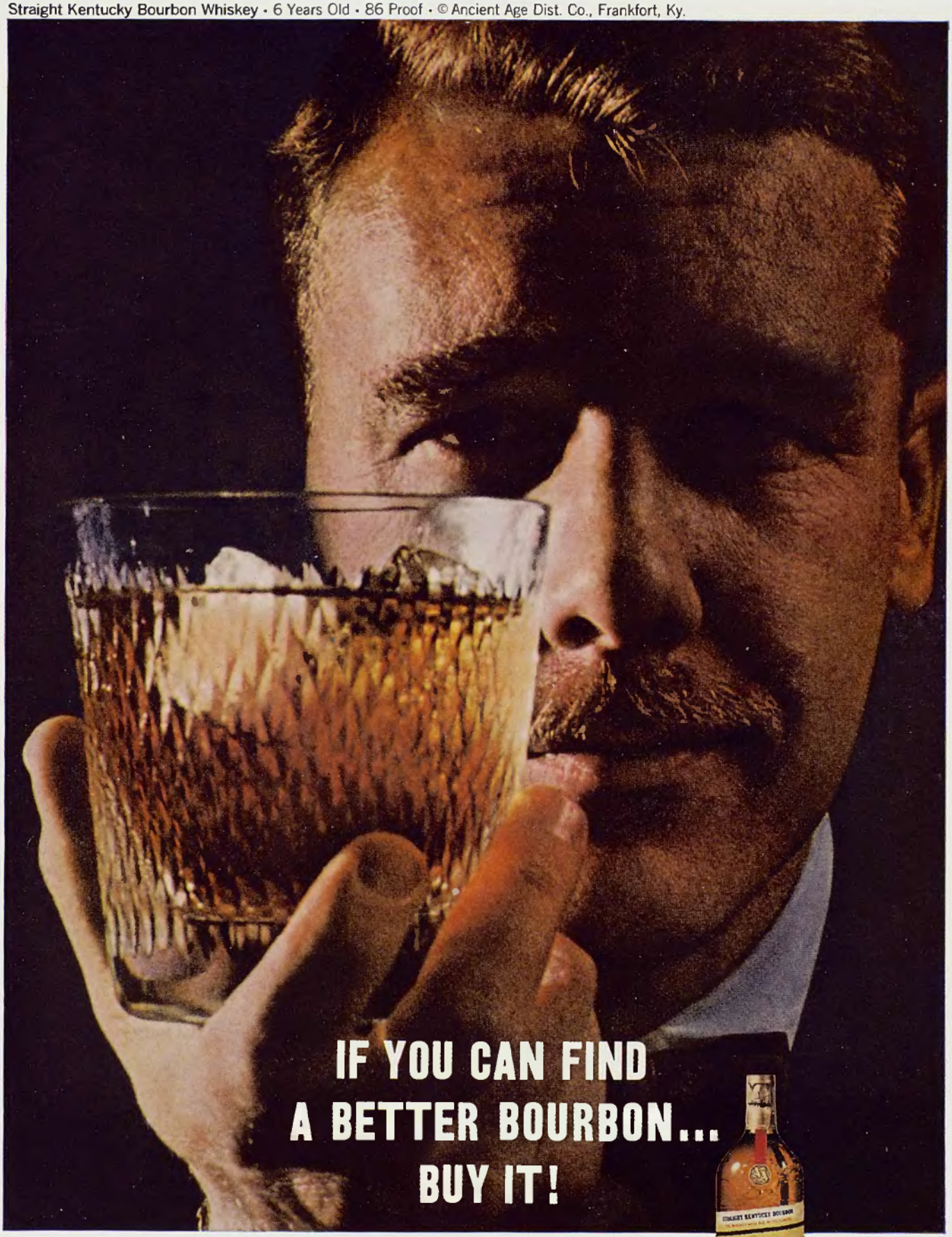
"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST" —A PREVIEW OF WEARABLES TO MAKE YOU A NEW MAN THIS COMING SEASON BY **ROBERT L. GREEN**

"BUSINESS BLUNDERS AND BOOBY TRAPS"—HOW TO RECOGNIZE HIDDEN PITFALLS IN THE PATH OF THE YOUNG EXEC BY **J. PAUL GETTY**

"LES GIRLS FROM LA VIE PARISIENNE"—A PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO THE BOULEVARDIER'S BIBLE OF GALLIC GAIETY

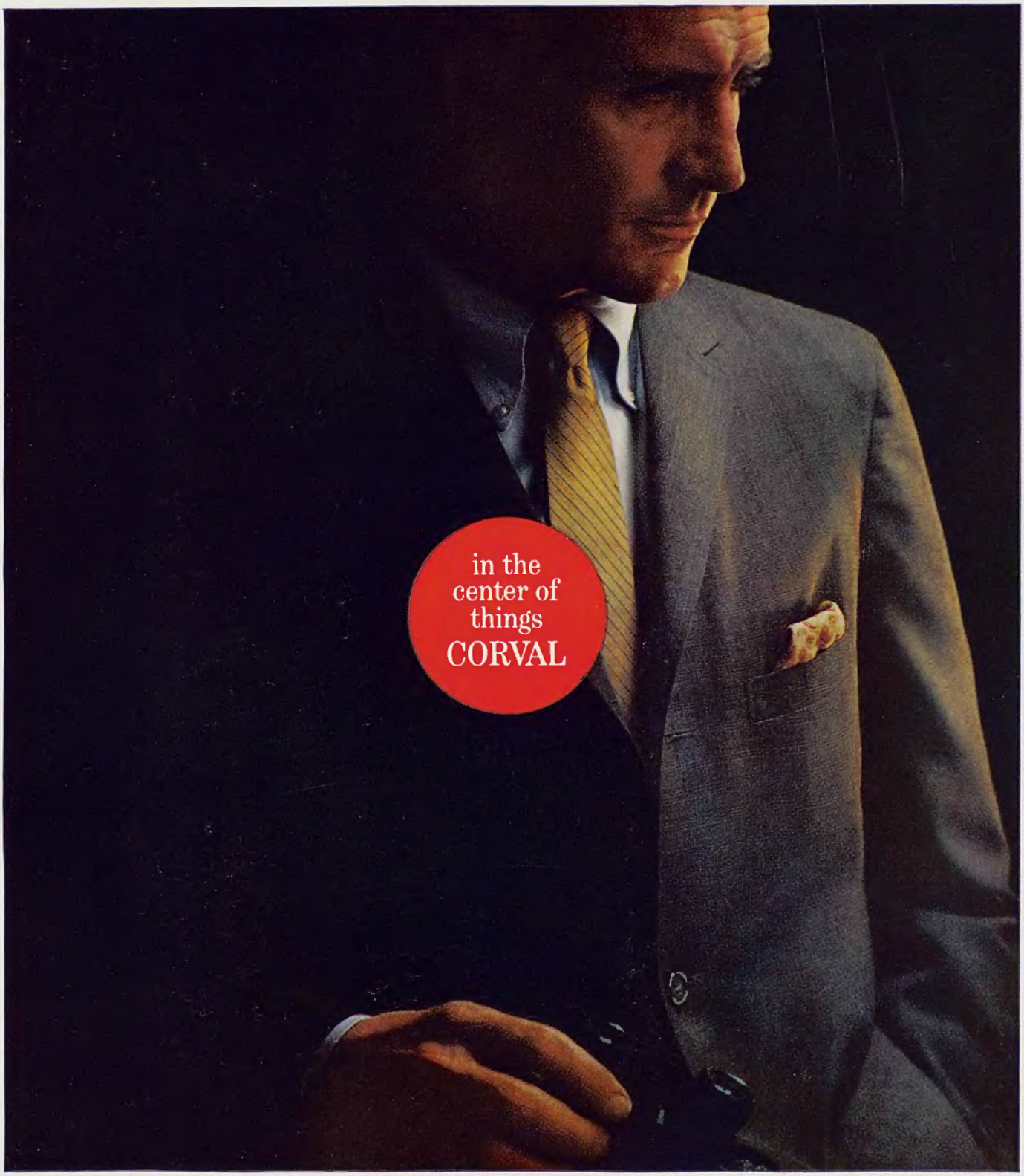
PLUS NEW FICTION, ARTICLES AND SATIRE BY **JOHN WALLACE, CHARLES BEAUMONT, KEN PURDY, JEREMY DOLE, AL MORGAN, JULES FEIFFER, SHEL SILVERSTEIN** AND MORE **"WORD PLAY"** BY **ROBERT CAROLA**

Straight Kentucky Bourbon Whiskey • 6 Years Old • 86 Proof • © Ancient Age Dist. Co., Frankfort, Ky.



Ancient Age
Kentucky Bourbon

Out of Kentucky, the great bourbon country, comes the greatest of them all, mellow, warmhearted, aged six full years...Ancient Age.



Northweave conquers summer with Corval, cooling and refreshing rayon fiber with the upper-level look of wool. Aristocratic and comfortable all at once, this tropical also keeps its press, relinquishes wrinkles, *stays* impeccable. And it's *machine washable.* Ask for Northweave Featherweight, the perfect tropical. Rich deeptones in Milliken's fabric of 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% Courtaulds Corval cross-linked rayon. Suits from $39.95 by Sagner, Inc., 200 5th Ave., N. Y. C. Boys' suits $24.95 to $35.95 by Picariello & Singer, Inc., E. Boston 28, Mass. Slacks for men $12.95 and boys $8.95 to $11.95 by Thomson Co., Empire State Bldg., N. Y. C. At stores listed below, or write makers above.

*DUPONT T.M.

Corval*®, *a fiber from COURTAULDS' new world of rayons

Saks 34th, New York; **Jordan Marsh,** Boston & Miami; **Lit Bros.,** Phila.; **May Co.,** Cleve.; **Boyd's,** St. Louis; **Auerbach's,** Salt Lake City